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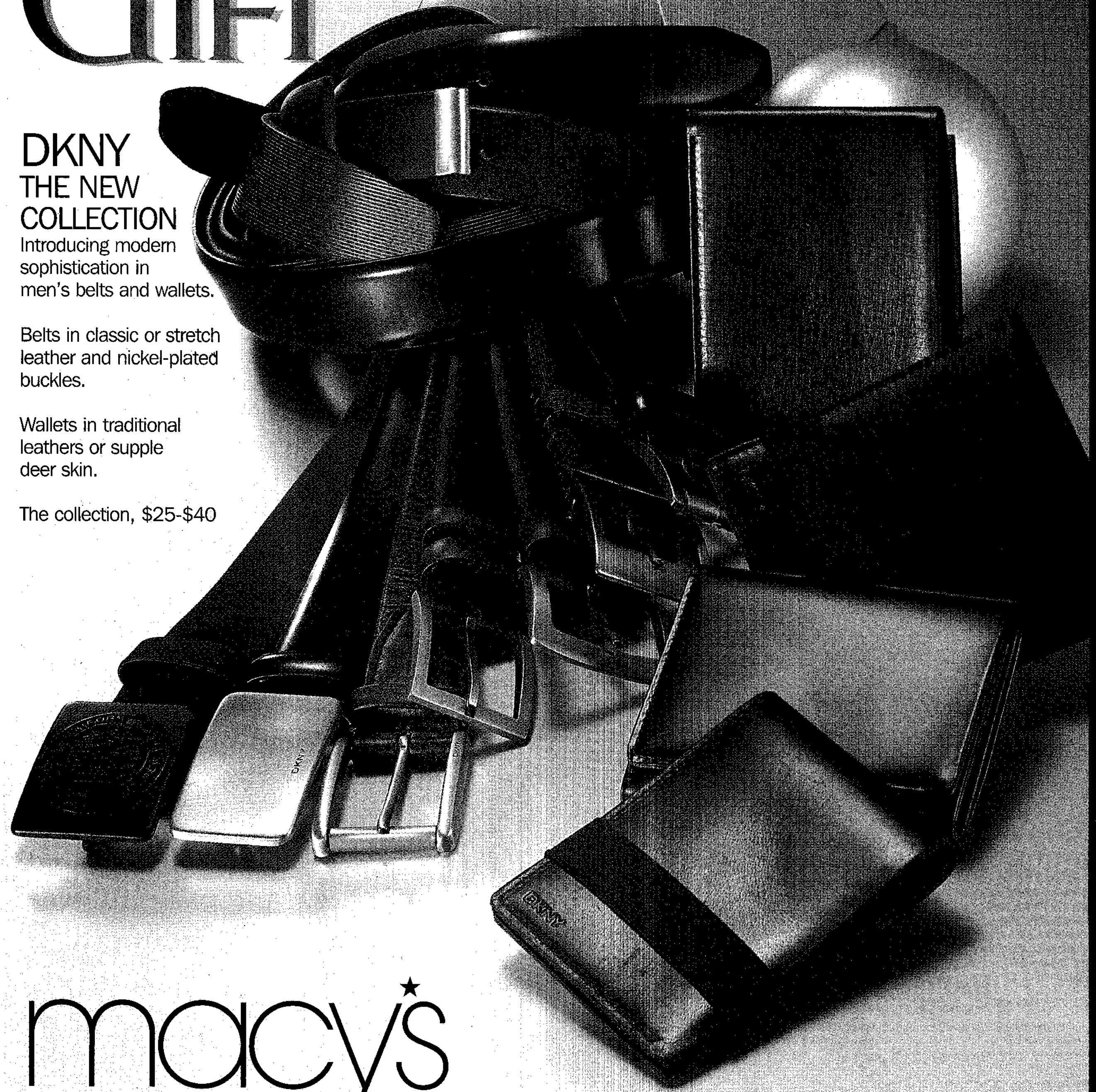

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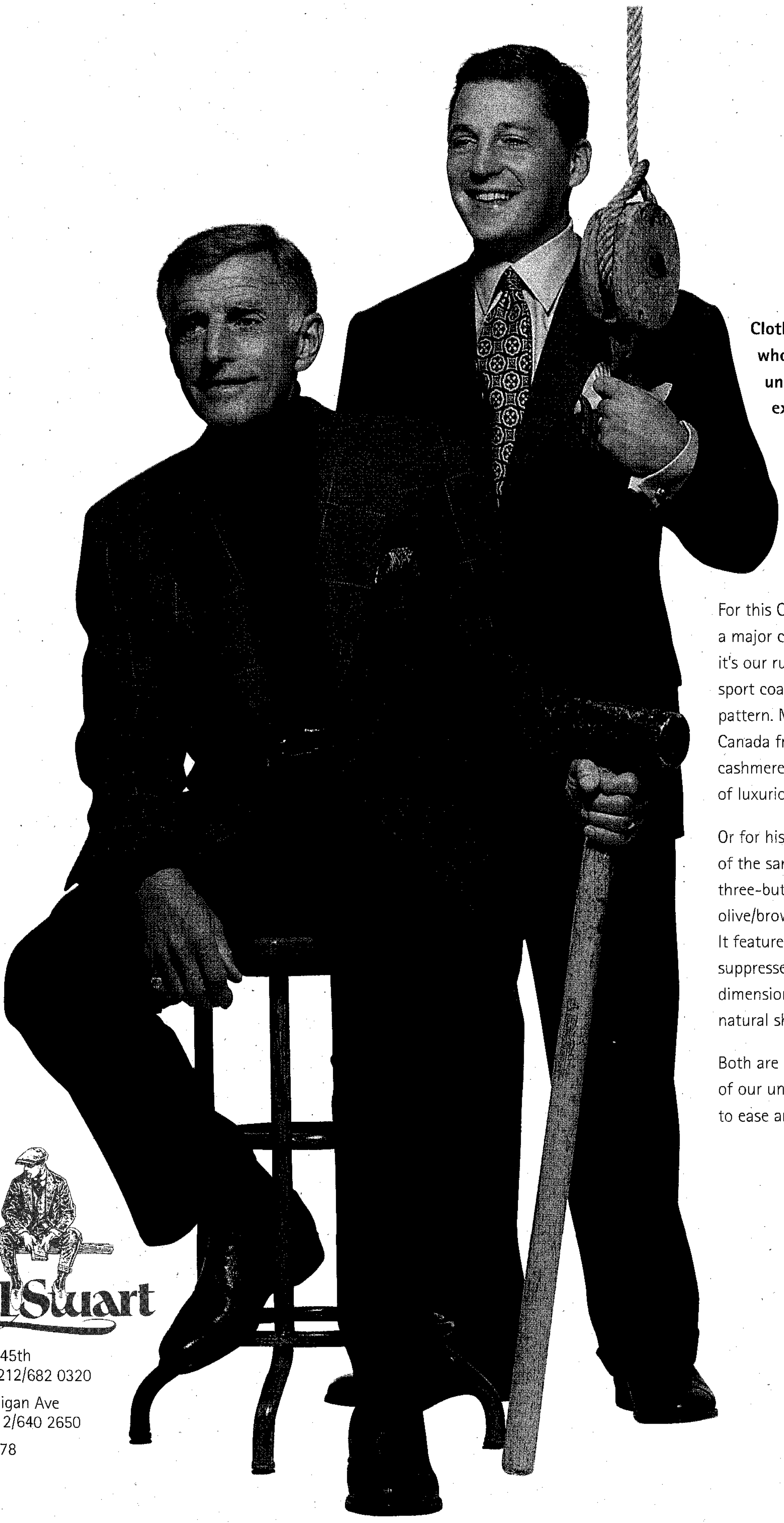

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# Contents Oct. 18, 1999

> *"I mean, it just knocked you back in your seat. You could feel it in the room.*
> *I said to myself, 'My God, did that white boy just say "white skin privilege"?!' "*
>
> TAVIS SMILEY ON BILL BRADLEY, PAGE 34

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**By Nina Burleigh**

After four years, over $20 million, and an acrimonious lawsuit, Warner LeRoy—Hollywood scion and master of Maxwell's Plum and Tavern on the Green—has finally reopened the Russian Tea Room. Onetime regulars will recognize the lavishly re-created first floor, but what will they make of LeRoy's glass-and-gilt fantasy upstairs? And what's up with that on-again-off-again divorce?

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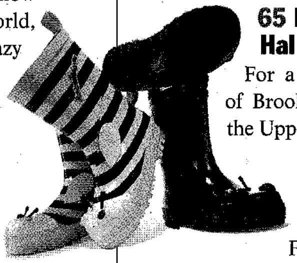

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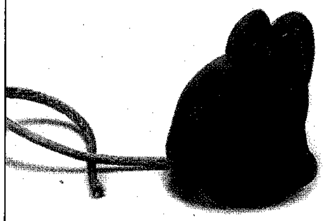

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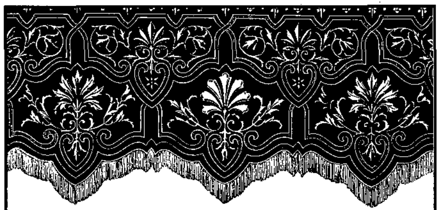

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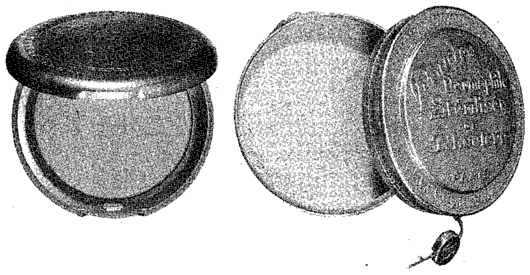
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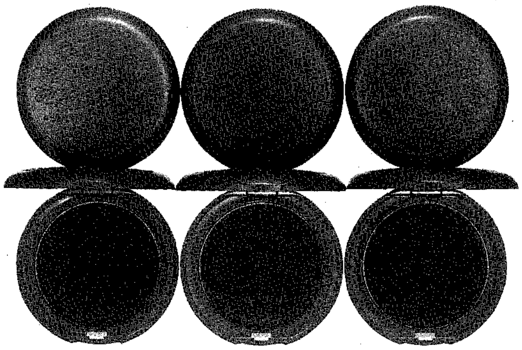
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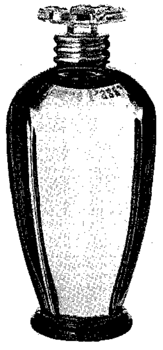
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# LETTERS OCTOBER 18, 1999

# Said Ain't So

*Truth may be stranger than fiction, but to suggest that Edward Said's exile status is emotionally correct, if not literally accurate, is downright weird.*

NO DANGER OF ANYONE'S APPLYING the term *plodding* to Emily Eakin's defense of Professor Edward Said against charges that he has falsified accounts of his life for political purposes ["Look Homeward, Edward," September 27]. Eakin argues that abuses of Said by his parents, teachers, and contemporaries, which made him feel relentlessly persecuted by the world, somehow entitle him to concoct an extensive tissue of fictions to buttress his longtime characterization of himself as a Palestinian persecuted by Israel and deserving reparations. Said's intelligence, charm, and charisma may be legendary, but they do not excuse intellectual dishonesty. His protestations—devoid of any response to the evidence against him—clearly won over your reporter, who failed to refute convincingly the few pieces of evidence that she chose to cite from Justus Reid Weiner's extensive examination of the record. Nor did *New York* contribute to objectivity by placing Weiner's title of scholar in residence at the Jerusalem Center for Public Affairs in doubtful quotation marks. Mr. Weiner may have been an "obscure" lawyer before his impressive (which Eakin found "plodding") analysis was published, but *Commentary* and other serious journals are likely to correct that situation before long.

*Elsa A. Solender*
NEW YORK

ALL WE LEARN FROM EMILY EAKIN'S gushing puff portrayal of Edward Said is that the erudite professor is much better-looking in person than his photos would otherwise indicate. Like other whitewash pieces, including those penned by Christopher Hitchens and Alexander Cockburn, it does not refute J. R. Weiner's meticulously researched accusations. The standard-bearer of the Palestinian exile still comes across as a fraud.

*Eric Forster*
WEST LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

REMEMBER THE SITCOM *ALL IN THE FAMILY*? Suppose I told you that Archie Bunker's racist observations about how blacks and Jews behave may be factually false but are still emotionally correct. If you concluded that my making the case for Archie Bunker's racism—by distinguishing between factual and emotional truth—was a pathetic attempt to legitimize his racist views, you would be absolutely correct. Likewise, Eakin's article on Said is a pathetic attempt to legitimize Said's outright dishonesty.

*Fred Gottheil*
URBANA, ILL.

IT IS REALLY NOT IMPORTANT WHETHER Professor Edward Said lied in his memories. What matters is that Said has capitalized on the refugee problem as if it were only Palestinian. In fact, the refugee problem is bilateral. From 1948 to 1950, the Arab governments forced more than 1 million Jews, who had lived in the Arab world for more than 2,000 years, to leave their homes. The majority (2.5 million) are now citizens of the state of Israel, constituting more than 50 percent of Israel's population. There are 1.5 million more Jews of Arab countries living in exile. The Arab governments in essence forced on us and on Israel a population exchange, claiming our homes for Palestinian Arab refugees. My family's home, located at Kamber Ali 52A in Baghdad, was confiscated, and we (my parents and six children) had to fly to Israel penniless. Even though I am an American citizen, an ophthalmologist, and a professor, the issue of my and my family's displacement cannot be muted. Yet Professor Said seems to recognize only that of Palestinian Arabs.

*Heskel M. Haddad, M.D.*
*President, World Organization for Jews From Arab Countries*
MANHATTAN

## The Eyes Have It

WON'T IT BE WONDERFUL WHEN WE ARE able to have a political candidate like Jon Corzine ["The Green Candidate," by Johanna Berkman, September 27], who not only is rich enough to withstand all that political pressure but also has the character to choose or keep his own eyeglasses frames!

*Arleen Bergen*
MANHATTAN

## Build to Last

I ENJOYED KARRIE JACOBS'S "ARCHITECTURE 101" ["Cityscape," October 4], especially her condemnation of the excruciating banality of NYU's proposed Kimmel Center. However, I take issue with the false dichotomy that she sets up between preservationists and fans of contemporary architecture. They are not mutually exclusive groups. Preservationists love good architecture, old and new, and most of us appreciate the creation of great contemporary buildings that will be the landmarks of the future.

*Andrew S. Dolkart*
MANHATTAN

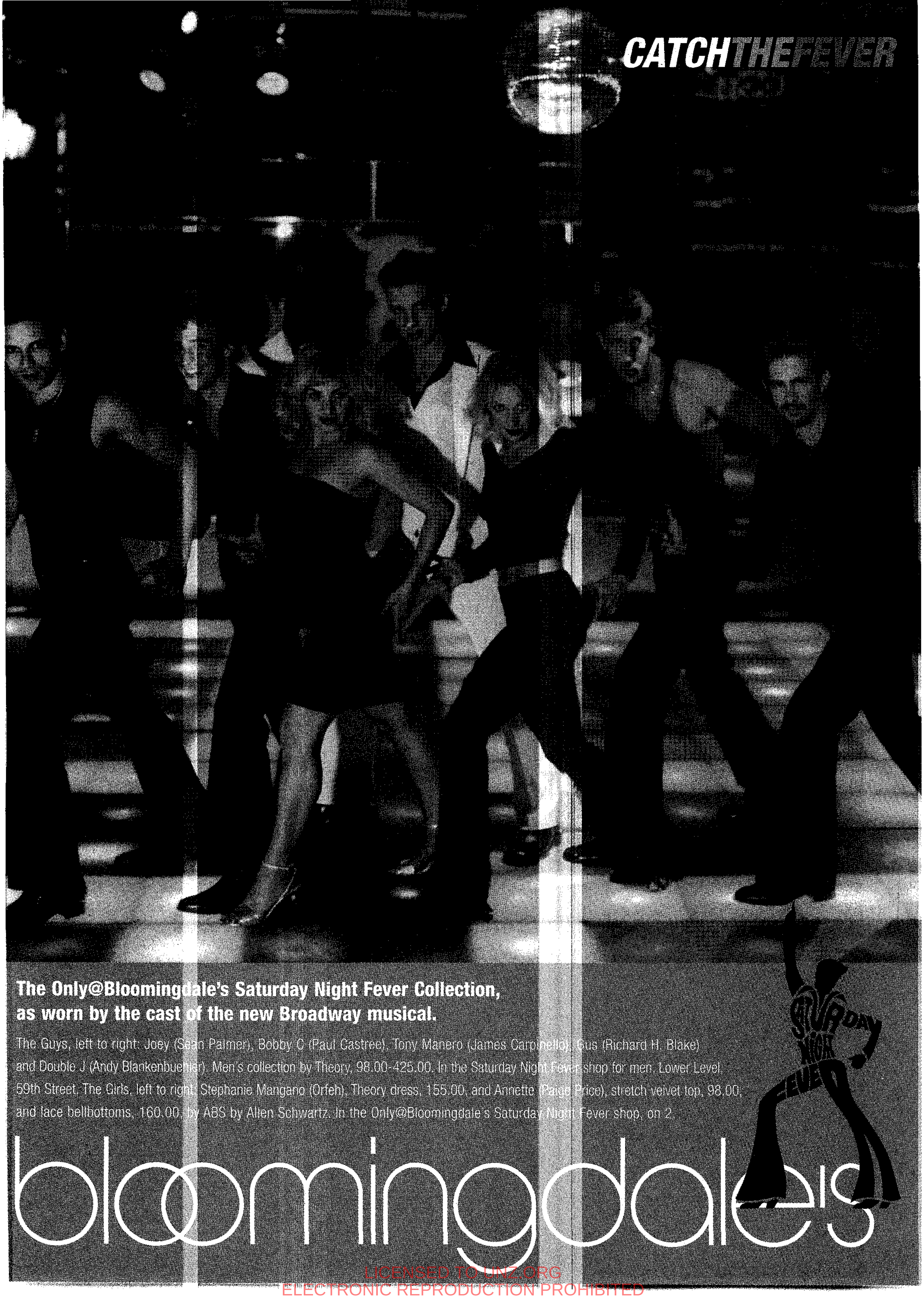
## Clock Watchers

NOW IT ALL MAKES SENSE. ALTHOUGH I ENjoy watching *Sex and the City* [Gotham: "Sex Maniacs," by Sarah Bernard, October 4], I thought it strange that the characters bore so little resemblance to me or my thirtysomething single urban girlfriends. Nightly club-hopping, come-sleep-with-me daywear, first-date sex with a nonstop parade of available men similar only in their good looks and complete lack of interest in marriage and children—these are the lives of (some) gay men, not straight women. Only Carrie Bradshaw's self-delusional relationship with the commitment-phobic Mr. Big rang true. But HBO, please don't scrap the gay writers yet. Who wants to watch a bunch of sexually frustrated women whining about their weight and biological clocks?

*Adeena Dworkin*
MANHATTAN

## Looking for Love in All the Write Places

For an upcoming issue on single life in the city, *New York* is planning to prominently feature New Yorkers (of all orientations) who are currently looking for relationships. Please send a photo and a brief personal ad to Singles, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The best entries will run in the magazine. Remember to include a daytime phone number.



**The Only@Bloomingdale's Saturday Night Fever Collection, as worn by the cast of the new Broadway musical.**

The Guys, left to right: Joey (Sean Palmer), Bobby C (Paul Castree), Tony Manero (James Carpinello), Gus (Richard H. Blake) and Double J (Andy Blankenbuehler). Men's collection by Theory, 98.00-425.00. In the Saturday Night Fever shop for men, Lower Level, 59th Street. The Girls, left to right: Stephanie Mangano (Orfeh), Theory dress, 155.00, and Annette (Paige Price), stretch velvet top, 98.00; and lace bellbottoms, 160.00, by ABS by Allen Schwartz. In the Only@Bloomingdale's Saturday Night Fever shop, on 2.

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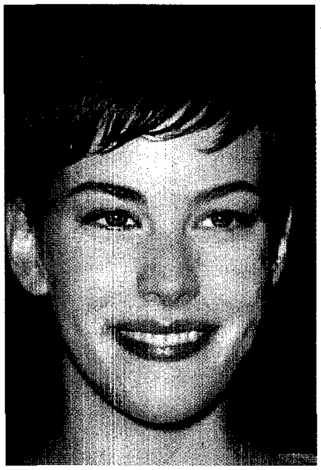
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

# INTELLIGENCER

## THE MAYOR'S ARTLESS MANEUVER

The Brooklyn Museum isn't the only cultural institution that has felt Mayor **Rudy Giuliani**'s wrath. Earlier this year, the mayor snatched $32,000 of a program grant promised to the New-York Historical Society by the city's Department of Cultural Affairs, funneling it to a museum closer to his heart. What happened, according to one former City Hall insider, is that the mayor and his then-aide, **Cristyne Lategano**, were peeved to discover that **Betsy Gotbaum**'s Historical Society had invited Giuliani nemesis **Bill Bratton** to participate in a panel about the NYPD last spring. The mayor was so annoyed, in fact, that he decided to pull the money and give it to a more favored venue, the Museum of the City of New York, where Lategano happens to be a board member. The museum already gets almost $1.3 million from the city in operating funds. The Historical Society, on the other hand, doesn't get *any* operating funds from the city. "In a sense, you're stealing from the poor to pay the rich," reports one inside source. The already well-funded MCNY used its bonanza for a new show on "The New York Century." Neither Gotbaum nor embattled DCA commissioner **Schuyler Chapin** would comment. But the insider says that no one "had ever seen that kind of last-minute intervention" before. Not, that is, until Rudy went to war against the Brooklyn Museum.



**Liv Tyler: Book her!**

## COPS WON'T LIV CELEB PARTY

The police have made a lot of noise lately about cozying up to citizens, but it seems to help if they're attractive celebrities. When **Claire Danes** threw a circus-themed Saturday-night birthday party for her Aussie rocker boyfriend **Ben Lee**, things became a bit rowdy. Neighbors at her Wooster Street loft lost patience and called the cops when water balloons started flying out the windows and the scent of cannabis filled the street. But according to observers, when the cops arrived to check out the complaints, they were hypnotized by the star power of such revelers as **Liv Tyler**, **Michael Stipe**, and **Janeane Garofalo** and opted to stay for hours and join the festivities rather than break them up. "They just got excited," admits a spokeswoman for the doe-eyed Yalie. "They sort of hooked on to Liv and were having their pictures taken with pretty girls. After they got all the photos taken, they left." The 1st Precinct denies knowledge of the incident, and not surprisingly, no report appears to have been filed.

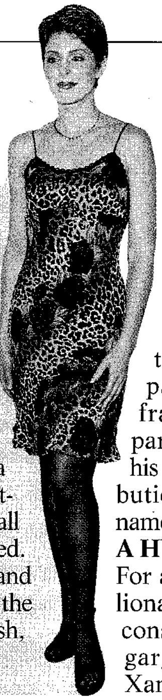
## THE UNABOMBER CUTS TO THE CHASE

If *Talk* magazine continues to bomb, don't blame **Ted Kaczynski**. Though the Unabomber consented to a rare interview, the writer of the piece became so fed up with editor **Tina Brown**'s meddling that he decided to peddle his exclusive elsewhere. **Stephen Dubner** originally wrote a story about **David Kaczynski**, but then he managed to land a hard-to-get interview with the incarcerated bomber himself. The article was scheduled for *Talk*'s third issue, and Brown (pictured) demanded a series of edits that were "relatively painless," according to one source close to the situation. Then she ordered up yet another revision, which Dubner didn't get a chance to read until late on closing day. "The story was totally fact-checked, laid out, and ready to close," reports the insider, "when the writer saw the last edit and pulled the story." The brouhaha helped push features editor **Lisa Chase**, who had assigned the story, to leave the troubled start-up. Now Dubner's story is being seriously considered by *Time*. "Tina is tearing out her hair," says a source at the defection-plagued magazine, but a *Talk* spokeswoman declined to comment. Meanwhile, the Unabomber's book, *Truth Versus Lies*, which was to be released this month, has been post-

## DONNA NOT DRAWN TO RUDY

Don't believe the hype: **Donna Hanover** still doesn't like hanging with her husband. While **Rudy Giuliani** and his mate have publicly been more affectionate since his senatorial aspirations surfaced and **Cristyne Lategano** departed City Hall, the two aren't exactly **Courteney Cox** and **David Arquette**. When management at the new Palm Restaurant in Times Square recently asked the stealth spouse for permission to display a caricature of her among the numerous other celebrity cartoons adorning the walls, says a restaurant-industry source, the city's First Lady agreed, but with one stipulation: "She asked that her cartoon not be too near the mayor's." A spokesman for the legendary steak-and-stogie eatery, **Jeff Phillips**, says he doesn't know if the mayor's wife made the request but carefully added, "Marriages sometimes . . . well, some people don't want their drawings next to each other." But another Palm insider had a diplomatic explanation for the separation: "Donna is still working hard to maintain her independence." The caricatures of **Governor** and **Mrs. Pataki**, by the way, are side by side.

hotographs: clockwise from bottom, Arnaldo Magnani/Gamma Liaison; Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison;
regory Pace/Corbis Sygma.



## WHAT'S NEXT? A DIP IN THE MIKVAH FOR MAPLES?

**Marla Maples** has a new man in her life. No, not **Michael Mailer**—this one's an Orthodox rabbi. The Georgia peach now regularly blooms at cabala classes that she attends with her fiancé, the movie-director son of pugilist-author **Norman Mailer.** Following in the footsteps of such ersatz Jews as **Madonna**, **Gwyneth Paltrow** and **Lionel Richie**, who sang Passover prayers together at their celebrity seder this year, and **Michael Jackson,** who showed up in shul for Simchath Torah, Maples, who relocated to L.A. to pursue her acting career, has taken up Jewish mysticism. "In my last relationship, I thought one person's spirituality could do the work for two, but I was wrong," confides Maples. "Michael is also spiritual; he's someone I could go through fires with. My rabbi has taught me more about the Torah and the Bible than I ever knew growing up," reveals the Southern Baptist. Commenting on L.A.'s puzzling interest in esoteric Jewish doctrine, one power type pronounced cabala classes L.A.'s millennial answer to networking at AA meetings: "I'm tired of all this Jewish-come-lately stuff," he sniffed. "These people arrive from the South and Midwest and know that 90 percent of the people who would hire them are Jewish, so suddenly, they *all* have rabbis."

poned. Context Books publisher **Beau Friedlander** says he hopes to publish it later this year, explaining that Kaczynski's pending appeal delayed the project.

## OPRAH AND MARLON CHEW THE FAT

Every dieter knows that it helps to have a phone buddy, a person to reach out to instead of the Häagen-Dazs. So it's nice to hear that the reclusive, roly-poly superstar **Marlon Brando** has someone to call. In fact, Brando reaches out to the queen of talk herself: **Oprah Winfrey.** Marlon and Oprah exchange dieting tips on the phone, reports one well-connected Hollywood source. (Oprah's office confirms the two big stars have spoken on the phone once but declines to give any details.) Whatever tips they shared seem to be working. Sources who saw Brando during a rare appearance last Monday night to introduce his 1969 film *Burn!* at Creative Artists Agency's Beverly Hills offices report that the actor seems to have lost a lot of weight. Of course, Oprah's not the only one on Brando's phone list. His penchant for telephone relationships is well known. When the actor was working on his autobiography, he placed a call to Random House that was answered by an assistant passing in the hall, who kept trying to take a message. "Well, won't *you* talk to me?" Brando asked. "Forty-five minutes later, he's asking about my first sexual experience," says the assistant. "It was like going into deep Freudian analysis."

## HUGH AND CRY; THE ANTI-RENNERT

**MARTIN'S ROOM:** Everyone has good things to say about the late Martin Burke, who was in charge of security for former governors **Hugh Carey** and **Mario Cuomo.** But not everyone actually made it to Burke's funeral upstate in Hopewell Junction. **Howard Safir**, U.S. Attorney **Mary Jo White**, and Cuomo attended the September 27 funeral. But Carey, who spends much of his time in Florida these days, didn't make it. Nor did any of Carey's children—a fact that did not go unnoticed by others at the standing-room-only memorial to the popular marshal. "Burke took care of them and protected them—and there were many of them: Carey and his *twelve* children," recalls one mourner. Son **Michael Carey**, who works in the city's Economic Development Corporation, says no one in the family got the news in time to attend the funeral of the 56-year-old guard, whom he calls "a gentleman through and through, a real class guy." Cuomo, who found time not only to travel upstate but also to send the widow a chalice, says that Buke "was a very big part of our lives, and frankly one of the best parts." Michael Carey says his family is making a contribution to charity in Burke's name.

**A HUMBLER HAMPTONS:** For at least one East End jillionaire, less is more. While construction of **Ira Rennert's** gargantuan Sagaponack Xanadu continues to spark debate, another big spender is giving hope to those for whom the Hamptons are about more than huge hedges and Range Rovers. Sources say Cellular Information Systems CEO **Richard Treibick** is soon to sign a contract on a sprawling 42-acre Bridgehampton farm with the intention of preserving the land and estate, without even adding a gable or gazebo. Says current owner **Richard Hendrickson,** "I'm just a lowly farmer. I don't know *what* he's going to do. He's put down a deposit. That's all I know."

*Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Seghal.*

## THANK YOU, SIR. MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?

West Side leather men may soon be trading in their chaps for canapés as the meatpacking district's gold rush intensifies. Earlier this year, both **Keith McNally** and **Mark Strausman** secured spaces in the area, and restaurant sources say four-star chef **Gray Kunz** has given up his Upper East Side aspirations and is close to securing a space on Gansevoort Street. Now **Steve Hanson** (pictured) has signed a lease on the triangular building that's the cornerstone of the district, at 675 Hudson Street, which currently houses the S&M Hellfire club and J's Hangout, another onetime sex club. Hanson, who owns eight successful Manhattan restaurants, including Ruby Foo's and Blue Water Grill, plans to erect a basement-level sushi-and-jazz nightspot as well as a bi-level steakhouse in the legendary sin dens. Says Hanson, "I only hope my customers enjoy themselves in the building as much as the patrons of the past did. Not that I would know," he adds, laughing.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; courtesy of Steve Hanson; Gamma Liaison

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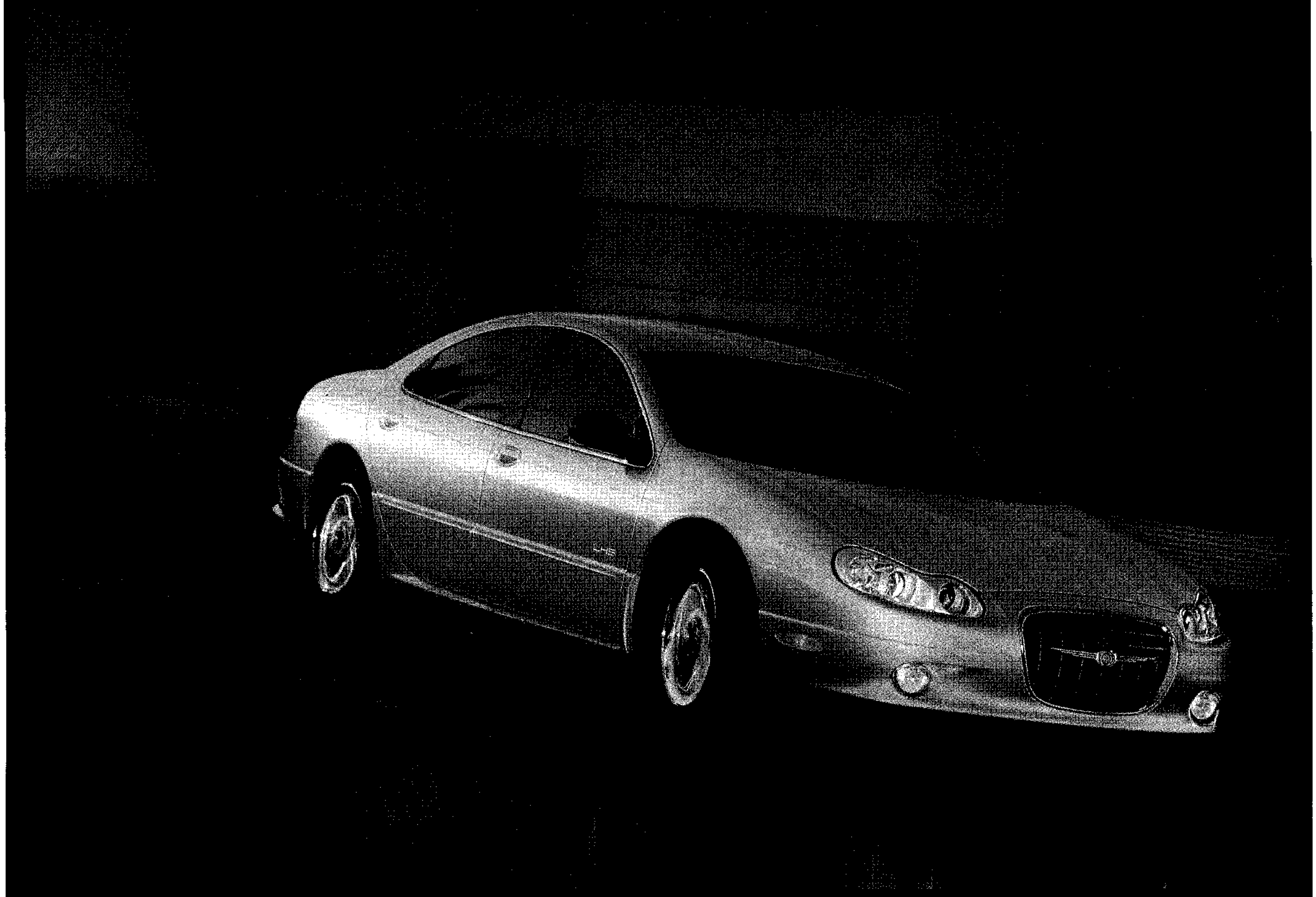

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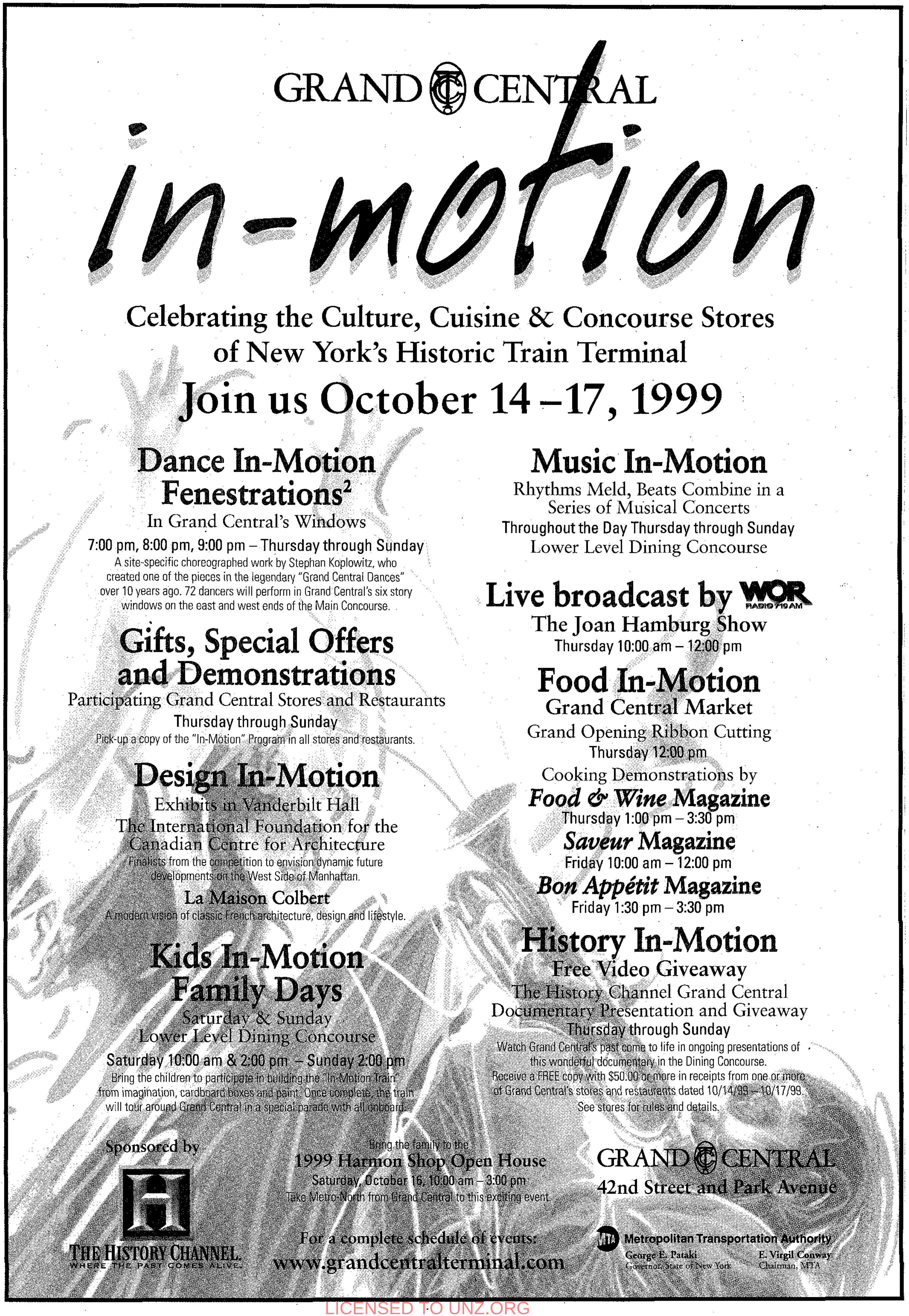

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## Fenestrations²

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7:00 pm, 8:00 pm, 9:00 pm – Thursday through Sunday

A site-specific choreographed work by Stephan Koplowitz, who created one of the pieces in the legendary "Grand Central Dances" over 10 years ago. 72 dancers will perform in Grand Central's six story windows on the east and west ends of the Main Concourse.

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Finalists from the competition to envision dynamic future developments on the West Side of Manhattan.

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A modern vision of classic French architecture, design and lifestyle.

## Kids In-Motion
## Family Days

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Saturday 10:00 am & 2:00 pm – Sunday 2:00 pm

Bring the children to participate in building the "In-Motion Train" from imagination, cardboard boxes and paint. Once complete, the train will tour around Grand Central in a special parade with all onboard.

## Music In-Motion

Rhythms Meld, Beats Combine in a Series of Musical Concerts

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Lower Level Dining Concourse

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Grand Central Market

Grand Opening Ribbon Cutting

Thursday 12:00 pm

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***Food & Wine* Magazine**

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***Saveur* Magazine**

Friday 10:00 am – 12:00 pm

***Bon Appétit* Magazine**

Friday 1:30 pm – 3:30 pm

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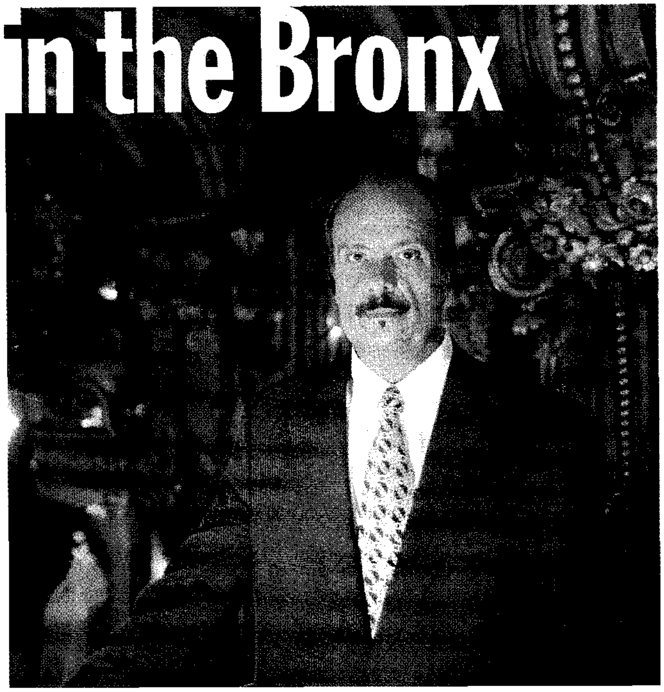
# GOTHAM

## Rumble in the Bronx



*A landmarked theater brings fight night to the Grand Concourse.*

EARLY NEXT YEAR, IF Richard DeCesare has anything to say about it, the Bronx will become more violent. Gang leader? Mafia don? Hardly. The Grand Concourse will feel, instead of gunfire, the impact of bone-crushing scissor kicks and jaw-shattering right hooks courtesy of "Stone Cold" Steve Austin and Prince Naseem Hamed when DeCesare, a 51-year-old Bronx real-estate developer, completes the boxing-and-wrestling ring he's installing in the Loew's Paradise Theatre just south of Fordham Road.

The 52,000-square-foot Paradise will be the third-largest theater venue in the city (after Radio City Music Hall and the Paramount at Madison Square Garden), says DeCesare, and needless to say, it will be the only such facility in the Bronx. A landmarked building designed by John Eberson and festooned with Baroque architectural ornamentation, the Paradise is costing DeCesare $12 million to buy and restore to its original condition. Well, almost original. When the 4,000-seat theater opened in 1929, it was one of the grandest of all the Depression-era movie palaces, but it didn't have the 7,000-square-foot training gym DeCesare is constructing in its basement. It also didn't have the boxing-and-wrestling ring, which will rise through the floor of the theater's orchestra pit, leaving the stage free for bands, dancers, and actors when combatants aren't slugging it out on the canvas.

DeCesare, whose thin mustache and tiny diamond earring complement the dark pinstriped suits he favors, is currently negotiating to bring televised all-star wrestling matches to the Paradise on a weekly basis. Boxing matches, including title bouts, will be held once or twice a month, says DeCesare, who himself manages several fighters, among them Alex Garcia (40-5-1, 31 KOs), briefly a contender for the heavyweight crown in the early nineties.

When punches aren't flying in the Paradise, DeCesare will put on pop concerts—primarily Latin music, he says, "because of the ethnicity of the borough and because Latin music has become the most popular in the world." He'll also let local schools hold graduation ceremonies there free of charge, thus returning to the Bronx a long-lost coming-of-age tradition. (The original theater was split into a duplex movie house in 1973, then made into a quadriplex in the late eighties, before being shut down in 1994 when the Loews company fell on hard times.)

Whether Manhattan boxing enthusiasts will venture up to the still-seedy Grand Concourse—where shops like the Dandy Unisex Hair Salon and What's Up Sneakers and Sportswear struggle to hang on even as a Starbucks thrives around the corner on Fordham Road—remains to be seen. On the other hand, considering prices at the Garden, DeCesare could well have fans slugging it out for Paradise tickets. Born and raised in the Bronx, DeCesare laughs when asked if he has ever stepped into the ring himself. "No," he says. "But I had relatively extensive experience outside the ring when I was young."
MARK WALLACE

## The Right Stuff

**You'd think the New York *Post* would've had to search long and hard to find a columnist as conservative as the farther-than-far-right Ray Kerrison. But as it turns out, the perfect replacement was right (or was that left?) down the hall in the form of movie critic Rod Dreher. Once known as a mild, evenhanded writer, Dreher, whose column Mayor Giuliani cited during the "Sensation" controversy, has proved himself as easily riled up as Steve Dunleavy. "This is a great time to raise a glass to moral outrage," Dreher wrote in a recent column. Cheers!**
**ETHAN BROWN**

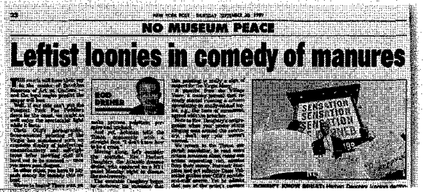
**"*Lolita* is not a great film, but it is an exceptional film, a believable film, an erotically potent and morally responsible film." —on *Lolita***
**"There she is, Mi-i-iss Amer-ri-caaa—the slut!" —on the new rules for the Miss America pageant**

**"Thompson devotees and admirers of Gilliam's arresting, more-is-better visual style will find the movie a fairly potent stimulant." —on *Fear and Loathing In Las Vegas***
**"Give 'em Hell, Rudy! . . . Keep making these supercilious snotty-tots sweat." —on "Sensation"**

**"Their insane, coke-fueled rampages lead to a reckoning that highlights how suicidal this culture's inability to forgive is." —on *The Wounds***

**"They should spend the rest of their lives as part of a jailhouse harem." —on the men accused of kicking a woman in the stomach until her unborn child died**

**"Casts a harsh light on the way inflexible social tradition can deform minds." —on *Leila***
**"Remember the bad old days, when girls who got pregnant outside of marriage were forcibly married?. . . Turns out folks back then were onto something important." —on single motherhood**



NO MUSEUM PEACE

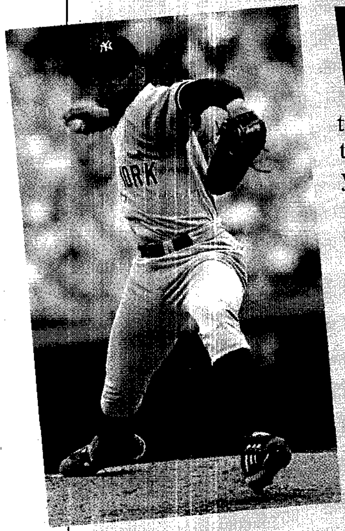
Leftist loonies in comedy of manures

ROD DREHER

THE SMOKING GUN

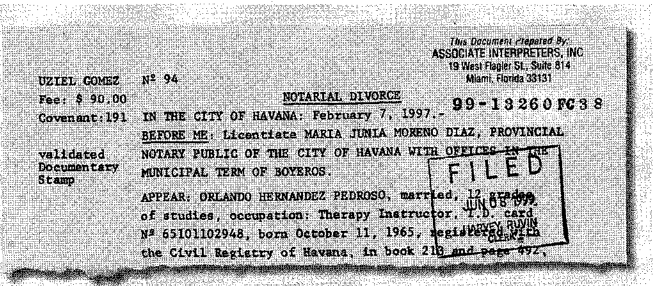
# Low and Outside

*El Duque shaves years off his age.*



WHEN ORLANDO “EL DUQUE” HERNANDEZ signed his four-year, $6.6 million contract with the New York Yankees in March 1998, the Cuban defector dismissed rumors that he was older than his stated 28 years. “I don’t know where the discrepancy comes from,” he told the *Times.* Hernandez added that he was born on October 11, 1969, “as told by my mother.” According to this account—repeated in the Yankees’ media guide and yearbook and on the club’s Website—the pitcher hits 30 this week.

But hold off on those “big 3-0” parties, since it appears that El Duque has rolled back his odometer (and, significantly, that of his throwing arm) by four years. According to



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IN THE CITY OF HAVANA: February 7, 1997.-
BEFORE ME: Licentiate MARIA JUNIA MORENO DIAZ, PROVINCIAL NOTARY PUBLIC OF THE CITY OF HAVANA WITH OFFICES IN THE MUNICIPAL TERM OF BOYEROS.

APPEAR: ORLANDO HERNANDEZ PEDROSO, married, 12 grades of studies, occupation: Therapy Instructor, I.D. card Nº 65101102948, born October 11, 1965, registered with the Civil Registry of Havana, in book 213 and page 492,

FILED
JUN 08 1999
HARVEY RUVIN
CLERK

a February 1997 divorce decree filed in Havana, Hernandez was actually born on October 11, 1965. A copy of the decree—and a certified English translation of the Cuban document—recently surfaced in connection with a child-support case brought against the athlete by his ex-wife, Norma. The couple’s seven-and-a-half-year marriage ended ten months before El Duque fled Cuba.

The decree, the legitimacy of which Hernandez has acknowledged in court papers filed in Miami, states that the actual 1965 birth certificate can be found in the Civil Registry of Havana’s files at Book 213, Page 492.

In a year when the Yankees’ two oldest hurlers—37-year-old Roger Clemens and 36-year-old David Cone—have posted disappointing numbers, George Steinbrenner’s pitching rotation now finds itself with another veteran arm—one that’s aging especially quickly.

*For more intriguing documents, visit ‘The Smoking Gun’ online at* **thesmokinggun.com**

# Borscht Beltway

*A ‘Time’ magazine political reporter cracks up.*

‘IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT, ladies and gentlemen—Richard Holbrooke!” Matt Cooper announces to a near-capacity Wednesday-night crowd at the Gotham Comedy Club. “The United States is $2 billion in arrears with its U.N. dues, so don’t forget to leave him a few bucks on your way out.” Cooper isn’t entirely kidding. The U.N. ambassador really *is* in the house—albeit without a tip jar—along with such media heavyweights as NPR’s Mara Liasson, *George* executive editor Rich Blow, *Nation* columnist Eric Alterman, and *Time* managing editor Walter Isaacson. The secret to Cooper’s wonk appeal? When he’s not joking about Al Gore’s sex life or doing Larry King impressions, he’s the deputy Washington-bureau chief of *Time.*

“This is an outlet for a lot of stuff that couldn’t find a happy home in print,” says Cooper, whose act includes a list of hypothetical Warren Beatty campaign slogans: “I mean, ‘I Did Natalie Wood’ probably wouldn’t fly in *Time.*”

His convincing impression of a stoned Bill Clinton (“Let’s listen to side three of *Eat a Peach!*”) could cause Cooper some hassles on the home front—his wife, Democratic consultant Mandy Grunwald, was an adviser to Clinton’s first presidential campaign and is currently working on Hillary’s Senate bid. But he’s not sure he’s ready to be a prime-time player. “My stuff might be a little parochial,” he says. “I don’t know if you can do U.N. jokes on *Conan.*”

Cooper, 35, stumbled into stand-up two years ago, after giving “a pretty funny toast, I guess,” at a birthday party for *USA Today* political columnist Walter Shapiro—also a regular performer at Gotham’s monthly political-comedy night and the other big media draw on tonight’s bill. Last November, Cooper was anointed “Washington’s Funniest Celebrity” at a D.C. comedy-club fund-raiser—beating out American Enterprise Institute scholar-in-residence Norman Ornstein and Monica Lewinsky’s former lawyer William Ginsburg. “Think about all the *other* midlife crises you could have,” Cooper reasons. “It’s safer than going out and getting a motorcycle.”

ETHAN SMITH

HBO PICTURES PRESENTS

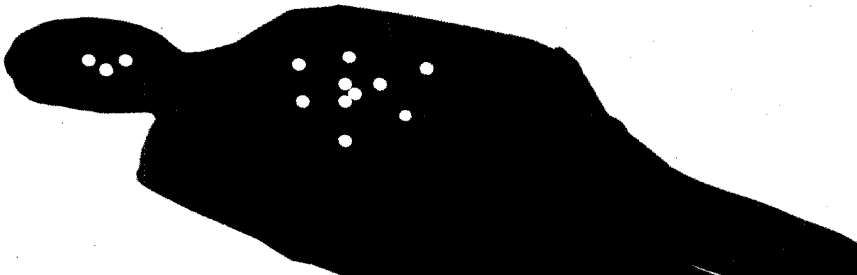
**CHAZZ PALMINTERI**

**F. MURRAY ABRAHAM**

THEY HAVE A NAME FOR
GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS
WHO DEFY THE MAFIA...

[redacted]

# CADAVERS



HBO PICTURES PRESENTS
A TIDEWATER ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION
A FILM BY RICKY TOGNAZZI CHAZZ PALMINTERI F. MURRAY ABRAHAM
"EXCELLENT CADAVERS" ANNA GALIENA MUSIC BY JOSEPH VITARELLI
PRODUCED BY DAVID NICHOLS EXECUTIVE PRODUCER BILL UNGER SCREENPLAY BY PETER PRUCE
BASED ON THE BOOK BY ALEXANDER STILLE DIRECTED BY RICKY TOGNAZZI

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# *Swell* Bred

*Cynthia Rowley isn't content with dressing you—now she wants to tell you how to live.*

Can a six-pack of Heineken be your signature drink? How do you spark dinner-party conversation when your end of the table is D.O.A.? And is it possible to tip—"duke"—your way to a better table and other important privileges? Designer Cynthia Rowley and New York *Times* deputy style editor Ilene Rosenzweig tackle such conundrums with their urbane new primer, *Swell: A Girl's Guide to the Good Life*. On a recent frosty weeknight, when Rowley had just flown in from Paris, the duo led a madcap marathon to see just how much—and how long—one can behave like Patty Duke and get away with it.

*7 P.M.* Rosenzweig ransacks Rowley's showroom for evening's costume (Chapter 6, "Prisoner of Seventh Avenue"). Downstairs, Rowley's two-handed whistle stops far-off cab in tracks (Chapter 4, "Get Around"). First stop, LiebmanMagnan gallery, for "Happier Hour" (Chapter 5, "Have Fun"). "The idea is to shake things up a little," says Rosenzweig, peering into refrigerated case holding decaying heads made of tofu. "It gives you something to talk about the rest of the night."

*8 P.M.* Fastballs at Chelsea Piers and snacks—Crunch 'n Munch washed down with mini bottles of brown-bagged Frexinet. While Rowley takes swings balancing on wedge heels, Rosenzweig adds red helmet to ensemble and smacks grounder. Batting-cage operator is duked for allowing extra rounds (Chapter 2, "Say Thank You").

*9 P.M.* Careening down West Side Highway in red Ford Galaxie convertible chauffeured by Rowley's husband, Bill Keenan, Rosenzweig offers wisdom—not found in book!—on how to properly perch on guy's lap. "You've got to sit high on your haunches. Down below, you're trembling like it's the seventeenth hour of a step class," she says with a smile. Boyfriend Rick Marin is also smiling. "It takes great strength to be light."

*9:30 P.M.* Rolling past Rowley's Wooster Street boutique, designer recalls sprinting down street in heels to collar criminal, explaining, "This guy took six dresses on the hanger! And they were my favorite dresses."

*9:45 P.M.* At Raoul's on Prince Street, reserved table is occupied by banker boors. Rowley disperses them with small show of celebrity. "You have your own shopping bag," one whimpers after spotting logo. "You *are* famous!" "Are *you* guys famous?" asks Rowley. "No! We're nobodies!" Bankers slink to bar.

*10 P.M.* Rosenzweig (in bunny ears) has stash of white truffles in bottomless purse (Chapter 4); visits kitchen to propose special pasta appetizer (Chapter 9, "Indulge").

*11 P.M.* Fake birthdays celebrated (Chapter 1, "365 Excuses for a Party"); yet another bottle of champagne sent over by book editor David Hirshey. Feathered tiaras and top hats all around. Rowley pencils eyeliner mustache on husband.

*Midnight.* Jet lag will put even *Swell*-est girl to bed (Chapter 7, "Sleep-deprivation Experiment"). Rowley says good night. SARAH BERNARD

# Sack Cloth

*Meet the new-jersey Giants.*

Wins may be in short supply around Giants Stadium this fall, but at least New York aesthetes are scoring some Super Bowl–size victories. First there was the Jets' move back to their sassy Namathian uniforms last season, and then the decision to rip up the Meadowlands' plastic mat and install grass for the new millennium. But perhaps the best is yet to come: *New York* has learned that next season, the Giants will trade in their tapioca-bland Carter-administration togs for a retro-classic uniform befitting the legacies of Huff, Tittle (pictured), and Frederick Exley.

Word around the Swamp is that the G-men will bench their current helmet script—which even after all those LT glory years still looks lifted from the letterhead of a Paramus mini-storage facility—and restore the iconic NY logo, as mourned as the old Penn Station. The road uniforms, once as elegant as DiMaggio's pinstripes, will again feature the wonderfully counterintuitive pale-gray pants offsetting the white jerseys, which themselves will go back to minimalist red lettering instead of today's overcooked white-on-red overlay.

But, like designer J. Mays's new-old Volkswagen Beetle, the new threads will quote the past without returning to it. The distinctive Giants tradition of mismatching navy-blue helmets with royal-blue jerseys will apparently be retired, though the team won't say whether the new hats will go lighter or the new shirts darker.

"I don't want to be vague about it, but I will be," says Giants spokesman Pat Hanlon. "The official announcement of any kind of change will probably not be made until the first of the year. To say that we're going back to the old uniforms is not exactly accurate. But the Giants are going to make a uniform switch, and many of the elements of the traditional uniforms will be featured."

In recent seasons, teams such as the Broncos, the Buccaneers, and even the Jets got rid of their noticeable on-field reek as soon as they changed their clothes. And new uniforms mean new merchandising opportunities—any price will be worth it for Big Blue's fashion-minded fans. It seems like a great play for the Giants, though Hanlon puts it a bit more bluntly: "If it scores touchdowns, it will be." ALEX WILLIAMS

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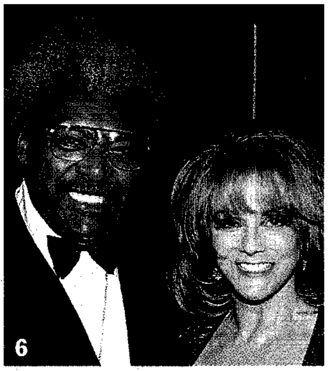
## THE SCENE

# Financial Backing

**Photographs by Patrick McMullan**

PATROON'S DIMLY LIT LOUNGE WAS SWARMING ON OCTOBER 5 with well-wishers toasting Dominick Dunne's new memoir, *The Way We Lived Then: Recollections of a Well-Known Name Dropper,* at a party hosted by *Vanity Fair.* The smoky club room, dotted with worn leather armchairs and aging beauties in feathered hats, made a suitably film noir–esque setting for Dunne's tell-all about his rise and fall as a B-list movie producer during Hollywood's glory days; you could almost see Darryl Zanuck, Marilyn Monroe, and Frank Sinatra clinking glasses of bourbon. But tonight's guests were business barons cautiously sipping Chardonnay and sneaking glances at their Rolexes—maybe fifteen minutes on the treadmill before the next engagement? Barry Diller, Sumner Redstone, and MTV's Tom Freston palled around with Graydon Carter and Time Inc.'s Walter Isaacson as Donald Trump purposefully elbowed his way into the conversations of the Information Age Establishment. Nearby, a younger generation of tycoons like hotelier André Balazs and restaurateur Brian McNally, with his wife, Anne, formed their own powerful clique. There was probably more talk of climbing IPOs, network acquisitions, and the merits of Gulfstream jets than gossip about aging starlets or murder trials—Dunne's area of expertise. The author, looking more bookish college professor than celebrity reporter, was giddy about the turnout: "I can really bring them out," he crowed. "I know a lot of people!" Of course, it may simply have been a matter of yet more wise investments: These moguls were shrewd enough to know that snubbing Dunne's invitation could mean an unflattering mention in his next *roman à clef.*

MAURA EGAN



9
NATIONAL BREAST CANCER COALITION

**1. Tuesday Weld, Dominick Dunne, and Gloria Vanderbilt at *Vanity Fair*'s party for Dunne's new book. 2. Ann Magnuson and John Malkovich at the *Being John Malkovich* premiere party at the Harvard Club. 3. Richard Avedon, Doon Arbus, and David Remnick at *The New Yorker*'s "Conversation with Steve Martin" at Michael's. 4. Steve Martin, Mike Nichols Eric Idle, and Joe Armstrong at Michael' for the publication of Idle's new book, *The Road to Mars.* 5. Jerry Stiller and Ja son Alexander at the New York Friars Club roast for Stiller at the Hilton. 6. Do King and Ann-Margret at the Lustgarde Foundation's party to benefit pancreatic cancer research at Rockfeller Plaza. 7. Ileana Sonnabend at the Brooklyn Museum's "Sensation" exhibit. 8. Vera Wang and Pamela Gross at Gross's "Sonny an Cher" theme birthday party at Doubles. 9. Ellen Barkin, Hillary Clinton, Jane Semel, Fran Visco, and Rosie O'Donnell at the National Breast Cancer Coalition gala at the Pierre.**

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Performer, Choreographer, Director

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FAVORITE WORKOUT
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**RICHARD LAGRAVENESE**
Screenwriter, Director

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"Living Out Loud"
Surviving

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Save the Children

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CHANGE
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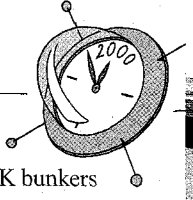
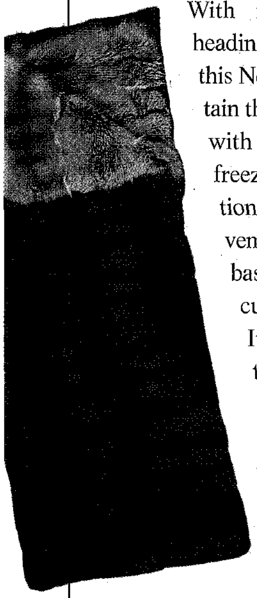
# GOTHAMSTYLE

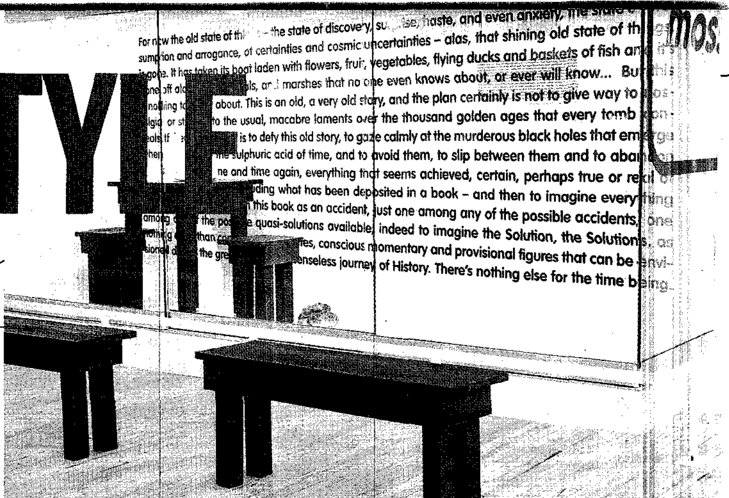
## MILLENNIUM WATCH





With many New Yorkers heading for the hills and their Y2K bunkers this New Year's Eve, Prada wants to make certain that no urban warrior is forced to rough it with just a Swiss Army pocketknife and freeze-dried eggnog. The Millennium collection (available at boutiques starting in November) includes a leather-and-nylon picnic basket, complete with sterling-silver dishes, cutlery, and champagne flutes ($6,804). It's almost as glamorous as a table for two at the Rainbow Room. And after you've slurred through "Auld Lang Syne," you can snuggle up in the fox-fur-lined sleeping bag ($11,980)—wherever you are—and dream of the Four Seasons' presidential suite.

MAURA EGAN



## Product Placement

Purists who wept at the pairing-up of Michael Graves and Target still have interior-design impresario Murray Moss, who has just opened More, the expanded annex to his original store, Moss, at 150 Greene Street. The stark open space houses whimsical furnishings from high-end craftsmen like Gaetano Pesce and Amsterdam's Droog collective, as well as more practical housewares from Philippe Starck and Frank Gehry. Furnishings are placed under glass with printed statements by visionaries like Baudrillard and Malraux (which may justify museum-caliber price tags). If a philosophy lesson seems too pedantic for an afternoon of shopping, you're still allowed to simply marvel at the shape of your new plastic colander. M.E.

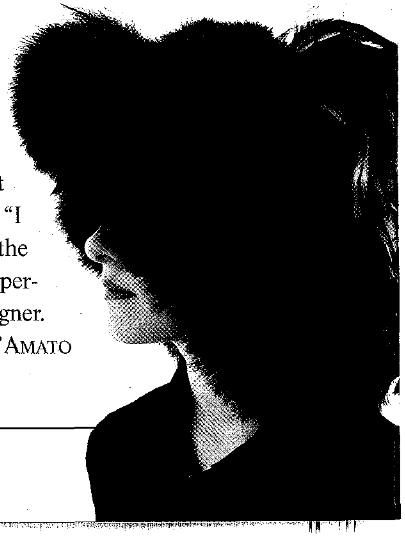
## Beady-Eyed

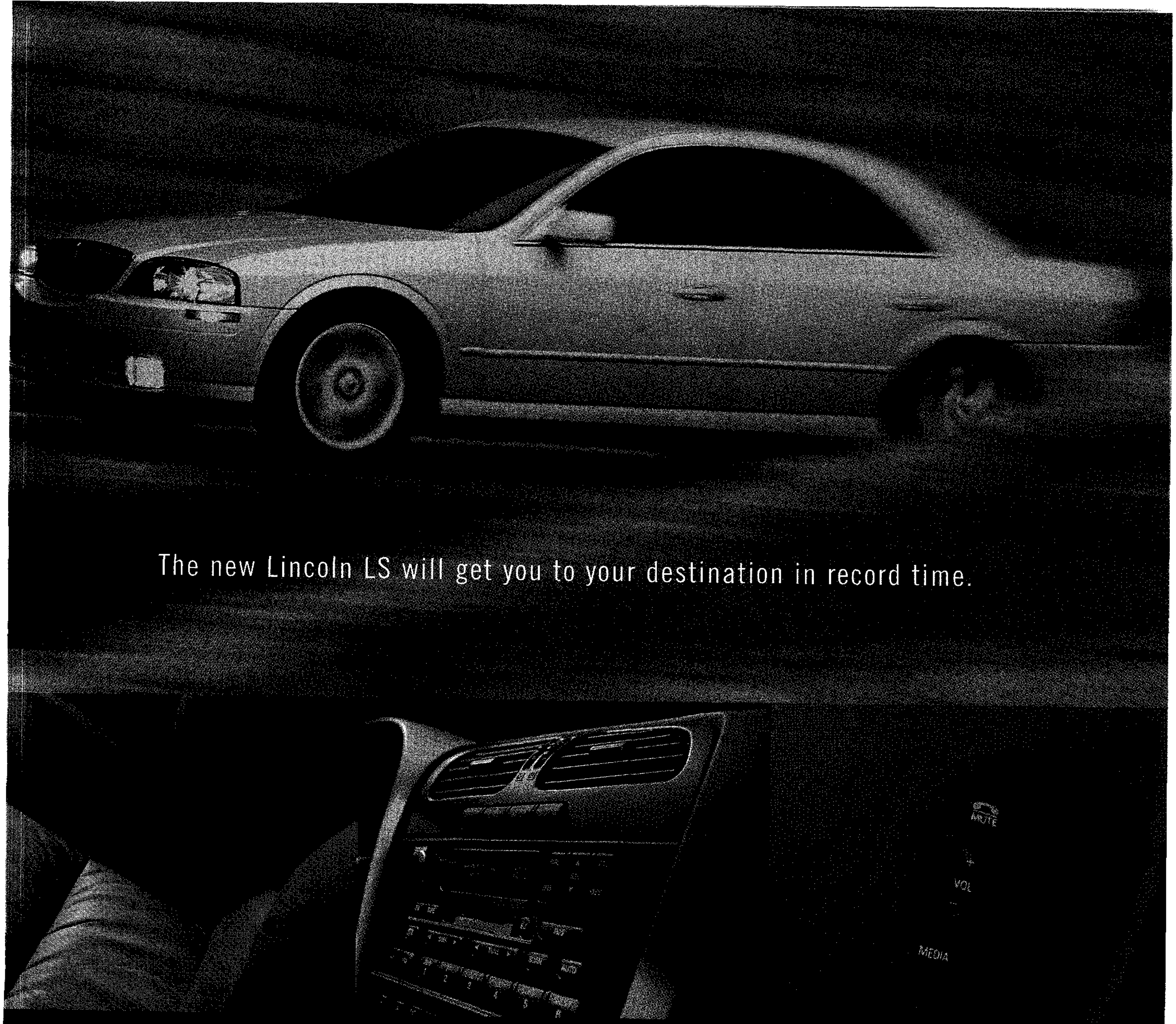
Harry Winston sparklers are still the *ne plus ultra* of Hollywood gems, but these days, hot young starlets are setting their sights on Sonya Ooten's hand-crocheted beaded jewelry. After wardrobe work on countless television and movie sets, the Los Angeles designer, who inherited her knitting skills from her grandmother and the art of beading from her Native American mother, started shopping her wares in the stars' dressing rooms. Her delicate silk anklets are a big hit with Renee Zellweger; Jennifer Aniston wore her gold-thread necklaces on the season premiere of *Friends;* Rebecca Romijn-Stamos piled on a few strands for a recent episode of *Just Shoot Me.* But Ooten doesn't only sell her work on-set: The pieces are available at Tracey Feith and Barneys ($70–$320) for those who have yet to land a sitcom. M.E.

## On Top of the World

Ivy Supersonic's larger-than-life feathered hats are making last season's flirty thong sandals and fringed jeans look tame. Tommy Lee, Steven Tyler, and Deborah Harry have made the outrageous toppers ($500–$5,000; available at Leather Rose and by special order—call 780-3329) the favorite accessory of the rock-and-roll crowd, and Jesse Camp outdid Seventh Avenue's sartorial sophisticates with his pheasant-tail number during Fashion Week. New rapper Eve wore a pink fedora for *The Source,* while Lil' Kim is dwarfed by a massive pink marabou-and-Austrian-crystal wide-brim model on the December cover of *Out.* But according to Supersonic, the hats aren't just for photo ops: "I even wear them to the post office and the supermarket," says the designer.

SUZANNE D'AMATO

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## THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

# Austin's Power

*George W strode into town last week searching for the Republican center while the party's far right faltered. But can he stay the course so early in the game?*

BY NOW, YOU'VE LONG SINCE digested what George W. Bush had to say about his own party's recent past during his speech last week to the Manhattan Institute. Pretty interesting stuff; the taker of the cake was surely the bit about the GOP's too often depicting America as "slouching toward Gomorrah." That's Robert Bork's line, of course, but the theme has also been the stock-in-trade of William Bennett, who was planted right there at one of the front tables. A Fourth Estate friend seated at Bennett's table reports that he smiled gently at the remark, his outrage, if not dead, at least in a state of cryogenic repose, not soon to be roused.

A Republican's tossing dung at his fellow elephants deserves attention. But far more remarkable than what Bush said—and far more indicative of his potential strength—was what he didn't say. In a 25-minute speech on education policy before, remember, the conservative Manhattan Institute, he did not—not even once—utter the word *vouchers*. He talked about some programs that sounded voucherlike, such as letting low-income parents put around $1,500 in Title I money toward private-school tuition; even then, he said the money could also go to tutoring and sending children to a different public school. But the V-word didn't cross his lips.

Two more things: He didn't call for the abolition of the Department of Education, which, if vouchers have been item No. 1 on the GOP education agenda, has been a razor-close second. And he did not attack teachers' unions. Remember Bob Dole at the 1996 GOP convention? "And to the teachers' unions," Bob thundered, "I say, when I am president, I will disregard your political power . . ." Not for Bush. He even tossed in—no doubt at the behest of his local mandarinate—a clever passing reference to "the great Albert Shanker," who was, what with the way he stood up to the rabble-rousers of '68, the sort of union man whom conservatives could admire.

For these and other clearly intentional omissions, Bush's was a startling speech. Of a piece, to be sure, with his two parries against the right in Washington the previous week, when he refused to toss red meat in the direction of the Christian Coalition and when he criticized congressional Republicans—and in particular fellow Texan Tom DeLay—for their callousness in trying to spread the earned-income-tax-credit payments to poor people out over time (instead of giving them the money in a lump sum).

This is great politics, and smart P.R. But if people like me approve, then somebody, somewhere, surely disapproves. How long can Bush bash the right?

LATELY, I'VE BEEN THINKING BACK ON A certain weekend I passed in Washington during Bill Clinton's first presidential campaign at a Rainbow Coalition convention. It was a Saturday morning, and Clinton was coming to speak. The day before, the Washington *Post* had run a piece about a split within the Clinton camp over whether the candidate should praise Jesse Jackson or bury him. Word of the argument was clearly leaked by the bury-him camp, which wanted to alert the press to the idea that Clinton (New Democrat) would not coddle the mischief-making preacher as had Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis.

Sure enough, that Saturday, toward the end of a theretofore unremarkable speech, Clinton lit into his famous reproval of Sister Souljah, who had said after the Los Angeles riots that maybe black people should take a week to kill white people and whose participation in some sort of youth panel at the Rainbow convention gave Clinton license to lecture Jackson on abetting the purveyors of hatred. It's hard to imagine it now, but back then, the Washington Establishment loved Clinton, was sick of Jackson, and was thrilled to see Bill give Jesse what-for.

And here we are: Robert Bork is Bush's Sister Souljah. The similarities are striking. There is, though, one big difference. Clinton delivered his I'm Over the Rainbow speech on June 13, 1992—after the primaries, after he was the nominee, after Jackson and the rest of the left had no mathematical option before them other than to back Clinton. Bush, however, is doing his act more than three months before a single vote is to be cast. Of course, it may well be that the right, even at this early stage, already has no option other than Bush. That's the sort of inevitability $55 million in the bank can buy a candidate. But this is about more than money.

People have been talking and writing about the end of ideology for a decade now. First in global and historical terms: capitalism's victory over socialism. In more recent, post-USSR years, the conversation has been about degrees of ideological commitment within capitalism. Along came Clinton, to declare the end of welfare-state liberalism, and to leave welfare reform—rather than, say, universal health-care coverage or some other more obviously liberal initiative—as his chief domestic legacy. The era of old-style liberalism, which had held sway in

Illustration by Scott Menchin. Photograph by Brooks Kraft/Corbis Sygma

America since the New Deal and, in its more fragrant form, since the sixties, ended during the Clinton presidency.

We know where that left liberalism. But the more interesting question is, where did it leave conservatism? David Brooks, writing not long ago in *The Weekly Standard,* keenly observed that the style of conservatism that incubated the Gingrich revolution actually depended on the era of liberal dominance and, from the sixties forward, developed "a confrontationalist mentality: Polarize the debate, attack the liberal elites." But now that the old liberal elites don't run things (save humanities departments and the Brooklyn Museum), polarization becomes a tougher sell.

And so the end of the old liberalism perforce ushers in the end of the old conservatism. It hasn't died quite yet.

> *"Poor, dumb Steve Forbes and poor, irrelevant Gary Bauer can cry all night about Bush's selling their party out, but they're fighting the last war. Bush is fighting the next one."*

Congressional Republicans are still insisting on running their little skiff straight into the rocks, having bungled budget negotiations so badly that they're now left with either dipping into Social Security money or cutting federal programs by amounts even some of their committee chairmen can't abide. Poor, dumb Steve Forbes (ah, to embrace the Christian Coalition precisely when it's running out of gas!) and poor, irrelevant Gary Bauer can cry all night about Bush's selling their party out, but they're fighting the last war.

Bush is fighting the next one. He can't go around looking for too much trouble with conservatives—hence his cowardly refusal to shoo Pat Buchanan out of the party—and of course at some point they'll have a chance to confront him, make him accede to something or other. But it's not likely they can stop Bush, or make him change very much. There's a word for a candidate like that, or three words: tough to beat. ▬

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**MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF**

# Dutch Treat

*All hell broke loose when Edmund Morris invented characters for his Reagan biography. But how else could he tell the story of that surreal presidency?*

THERE'S A BURDEN CARRIED BY journalists who covered the Reagan years. They missed the story. They didn't come anywhere near to explaining what is surely the strangest career in American politics. Indeed, they went along with the Reaganites' story—all its neatly stage-managed takes. He was too slow, too cornball, too out of it—who would disagree? And yet he was the Great Communicator—who doesn't believe that? Was this some inside media joke? (Great Communicator. Hee-hee.) Or some forceful effort to align reality? He was elected, after all. He must be communicating awfully well with somebody.

Was he stupid or gifted, personable or remote, a dedicated ideologue or a casual opportunist, an honest man or a partly fictionalized creation? Indeed, who can be confident that he wasn't in the early stages of Alzheimer's during his presidency (consider how a reporter feels knowing he might have missed that story)?

Now, ten years after the end of his term, we have a biography that makes exceptional efforts to explain him, and, in response, a Catholic Legion of Decency–type firestorm of opprobrium.

On the side of decency and proper biography are the Reagan partisans who, once again, are rushing fiercely to the cameras to insist the man is (is? was?) as normal and straightforward as you and I—then, as now, a proposition so preposterous that we shrink from the challenge, because if reality is that skewed, well, we could be crazy.

The Reaganites are joined by the Washington media, who, during the Reagan term, accepted his behavior with such a blind eye and generous rationalizations that it became impossible for anyone to discuss his obvious nakedness (again, you would have been the crazy one).

Then, too, there are the cultural elite, who, in a dramatic tumble, went into the eighties as liberals and came out the true conservatives, resentful of technology, Wall Street, and the general triumph of the marketplace.

Oh, yes, and there are the other Republicans—the Bush Republicans (whom Reagan mostly disliked and who mostly disliked him)—eager to take what benefits they can from their proximity with the Great Communicator (but winking broadly), shocked, shocked that anyone would doubt the great man's greatness.

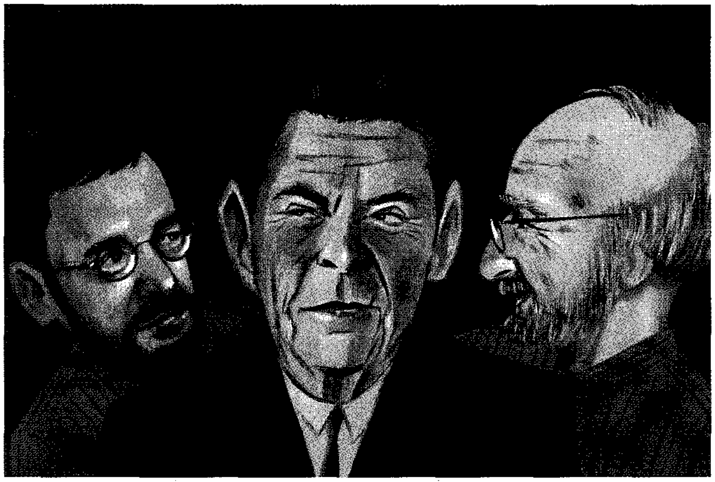


Illustration by Michelle Chang

On the side of moral and intellectual relativism and, possibly, genuine flakiness, is Edmund Morris, the frail-looking biographer.

WHILE IT IS ALMOST INEVITABLE THAT A BIographer will either be a hagiographer or a betrayer, Morris's betrayals are, actually, of a special order.

For one thing, he came to the job giving no indication that he was anything but conventional (while some might have noted he came out of the advertising business instead of academia, the Reaganites probably thought that was a plus). His Theodore Roosevelt biography was Pulitzer Prize–level conventional. He was, by all appearances, an incredibly safe choice.

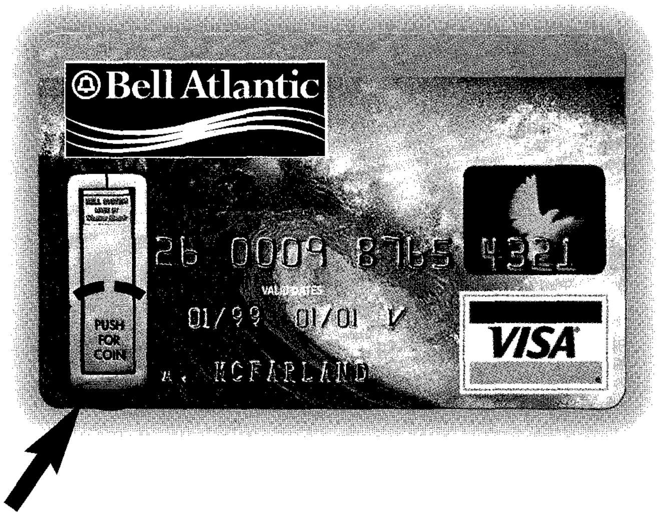
That, too, is no small part of the betrayal: He was the *choice*. When they choose you as official biographer, you're not supposed to go unofficial. He was invited in! He had *access*! They say *access* like *sex*. And indeed, there is a seduced-and-abandoned tone here. A moral if not contractual breach. And then, too, a bit of professional self-interest: After Morris, will anyone else ever again be given such access?

And then there is the fourteen years he took to write the book and the $3 million that Random House advanced him for the project. That's supposed to add up to something weighty. Arthur Schlesinger's three-volume *The Age of Roosevelt*, for instance. The Reaganites have always aspired to that heft and weight.

Instead, Morris takes his fine reputation, his unprecedented access, his unlimited time, and, it turns out, his fuck-you money and produces not a massive and ponderous tome but something more like a merry-prankster romp through the twentieth century.

It's the being-made-a-fool-of part that people really don't take to kindly.

STILL, IT IS NOT NECESSARILY CLEAR WHAT this book was supposed to be. Presidential biographies are a pretty undistinguished and uninteresting bunch of books (this is why they are usually safe for presidents). They are, second only to presidential autobiographies, political acts. Or they are clip jobs, or tell-all scandal stuff—from the Woodward or the Regnery presses—or, finally, in the highest example of the form, an archival recapitulation. It is only Schlesinger's *Roosevelt* and Robert Caro's as-yet-unfinished two-volume-and-counting Johnson series that, arguably, manage to define their subjects, and only Caro's that provides a knock-your-socks-off reading experience. (Considering that in Caro's biography the subject becomes the whale,



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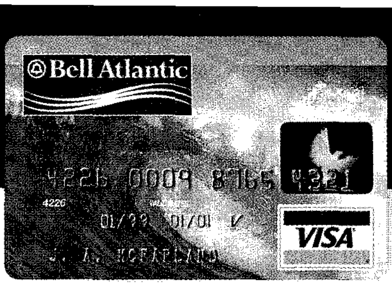

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larger and more frightening and more destructive as the story unfolds, it is especially unlikely that this is what the keepers of the Reagan legacy had in mind.)

"A scholarly work" is the term that has been popping up as the purported standard against which Morris's book should ideally be judged. This is in itself a problematic or illusory standard because many scholars—that is, historians who follow scholarly conventions and who therefore do not write for the popular market—eschew the writing of presidential biographies (indeed, they tend to eschew the writing of all biographies). The scholarly prejudice—sometimes certainly a reasonable one—is that presidents are mainly place-holders, careerists, whose importance is a reflection of the news media rather than of history. Presidents, in other words, are not the center of the age, the government, or even their own destinies. They are merely the product of their own or someone else's mythmaking.

> *"Then, suddenly, 'Times Book Review' editor Chip McGrath is in Weisman's office, and they are each saying holy shit and looking at the other wild-eyed.* **What did they have on their hands?** *A literary scandal?"*

This is at least one of the things that Morris accomplishes in his book: We see Dutch mostly as a happenstance product of events rather than as the prime mover. Morris's book is picaresque, amused, uncomprehending. A *Pilgrim's Progress.* The twentieth century unfolds and Reagan unfolds with it, grabbing with instinct rather than strategy a few of the key opportunities that unfold in front of him. Morris manages to avoid the sense of historic inevitability that almost all presidential biographies are possessed by, and to sidestep the imputed job of presidential biographer, which is to build a tightly knit system of cause and effect.

You can, if you want, reasonably argue that this isn't biography. The main subject here is time and place, and Reagan is merely the writer's foil. The nuances and pacing of Reagan's ambition (first radio, then motion pictures, then politics) and opportunism (the New Deal, the Red scares, the sixties), his drift from the Midwest to California, his peculiar familial relationships, his responsibility (or lack of same) for the end of the Cold War, provide a remarkably good plot line for the story of the American century. Along the way, the picture of Reagan is finally and credibly fleshed out. Not just Chance the Gardener but Babbitt too. He is more well-meaning than he is pernicious (more well-meaning than many politicians). More corporate man than entrepreneur—he was a product, and not necessarily his own product. Something else of great value comes through in Morris's telling: the particular quirk that moves him from a failing acting career to the presidency. He is a gasbag.

In an effort (no doubt) to impose order on a disordered world and, at the same time, stay emotionally remote, Reagan discovered not so much politics as political viewpoints. The *Reader's Digest* moved him. (He is—like Fitzgerald's Tom Buchanan—surprising not for the fact that he has adopted vapid ideas but because something he's read has moved him.) Indeed, Jane Wyman dumps him at least in part because he won't stop talking. He's a bore. He is Cliff Claven.

I see him. I get it. The outlines of the Reagan puzzle are clear. What's more, I read the book not at the wasting pace you ordinarily read large biographies but in a thrall. *Dutch* rocks.

BUT I AM GETTING AHEAD OF THE STORY, because the firestorm began before the book had really been read by anybody. It is not the book, in other words, but the idea of the book that gets people's dander up.

Partly, it is an understandable dumbfoundedness. Steve Weisman, who is on the *Times* editorial board, is assigned the Sunday review in August. With no explanation, preface, or warning with regard to the book's approach (now widely referred to as "the device"), he begins to read the galleys for *Dutch*; he reads and rereads the impressionistic opening introducing the autobiography of its fictional author or the fictional autobiography of its real author, checking the fake footnotes, consulting with his wife, who had interviewed Morris before—"How old did you say he was?" Then, suddenly, *Times Book Review* editor Chip McGrath, at just about the same point in the book, is in Weisman's office, and they are each saying holy shit and looking at the other wild-

*(continued on page 90)*

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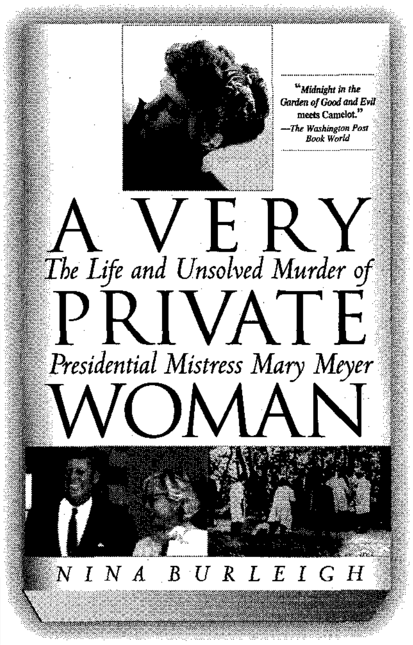
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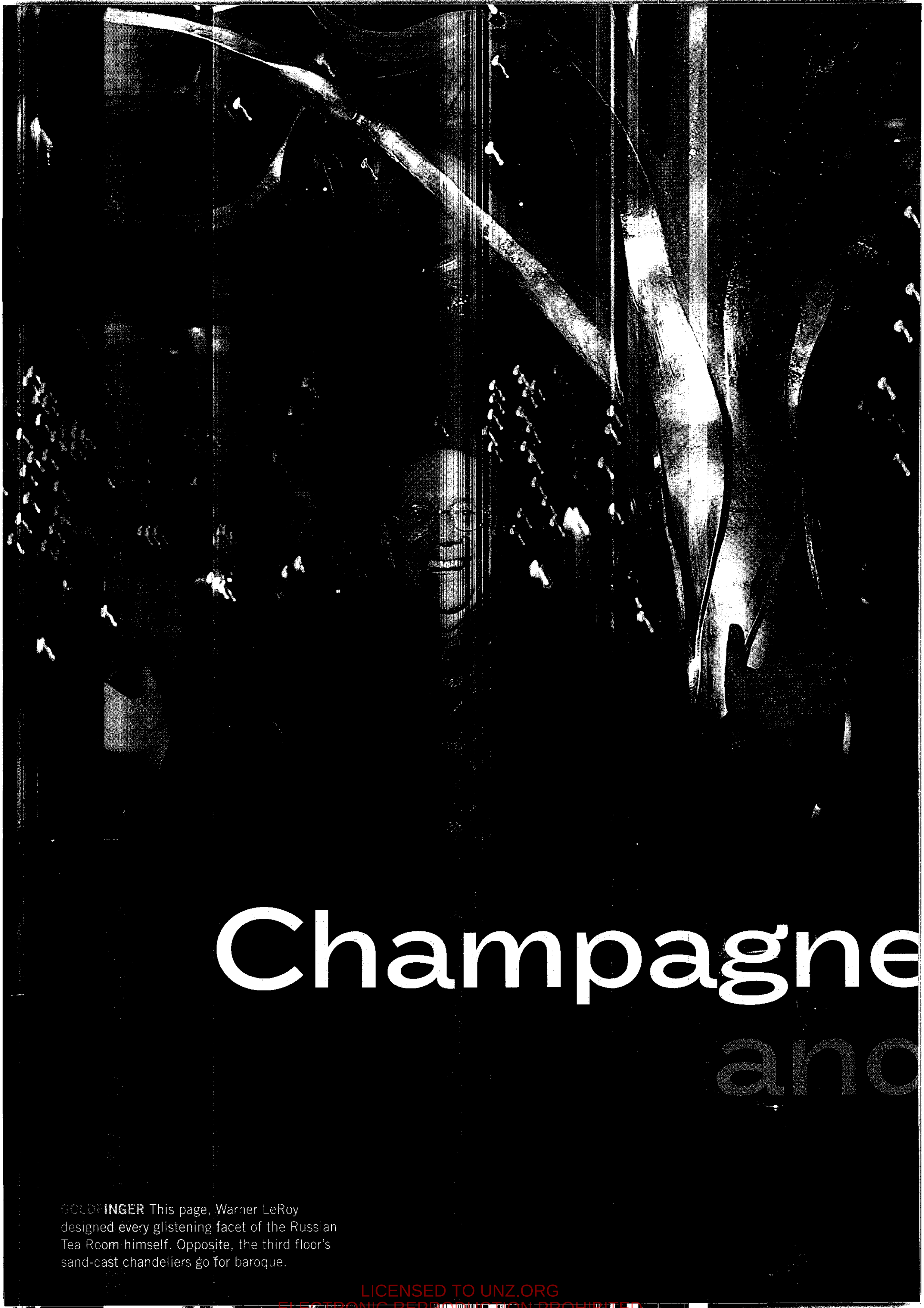


# Champagne

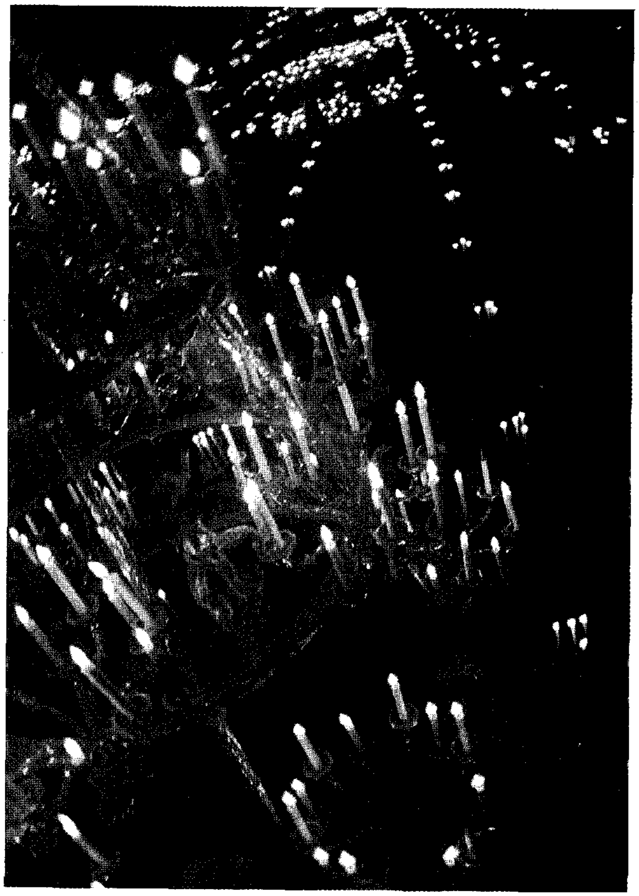
## and

**GOLDFINGER** This page, Warner LeRoy designed every glistening facet of the Russian Tea Room himself. Opposite, the third floor's sand-cast chandeliers go for baroque.

# Wishes
# Caviar Dreams

## At the Russian Tea Room, Warner LeRoy unwraps a fabulous Fabergé egg of a restaurant—even as a messy divorce threatens to divide his kingdom.

### By Nina Burleigh



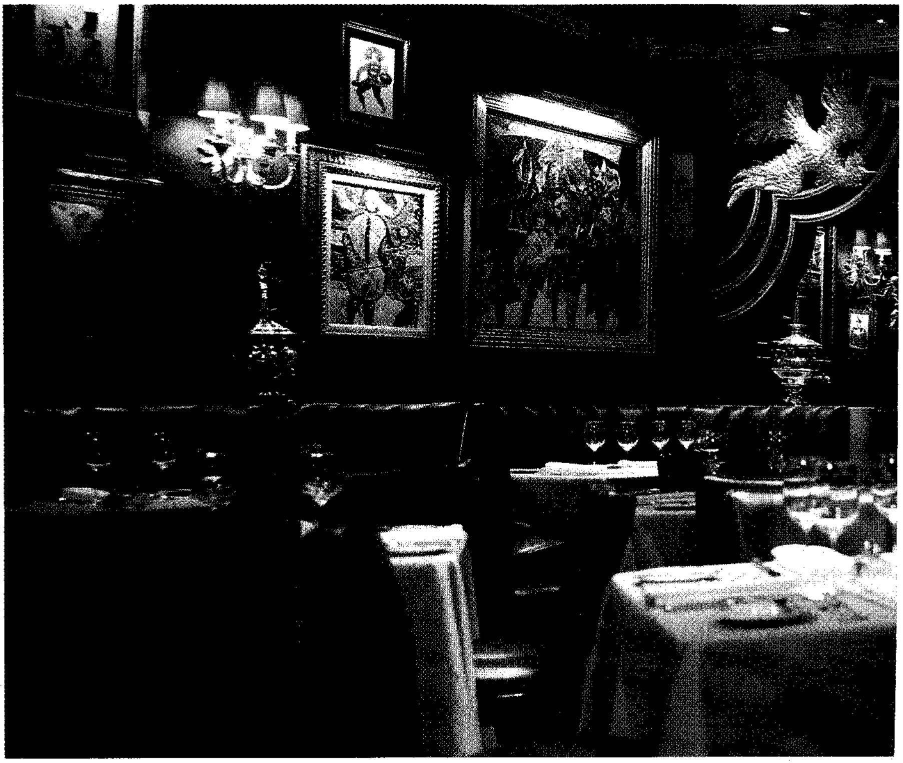
IT WAS EIGHT HOURS BEFORE THE GRAND OPENING of the new-and-improved Russian Tea Room, and the building on West 57th Street was still a hard-hat zone. A workman had fallen off the scaffolding in the middle of the night and was undergoing surgery at a nearby hospital. The high-tech toilets—their electric eyes blinded by a fresh coat of glittery paint on the bathroom walls—had decided not to flush. A film of dust had quietly settled on the myriad mirrored walls, and the upper reaches of the fifteen-foot bear-shaped aquarium and gilded tree strung with Venetian-glass *faux*-bergé eggs on the second floor were enveloped in a nimbus of lacquer fumes. • It was a tense moment in what had already been a trying week for restaurateur Warner LeRoy. A platoon of carpenters and craftsmen had been frantically hammering, plastering, and painting around the clock. Hot tar had seeped through a hole in the roof onto

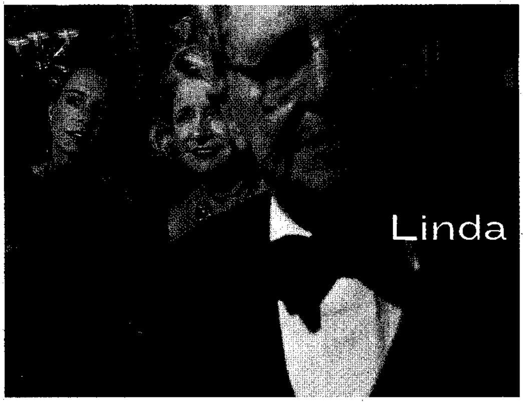
Party photography by Mark Peterson and Patrick McMullan; interior photography by Antoine Bootz.

his painstakingly detailed mechanical diorama of turn-of-the-century Red Square, where a miniature czar would review troops parading in falling snow and the moon and stars would come out at night. But the tar-flecked Square would have to wait, as LeRoy was already in mid-meltdown about something else. A stress fracture was beginning to show in his normally jovial façade.

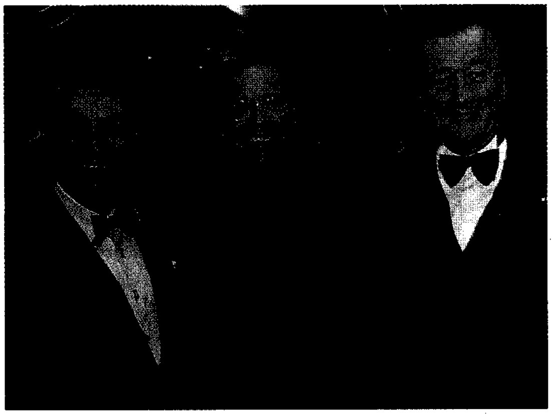
"I need a script! Get me a script! You *know* I always need a script!" he was shouting into his cell phone at some minion. The "script" was the rundown of opening-night festivities: exactly how long the cocktails would be served on the lovingly re-created first floor, exactly when his guests would begin to swarm up to the progressively more extravagant second and third floors, exactly what time the first pickled vegetables would emerge from the kitchen on the just-unpacked silver-plated trays.

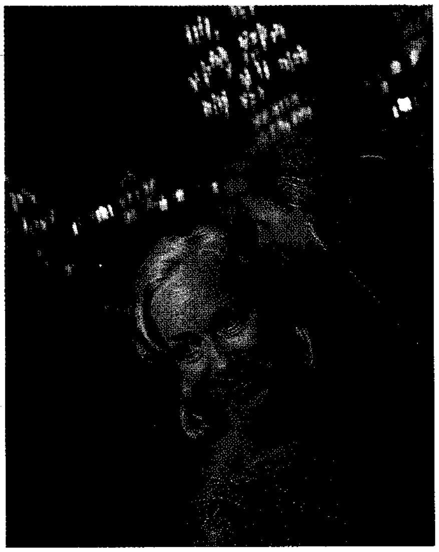
**RED OCTOBER** This page, clockwise from right, the first-floor dining room, where Sam Cohn was a fixture; George Lang, LeRoy, and Sirio Maccioni on opening night; sister Linda Janklow shows support; Shirley Lord (center) and Abe Rosenthal do some reconnaissance.





Linda Janklow says that as LeRoy got older, "in orde





LeRoy replaced the cell phone in a small shoulder bag. His breast pocket was out of the question; the phone might destabilize his pacemaker, implanted just two months ago. The cell rang again, and LeRoy fumbled for the call: somebody asking for details about the latest meeting between his divorce lawyer, Stan Lotwin, and his wife's divorce lawyer, Norman Sheresky.

"It went very badly," LeRoy said abruptly. "Look, I gotta go."

His eyes quickly panned the rest of the fourth floor: Artists were daubing one of the three ceiling domes with copper leaf, but the *faux-bois* finish on the walls had already been dirtied by some careless workman. Down on the third floor, the stags' heads crowning the mirrors were still the color of plaster. Out came the cell phone.

"This is Warner! Why haven't they finished gilding the stags' heads? They were supposed to be working on them last night!" he screamed. The Motorola jammed back in its holster, LeRoy turned again to his companions and grinned: "My grandfather once told me, 'You either get ulcers, or you give them.' "

THIS CURTAIN WAS GOING TO GO up—whatever the cost in dollars and anguish. And by nightfall, something of a miracle had transpired on West 57th Street. It may have taken four years, but the scruffy but beloved Russian Tea Room had been transformed into a glistening Winter Palace of etched glass, mirrors, and gilded candelabra. Outside, a convoy of limos disgorged the A-list on Warner LeRoy's doorstep. A pack of borzois was on hand to greet the incoming tide of black-tie couples. Waiters in Cossack uniforms handed out blini dressed with generous clumps of Beluga and Sevruga. Elegant flutes of Stoli and champagne were emptied and whisked out of sight in a matter of seconds.

It must have given this Flo Ziegfeld of the restaurant world an added thrill that the Tea Room was reopening the same night as that other dowager icon seven blocks south, Radio City Music Hall. There were more boldface names (and al-

Photographs: previous pages and this page, Mark Peterson (5).

camouflage the weight, he developed this incredible personality."

most as much gold leaf) in evidence at the Tea Room, where the opening night's ArtsConnection benefit—co-chaired by Warner's sister, Linda Janklow—merely offered an excuse for everybody to get a first look at what their perennially over-the-top pal had wrought. Radio City Music Hall may have gotten Billy Crystal to slip into a pair of tights, but the Tea Room had 64-year-old Warner LeRoy, playing host in a burgundy velvet Turnbull & Asser tunic to the likes of Barbara Walters, Richard Holbrooke, Gayfryd Steinberg, Bruce Wasserstein, and Jimmy Buffett—even as he boasted that Hillary Clinton had already booked her October 25 birthday party here.

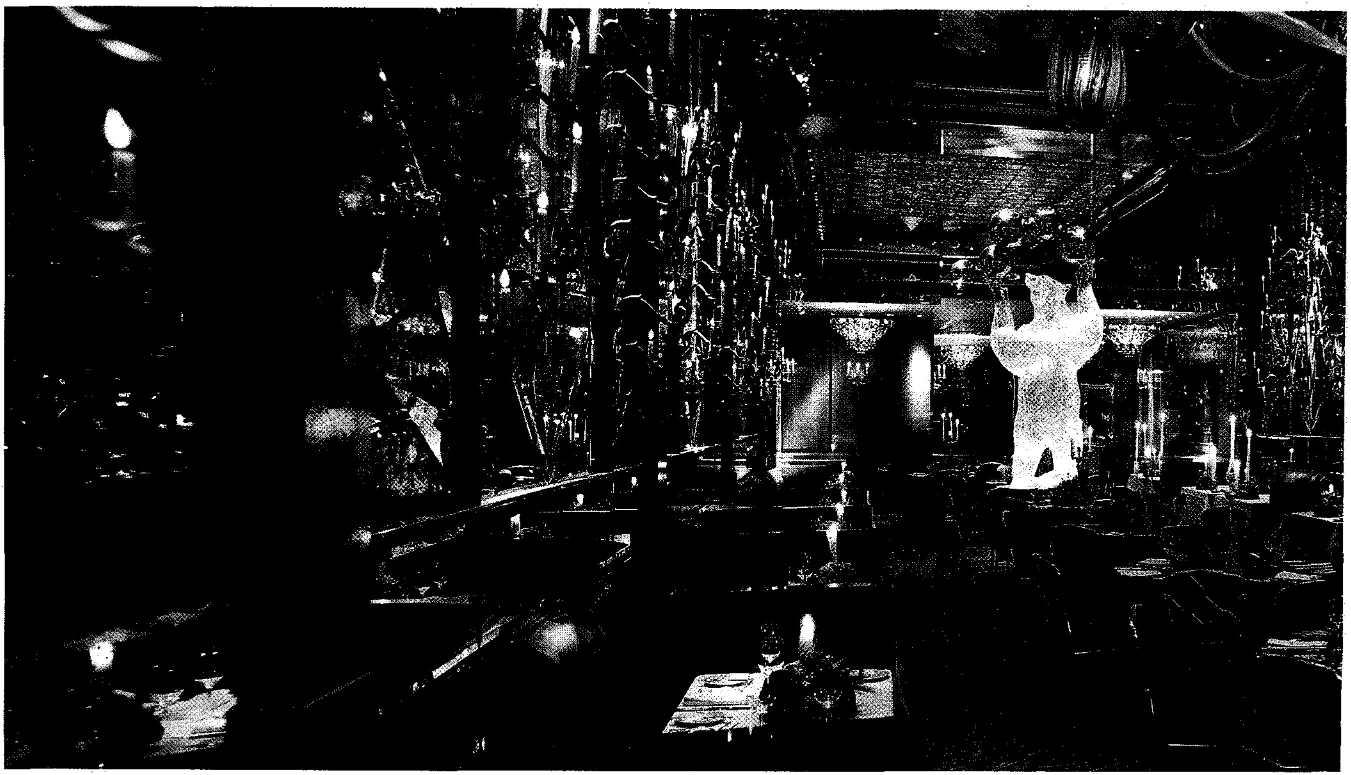
"I think it's a hoot. It's old Russia as we dream of it. Right out of *Doctor Zhivago,"* said the Russian Tea Room's former owner Faith Stewart-Gordon. "If this doesn't work out," said LeRoy's partner Steve Roth, chairman of the Vornado Realty Trust, "I suppose I could come live here." This $22 million celebration of excess, in a city embracing all forms of millennial gaiety, had passed its first test. But the high drama was taking place at LeRoy's own candlelit table, where he and his estranged wife, Kay, sat in amicable togetherness after a nasty and public divorce fight that has lasted longer than the renovation itself—and could cost LeRoy just as much. Here they were, posing for pictures and laughing in this 37,000-square-foot six-story-high party venue that was a blasted-out crater just a year ago. As LeRoy's brother-in-law Mort Janklow, the literary agent, put it, "This is a triumph of the will. I hate to use that old Nazi term, but if Warner had hesitated for a minute, he'd have been dead."

HE MAY HAVE CARRIED ON LIKE a czar in the countdown to the Tea Room's debut, but Warner LeRoy is a man who very much wants to be liked. Faith Stewart-Gordon sold him the building for $6.5 million precisely because he promised to respect and preserve it. LeRoy has kept his end of the bargain—up to a point. Though he gutted the building and built six stories where there had been just five, he's pretty much recreated the historic showbiz canteen on the original first floor. The red banquettes, the eccentric early-twentieth-century art collection featuring Ashcan artists and minor Art Deco painters, those antique samovars—they've all been reinstated. Only the signature shabbiness has been retouched: The cracked-vinyl banquettes that once cradled so many powerful backsides have been replaced with ergonomically correct leather models. And LeRoy couldn't stop himself from tossing a few copies of Kandinskys and Chagalls into the borscht, along with matted photos of Russian ballet greats, including Balanchine and Baryshnikov.

He's also introduced a few nifty new sideshows: An ice sculpture that looks like the Kremlin, incorporating bottles of premium vodka and champagne, will be wheeled around the premises (an outfit in Westchester will deliver fresh Kremlins three times daily). Bartenders will be spiking shots of borscht with vodka—a drink LeRoy invented and named the Borscht Belt. A Russian-studies professor from Williams College has been drafted to help the French chef create adapted Russian dishes—coulibiac of salmon with beurre rouge, beef Stroganoff with potato soufflé, truffled-quail Kiev—that won't offend the palates of modern-day Manhattan food snobs. LeRoy attempted to import chiseled-cheeked Slavic hostesses from the Old Country, but visa troubles foiled that plan.

Tea Room regulars won't be scandalized by what has gone on here. It's the two floors upstairs—reserved for corporate events and weddings and open to the public for holidays only—that would induce even the most dissipated aristocrat to choke on his Beluga. They are LeRoy's own Potemkin Chartres: Twenty-foot-high ceilings coruscate with backlit Tiffany-made glass (one was salvaged from Maxwell's Plum in New York). Walls shimmer with iridescent blue glass tiles made from titanium and other elements pulverized in an atom smasher in Oregon. Golden hares scamper across jet-glass walls, etched bears ice-skate and gambol on mirrored panels, and tiered brass chandeliers sand-cast in India are

Photograph by Antoine Bootz.



**LeRoy is thinking he may have to hire a fish psychologist t**

festooned with dancing bears. The aquarium will be filled with live sturgeon when and if LeRoy can find a way to keep the fish happy: He is thinking he may have to hire a fish psychologist to help them adjust to life in the bear's round belly (sturgeon are customarily bottom-dwellers and prefer square tanks). He is also anticipating the arrival of a gypsy-style band he discovered in Venice's Piazza San Marco—after the contract and visa problems are sorted out, that is.

But even LeRoy says he can still recognize when more is just too much: At the last minute, he decided not to hang the year-round Christmas decorations on the chandeliers and wainscoting, as was done in the old Tea Room. "In the original Tea Room, where things were much simpler, it worked," he says. "But somehow, after all I put into this one, they actually *took away* from the room."

THE SPACE WAS CONSIDERABLY MORE SUBdued in all of its previous incarnations. A Russian émigré named Zissman opened the original Tea Room on the north side of West 57th Street in 1926 (it moved to its present location across the street a year later). Only pastries and the eponymous drink were served, mostly to homesick Russian exiles, especially artists, musicians, dancers, and actors who were attached to Carnegie Hall, next door, or the Art Students League nearby. In 1932, another Russian, Sasha Maieff, bought the place and began serving meals; after Prohibition, Maieff replaced the soda fountain with a bar.

In the mid-forties, Sidney Kaye—whose parents were Russian émigrés but who spoke not a word of Russian himself—took over the Tea Room, and he ran it until his death in 1967. That's when his wife, Faith Stewart-Gordon, took it over. The staff remained mostly Russian throughout the forties and fifties, but the Russian clientele slowly was replaced with a new crowd—theater people hanging around the Actors Studio run by Lee Strasberg and Harold Clurman in the Carnegie Hall building. Anne Meara, Jerry Stiller, Arthur Miller, Beverly Sills, Carol Channing, Alan Arkin, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Jason Robards, Michael Caine, Liza Minnelli, Lee Grant, Sidney Poitier, Sidney Lumet, Sidney Pollack, and Garson Kanin are just a few of the marquee names that regularly lit up the reservations list. Sightings of Marlon and Woody in their chinos and Ray-Bans and Jackie O. with her latest lunch date got the kind of ink Gwyneth and Leo get today.

Of course, real Russians continued to swan through over the years, including defecting Soviet dancers Nureyev, Makarova, Godunov, and Baryshnikov. But by the seventies, a regular booth at the Tea Room was the ultimate entertainment-broker status symbol. In this blood-red craw of power, ICM agent Sam Cohn claimed table No. 1. Dustin Hoffman and Arthur Miller are said to have agreed to collaborate on *Death of a Salesman* at the Tea Room, and later, Hoffman and Streep were paired for the movie *Kramer vs. Kramer* at Cohn's table. It was a New York where the action still unfolded in midtown, and the food fanatic hadn't yet been born who would presume to be repulsed by a Russian menu.

LeRoy says he's personally invited the old regulars—and they *are* old now—to return, but no one believes the new Tea Room can re-create the magic of the original. There was a diaspora when the Tea Room was sold to LeRoy and closed in 1995, but even before that, charter members were more likely to see each other at funerals than over lunch.

"It was the first place I went on my first day at *Cosmo:* March 15, 1965," says longtime *Cosmopolitan* editor-in-chief Helen Gurley Brown, who lunched with Gloria Steinem, Yul Brynner, and Nora Ephron at her favorite tables, Nos. 1 and 2. "I must have signed hundreds of thousands of expense reports for employees' lunches at the Tea Room."

Society bandleader Peter Duchin would order the Tea Room's chef's salad; for a time, he lived upstairs in Carnegie Hall Studios. "They treated regulars in a very different way," he says. "I'd sit down and

Photograph by Antoine Bootz.

## elp the live sturgeon adjust to life inside the bear aquarium.

everything was brought to me. There were always many famous faces there, and they were left alone. If I was sitting there with Kim Novak, no one would bother us."

Although the Tea Room was one of the first New York restaurants to have preferred tables, LeRoy claims he is going to discourage that elitist sort of thing. "The Tea Room has a long history of special people getting special tables. A lot of them are my friends, and I'm going to try to talk them out of it," LeRoy says. "I don't attract people because I fawn over them. I'm democratic." LeRoy strenuously denies reports that he's opened up a private reservations line for people with important biographies; he says he's merely set up a number for about 200 old Tea Room customers that was included in the letters inviting them back.

LeRoy's populist spirit might not bring the old crowd back from the dead (or from Michael's or San Domenico), and anyway, LeRoy's not taking any chances: He's put hipster 28-year-old publicist Lizzie Grubman on the payroll, hoping her database of the young and fabulous will give the Tea Room the injection of cool it needs. "We have retained Lizzie for the first six months to deal with the downtown crowd," LeRoy says. "I think it's going to be a great late-night scene, and young people are the ones who stay out late." Grubman has already booked Britney Spears's 18th-birthday party and a record-release blowout for Savage Garden into the space.

SO KIDS WITH PIERCED EYEBROWS in Gap cargo pants will be doing vodka shots at Sam Cohn's table. But then, the surreal spectacle has always played a prominent role in the life of Warner LeRoy. A scion of the Warner Bros. family—LeRoy is the grandson of Harry Warner, and Jack Warner's great-nephew—the little movie prince lived in a universe bounded, literally, by a painted sky. When Warner was 4 years old, his father, director Mervyn LeRoy, made *The Wizard of Oz.* The studio set is Warner's earliest memory.

"It had a huge impact on me," he says, seated on one of the leather couches in his vast Deco-style Upper West Side apartment. Bronze sixteenth-century Japanese temple dogs roar at each other across the foyer, and a self-portrait of Picasso hangs on the same wall as Walt Disney's own drawing of the Seven Dwarfs. All of New York is a hazy toy city 59 stories below.

"I loved the midgets. I remember skipping down the yellow-brick road and suddenly coming up against the painted backdrop. It was a child's dream. I never forgot that sense of color—and fantasy," says LeRoy, whose youngest daughter bears the middle name Oz.

LeRoy Adventures is only a short ride away, on Broadway—and its chairman likes to be chauffeured there in a beige limo that some people have called pink. ("When I go out, I can distinguish it from all the other waiting limos," LeRoy says.) Amid a large library of art books and design magazines, men and women with degrees in engineering and archi-

**OPENING-NIGHT GLITTERS** Clockwise from top, the second floor; Saul Steinberg, wife Gayfryd, and Arnold Scaasi take in the restoration drama; this novel vodka bar is the crème de la Kremlin; a white night for Richard Holbrooke and Kati Marton.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan (3).

tecture do their level best to bring the boss's ideas into the real world.

LeRoy's attention to detail approaches the ridiculous. One summer design meeting with his staff had a 30-item agenda including the following matters: the distance above the bulb that the wall-sconce shades should be, the precise amount of lower-back support the red leather banquettes ought to provide, the melting speed of the ice-Kremlin vodka bar, the relative shininess of the chrome balls the bear aquarium would juggle, whether the natural fissures in the malachite and jasper on the fourth floor's fireplace mantel should match up, whether the digitally produced wood-grain design on the wainscoting looked too factory-made, and what the granite on the vanities in the second- and fourth-floor bathrooms should look like.

Jeffrey Higginbottom, LeRoy's chief designer, has a degree in set design from Yale and bears an uncanny resemblance to William H. Macy, the actor who played the haplessly scheming husband in *Fargo*. “We are actually putting on a show here, and Warner is the director,” says Higginbottom, mopping sweat from his brow in the Danbury warehouse where the egg tree was undergoing inspection in July. “He's got to have his hand in every little aspect of the restaurant business, even down to the toilet paper.”

Higginbottom has been with LeRoy since the seventies. “He's certainly not the king of minimalism,” Higginbottom says dryly. “It's got to be over-the-top, and if it's not, Warner will extend himself into it.”

In the seventies, LeRoy designed and co-owned the Great Adventure theme park in New Jersey, with its menagerie of lions and tigers and bears right off the Garden State Parkway. He was convinced the animals ought to be able to mingle as they did in a real jungle. “I had this idea that if you gave the animals enough space, they'd learn to love each other,” LeRoy says. “It didn't work that way. For the lions and tigers and cheetahs, it was all about food, and when we mixed them with the antelope and deer—oh, my God. Well, we had to immediately stop it. But we were able to mix the antelopes and deer and rhinos. And now the Bronx Zoo does something similar.” LeRoy jumped out of Great Adventure when Hardwicke, his partner in the park, went belly-up. But his imprimatur remains on several theme parks in Canada and Great Britain.

LeRoy explains his modus operandi, which is straight out of old Hollywood: “Once, at Tavern on the Green, Billy Wilder spotted a single lightbulb out in a chandelier,” LeRoy remembers. “I think I have that kind of eye. I say what's wrong with it, not what's right about it.”

A friend of Kay's says she might have settled early with Warne

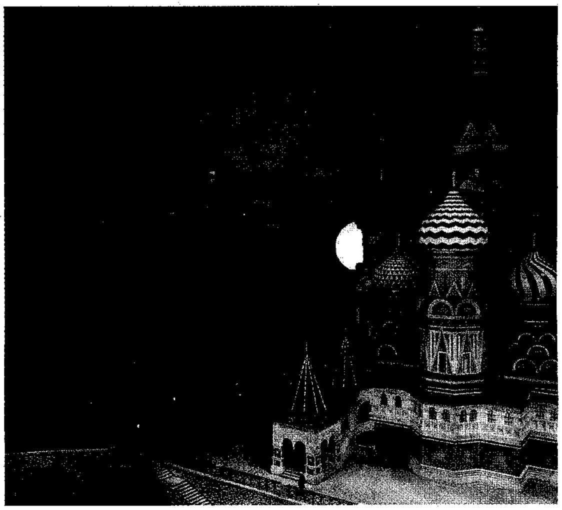
TAVERN ON THE GREEN IN CENTRAL Park is perhaps the city's best-known restaurant (among out-of-towners, that is). But LeRoy first lumbered into the restaurant business when he decided to open the world's first singles bar, in the late sixties.

That was Maxwell's Plum, which single-handedly made ferns, brass, and stained-glass accents de rigueur in a certain type of burger-beer-and-babe joint across the nation. The sexual revolution was nascent when Maxwell's opened at 64th Street and First Avenue in the spring of 1966, and LeRoy himself was astounded at the opening-night crowd, since he had done nothing to advertise the place. But in a city where bars and restaurants were still windowless relics of Prohibition, a sidewalk café with open windows on several sides was something new. Six policemen were required to control the crowd. Over the years, LeRoy expanded into the building next door and eventually was serving thousands of patrons a day. And while the bar attracted its share of hairy-chested, chain-wearing Lotharios and lots of stewardesses, nurses, and secretaries, the younger glamorati also found the scene to be a likable circus: Donald met Ivana here.

Restaurateur George Lang, owner of Café des Artistes, ran across LeRoy when Lang was developing ideas for Restaurant Associates and LeRoy approached him with his idea for Maxwell's Plum. LeRoy's sister, Linda Janklow, had asked Lang to talk her brother out of the restaurant business. But when he heard LeRoy's dream of creating a restaurant that was also a public meeting place on the scale of a Roman forum, Lang says he was hard put to dissuade him. “I was surprised at the brilliant concept,” Lang recalls. “He changed whole aspects of the business with Maxwell's Plum. And he's gone on to make Tavern on the Green profitable, where others failed for years.”

LeRoy's critics are fond of complaining that he tends to focus on the restaurant's looks at the expense of its food. But he is determined to prove them wrong. Throughout the summer, LeRoy and his assistants, managers, and consultants assembled around a table at Tavern on the Green twice a week. Fabrice Canelle, the Paris-born chef hired for the Tea Room, sent out plate after plate heaped with experimental Russian-inspired dishes. LeRoy, who gained 80 pounds last year and has been cautioned by his doctors not to gain any more weight, gamely cleaned his plates while pouring Equal into his cappuccino.

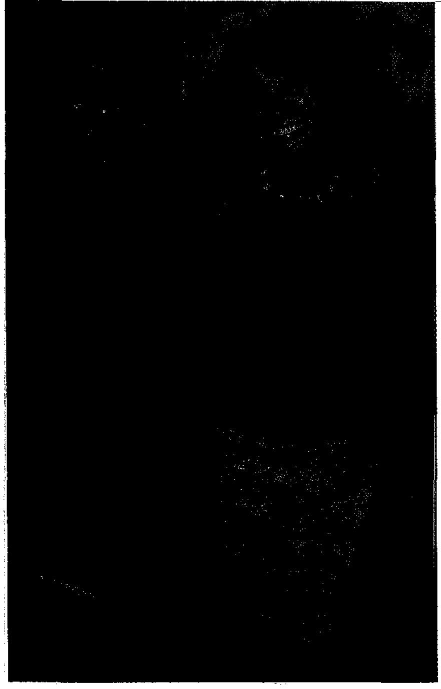
Most visitors to Moscow do not return raving about the drab, meat-heavy cuisine, but true Russian cuisine was once rich and varied, influenced by the cultures that rim Russia—including those of China, Japan, and Scandinavia. And, of course, there was the lasting influence of French chefs who were imported to work in the kitchens of the Russian nobility. Canelle, a veteran of Brasserie Savoy in San Francisco, spent seven months creating 500 dishes and testing some 1,000 recipes LeRoy had had translated from the original Russian for Canelle's predecessor.



**BLINI, VIDI, VICI:** Clockwise from above, Warner and Kay LeRoy turn over a new (gold) leaf; the wild kingdom on the third floor; the moonstruck fourth-floor diorama of Red Square.

LeRoy had originally signed superchef David Bouley to cook at the Russian Tea Room. As part of the 1996 operating agreement, LeRoy agreed to hand Bouley the seed money to create an elaborate restaurant, training center, and retail complex in TriBeCa. The New York food world privately snickered at the prospect of these two colossal egos joining forces, and, of course, the inevitable divorce fol-

Photographs: top, Mark Peterson; bottom, Antone Bootz (2).



lowed, two years later: LeRoy claimed that Bouley was not splitting revenues from his Bouley Bakery with LeRoy and that Bouley kept poor financial records. LeRoy eventually brought suit, which Bouley agreed to settle for "a couple million plus low interest," says LeRoy. And that was the end of the partnership. LeRoy insists the two men are great pals today. "The lawsuit lasted ten minutes!" he says. "And I only did it to get his attention. He had my money; he just didn't want a partner." (Bouley declined to comment.)

After he and Bouley parted ways, LeRoy tried to sell stock in the restaurant—the projected cost of the renovation had risen from $12 million to $22 million—but the attempt failed. That's when LeRoy hooked up with the real-estate developer Vornado. An investment memo from the time, pushing the prospective stock offering, spoke of "combining entertainment value with food" and mentioned the Hard Rock Café and Planet Hollywood as models. LeRoy denies that he plans a theme restaurant, but all the signs are here: The new Russian Tea Room may be getting a retail store selling trinkets, including little painted eggs and vodka. There is a painting of a three-inch imperial throne on the fourth floor; patrons who are Polaroided standing at a certain angle a few feet away look like they're actually sitting in the throne. That's a grand souvenir, if you're not planning a visit to St. Petersburg any time soon.

IT'S ANOTHER POPULIST TOUCH FROM A man raised with all the trappings of big money. In his youth, LeRoy attended the Swiss boarding school Le Rosey, where classmates included publisher Michael Korda and the Aga Khan. He eventually directed plays at Stanford and could have easily stepped into an executive position at Warner Bros. But the family business was fraught with peril. "When I was a teenager, " LeRoy remembers, "there was an incident at Warner Bros." One day, his uncle Jack barred his own son from the studio and never spoke to him again. "My uncle just locked the doors, and my cousin ended up as a clerk somewhere," says LeRoy. "They did talk to me about taking over Warner Bros., and I was the heir. But I wanted to be my own person. At about age 14, I had to make the decision: I said *no,* and I've never regretted it. I was worried I'd be somebody's puppet. Sure, I'd get to be CEO one day. But in the meantime, I'd be sitting behind a desk. And I wanted to *create."*

he'd given her credit for helping to create the restaurants.

At age 8, he took his first job as a boy magician, entertaining friends and neighbors. Later, LeRoy stage-managed shows for CBS television, including the first Miss Universe contest, which he worked on when he was 14. "It was a teenage boy's fantasy job," LeRoy recalls.

Linda Janklow, herself chairman of the Lincoln Center Theater board of directors, says it was around this time that her older brother developed a stutter and a weight problem, after their parents divorced. "My mother was an extremely cultured, very brilliant woman," LeRoy says. "She was terrific. She had one problem, though—the Judy Garland problem. She took sleeping pills to sleep and wake-up pills to wake up. She wasn't an alcoholic, but the pills killed her." Even so, LeRoy says he had a happy relationship with both parents—and his step-parents. Director Charles *(continued on page 83)*

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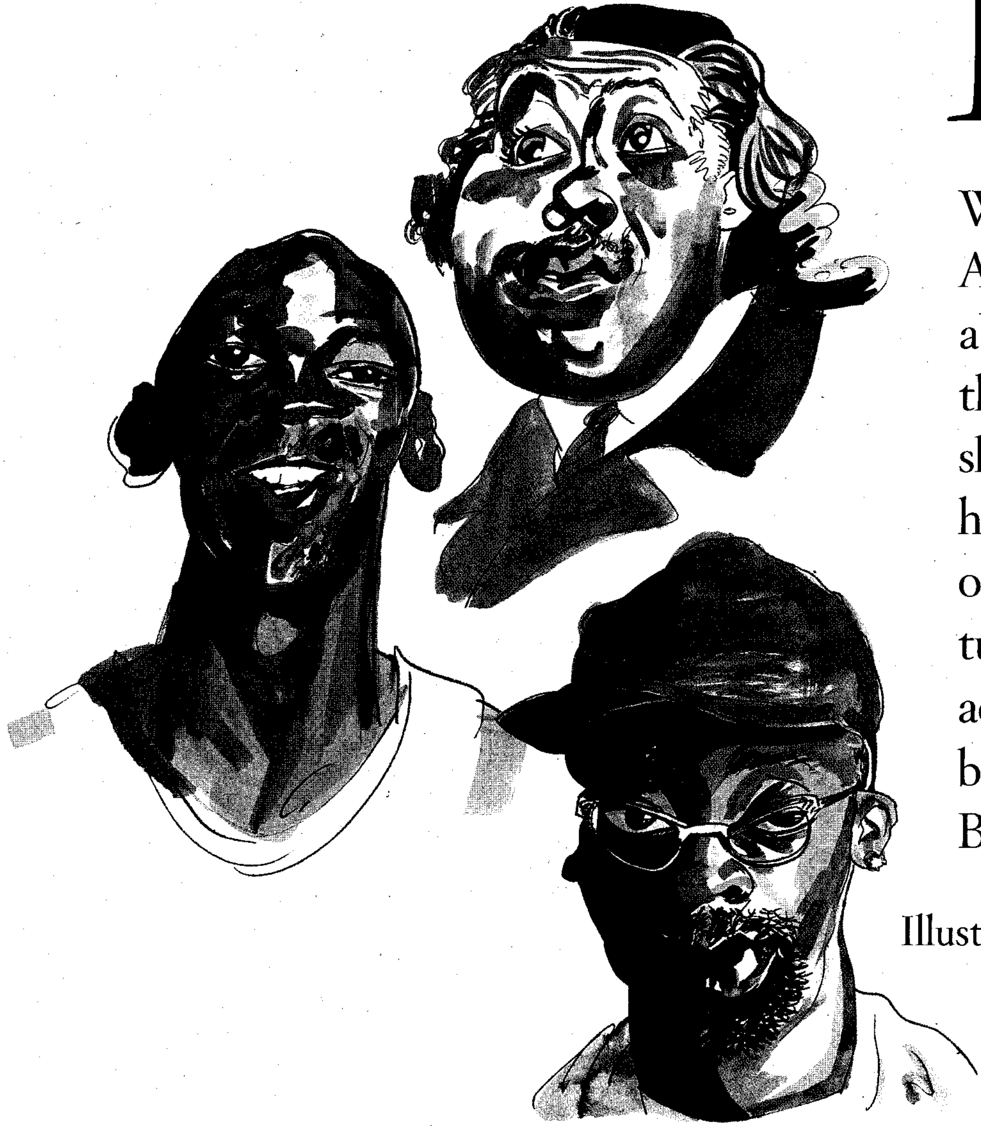

What African-Americans like about Bill Bradley is that he's a straight shooter on race. Can he—and his squad of star supporters—turn his home-court advantage into black votes?

By Jennifer Senior

Illustrations by Philip Burke

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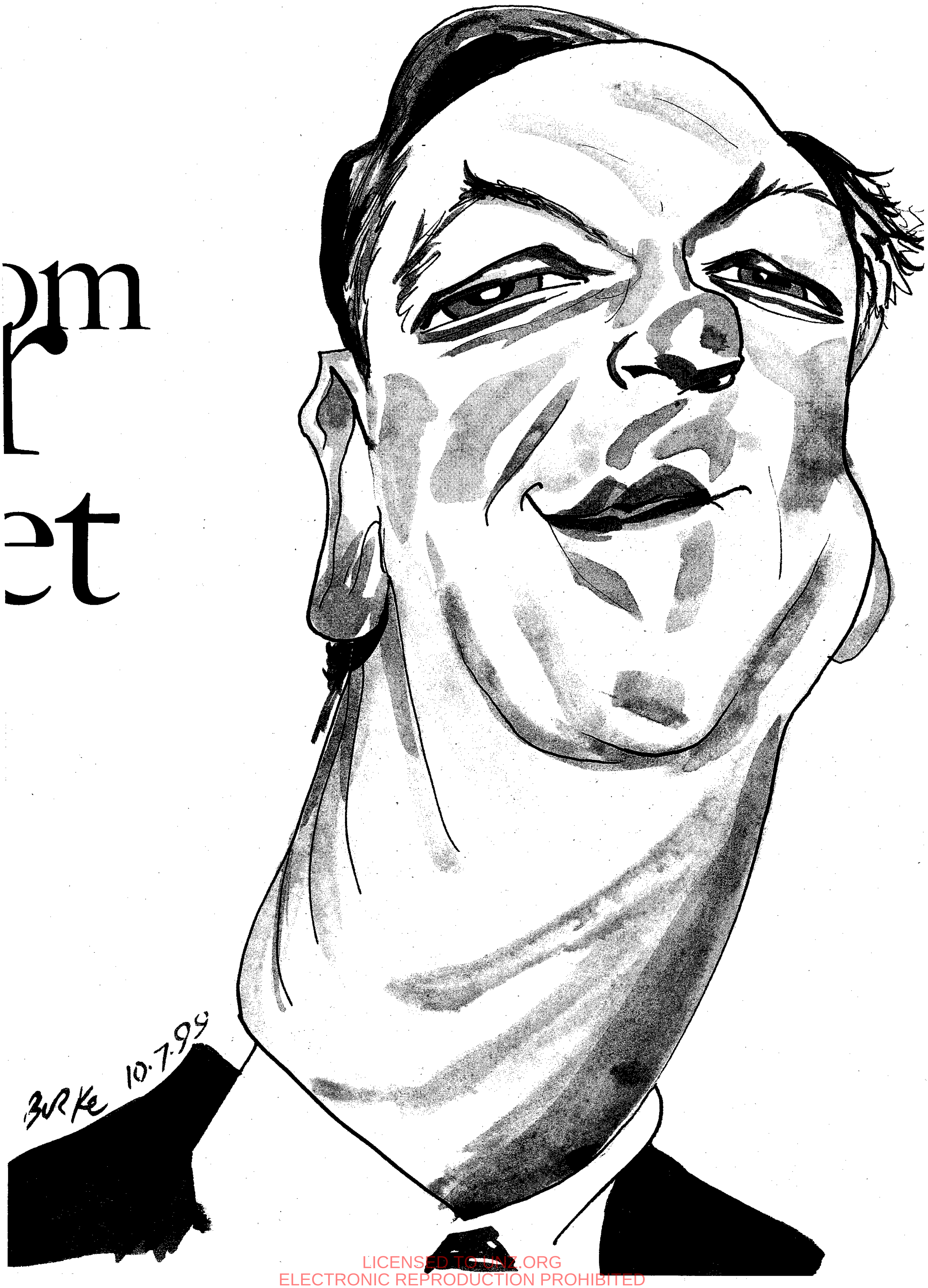
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WAY BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1992, WHEN Spike Lee was plodding through the talk-show circuit to promote his new film, *Malcolm X*, he told Charlie Rose he'd feel more optimistic about the future of American race relations if he had someone to vote for.

"You don't like Bill Clinton?" asked Rose, slightly surprised.

"Nope," said Lee.

"Perot?"

Lee gave Rose a look that could have curdled milk.

"Who could you vote for? Could you vote for Cuomo?"

Lee gave a faint, faint shake of the head and stared impassively into space.

"Jesse Jackson?"

"Yeah—"

Rose started to follow up, but Lee cut him off. "You know a white candidate I could vote for?" he said. "Bill Bradley."

"You could vote for Bradley?"

Lee nodded. "Yeah."

Photographs: left to right, Brooks Kraft/Corbis Sygma; Sipa Press; Garse/Sipa Press; Corbis Bettmann/UPI.

MORE THAN SEVEN YEARS LATER, THE FILMMAKER is showing his zeal—with cash, well-placed phone calls, and at some point, he expects, a campaign commercial for the former New Jersey senator and small forward for the New York Knickerbockers. "It's not that I dislike Gore," says Lee today. "It's just that I'm not *feeling* it."

Bradley will need Lee's help. Though Gore may have recently declared himself the underdog this primary season, his black support outstrips Bradley's by a ratio of at least two to one in polls nationwide. In New York State, the vice-president's popularity among blacks has actually *grown* over the past two months. African-Americans appear to be one of the few segments of the population without any visible symptoms of Clinton fatigue, and most black members of Congress, whether out of personal or party fealty, feel an obligation to support Gore.

Another candidate might have cut his losses and moved on. But Bradley has had a lifelong interest in race matters. Sensing that African-Americans could be his natural constituency, he is waging an aggressive campaign for the black vote by bypassing the Democratic Party establishment and appealing directly to the nonelected black elite: actors, academics, community leaders, media figures, and (naturally) ballplayers.

This isn't a mere campaign-season crush. Many African-American luminaries are thrilled with Bradley's candidacy and are asking, like Lee, to do for him whatever they can. The former senator has also made racial unity one of the widest planks in his political platform, speaking about it in almost every appearance he makes. "Do you care about race?" he asked a group of students at Cooper Union in his first campaign speech of the spring. "If you do, then do something about it. Don't just listen to the old folks who tell you about the glory of the civil-rights movement. Don't conceive of race as just affirmative action. Don't tolerate businesspeople who claim they can't find minorities of talent. Don't coddle excuse-makers of any race."

You can imagine Gore's surprise. The heir to "America's first black president," as Toni Morrison so cheekily described Clinton, now finds himself fighting for a constituency that should have been a slam dunk. In New York, he and Bradley are locked in a statistical dead heat. If Bradley can steal away the black vote, he'll probably take the state.

CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENTS DO NOT A CAMPAIGN make. But hell—let's start with those celebrity endorsements. There's Laurence Fishburne, who popped in at a fund-raiser for Bradley four weeks ago at Lee's home, and Samuel L. Jackson, who recently co-hosted a benefit in Washington, D.C. There's Harvard academic Cornel West, the omnipresent public intellectual and author of *Race Matters*, who has spent the past few months introducing Bradley to black leaders around New York, Washington, Boston, and Seattle. "Ninety-nine percent of blacks who talk to Bradley," he says, "discern a genuine passion for racial justice. On a very deep level, he can identify with persons who are catching hell. He feels this issue deep in his heart and soul."

Then there's Al Sharpton—subtle as pepper spray but no slouch at delivering votes—who's already had Bradley up to his National Action Network headquarters in Harlem. The reverend won't be making any formal declarations of support until mid-November. But it sounds like his mind is already made up. "I'd be wrong," he says, "if I told you I wasn't leaning toward Bradley."

Which says nothing of all the black Hall of Famers, so numerous they could form their own senior league of the NBA, who've been lining up to lend their support: Willis Reed, Earl Monroe, Bill Russell, Isiah Thomas, Julius Erving. November 14, they'll all be filing into Madison Square Garden for a king-size Bradley fund-raiser, where network coverage will surely be ample and hoops will surely be shot. The prospect of a Bradley

White House has even coaxed Michael Jordan, perpetually under siege from black activists for his failure to participate in the political process, out of his hiding place: Last March, he sent Bradley a check for $1,000, the maximum allowable contribution from a single individual. He's also planning to lend his celebrity to the campaign in some way yet to be determined. (On the stump? At fund-raisers? In commercials with Bugs Bunny and Tweety Bird?)

Perhaps all this high-voltage assistance won't make one bit of difference to Bradley. "When it's time to actually vote, African-Americans don't look to athletes and entertainers as their political guides," says George E. Curry, the editor of *Emerge* magazine. "We like our entertainers and our athletes, but we like them to entertain and to play ball. And we can stop at that."

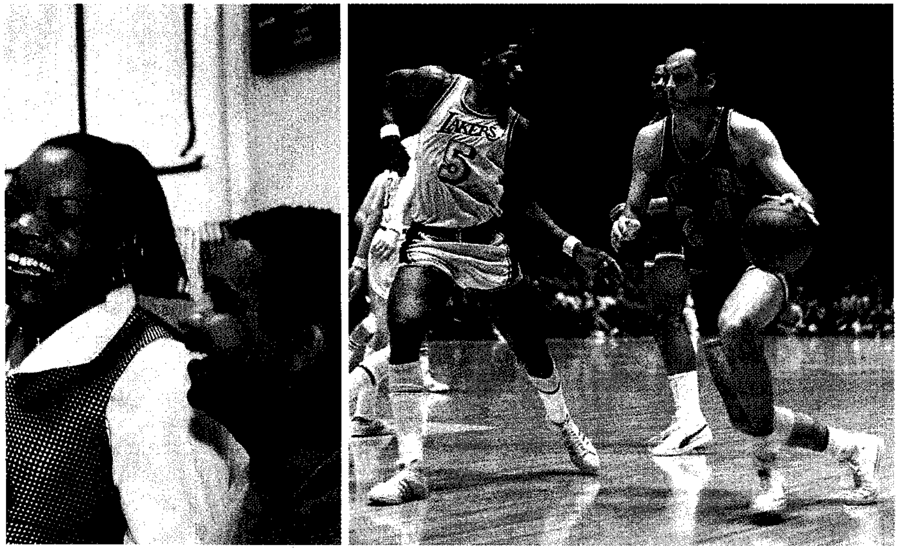
Maybe. And maybe Madison Avenue knows better. After all, MCI is willing to shell out millions to place Jordan's charming smile in its ads; surely the telecom giant believes it's getting something in return. Even George W. Bush understands the value of a little urban glamour. During game two of last season's NBA championship finals, the Texas governor, presumably emboldened by his home-court advantage, strode right up to Spike Lee and asked if they could have their picture taken together. "Look," the filmmaker blurted out, "I'm voting for Bill Bradley." (To his credit, Bush replied, "I didn't ask.")

In any case, this constellation of superstars has clearly gotten to Gore. Whether his aides care to admit it or not, they're quietly waging a celebrity-endorsement war, and the subtext is race. Just two weeks ago, Bill Cosby provided the entertainment at a Bethesda fund-raiser for the vice-president, where Gore gleefully shared with the mostly black audience his latest letter of endorsement—from Los Angeles Lakers center Shaquille O'Neal. ("My biggest supporter," the vice-president crowed.)

The Gore campaign also made a little splash last week by appointing veteran Capitol Hill pro Donna Brazile, an African-American woman, as the vice-president's campaign manager.

Bradley may have the political edge, though. By running to the left of the vice-president, he's floating policy proposals that appeal to many blacks who've lost faith in their representation. "There is an uneasiness between rank-and-file blacks and party people," says Ronald Walters, deputy campaign manager to Jesse Jackson in 1984 and a political-science professor at the University of Maryland, "because the Democratic party has shifted to the right, and Bradley could easily capitalize on that. The blacks he's going for are precisely the ones the party has alienated—the ones in the hinterlands who don't see policies working for them."

**DRIVING TO THE HOOP Left to right, Bradley at a Boston fund-raiser with Cornel West in June; at Al Sharpton's Harlem headquarters this summer; last year at a community center in Newark; playing against the Lakers in 1972, when he scored a career high in an NBA-championship game.**



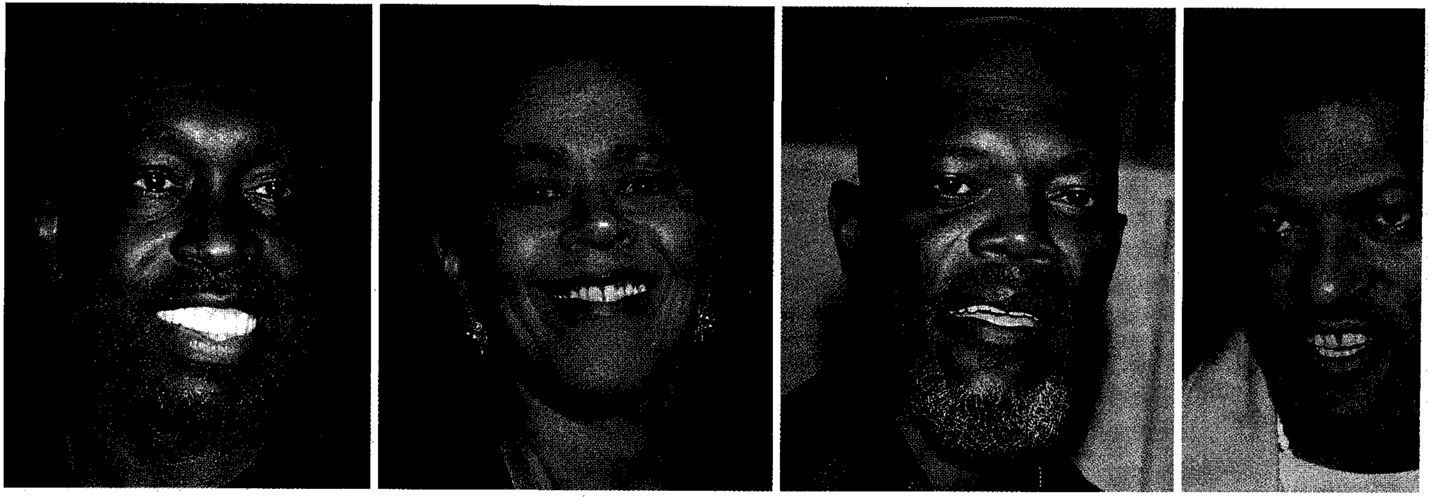
And the political dilemma could become a financial one. "There is, potentially, a giant conflict in the middle of the black community on this issue," says Walters. "The sports and entertainment people—these are the *money* people. If they start to give money to Bradley in large amounts, it's going to cut into the relationship with blacks and the Democratic Establishment in a very fundamental way."

SO WHAT IS IT ABOUT BRADLEY THAT HAS SO many members of the African-American vanguard enthralled? Based on his television persona, he's just about the last man on the planet with whom one can imagine getting jiggy. He speaks in stentorian tones, he looks uncomfortably burdened by his own strapping bulk, and he seems almost estranged from an essential part of himself.

Get Bradley in a small room talking about the subject of race, however, and his audience is immediately spellbound. "He's the only white politician I've ever heard use the phrase *white-skin privilege,*" says Tavis Smiley, the host of *BET Tonight,* one of the top-rated programs on Black Entertainment Network. "I mean, it just knocked you back in your seat. You could feel it in the room. I said to myself, '*My God,* did that *white boy* just say *white-skin privilege*?!' "

> "I think most politicians would be leery about suggesting that *any* of their relatives used *that* word," says Spike Lee. "Hell no. Never."

Smiley is talking about a speech Bradley gave at a forum for black business and media leaders sponsored by *Emerge* in September. It was a beautiful Washington evening, the skyline was in full view, and Cornel West, prancing on tiptoe and speaking with his usual pyrotechnics, introduced the former senator. Smiley remembers thinking it could only go downhill from there. "I really only planned to walk in and do the courtesy



**DEEP BENCH** **Left to right, Earl Monroe, Anna Deavere Smith, Samuel L. Jackson, Laurence Fishburne, Michael Jordan.**

visit," he says. "Instead, I found myself staying the entire time."

He isn't the only one Bradley has enchanted. Anna Deavere Smith felt compelled to channel Bradley's intellectual and, yes, emotional intensity about race in *Twilight Los Angeles, 1992,* her one-woman show about the aftermath of the L.A. riots. Dropping into a masculine baritone, she slipped on Bradley's persona and told a riveting story, using the senator's own words, about a young black law intern who got pulled over by the police in a posh white neighborhood of Los Angeles. He was on his way to a partner's Sunday social event. "What did the senior partner of that law firm do on Monday?" she re-enacts him saying. "Did the partner call the police commissioner? Did the partner call anybody? The answer is no. And it goes to, well, who's got responsibility here?"

It's tempting (and, indeed, clichéd) to trace Bradley's passion about racial equality back to his experiences on his integrated Little League baseball team in Crystal City, Missouri, and, later, as a basketball player for both Princeton University and the New York Knicks. But that doesn't do justice to either Bradley's supporters or Bradley himself.

True, Bradley experienced firsthand the effects of racism when his Little League team had to stay in third-rate hotels. And true, he discovered early in his Knicks career that he, not his black teammates, would be the one to receive offers for product endorsements. But Bradley also turned down those endorsements. A different person might have done otherwise.

"I think growing up in the family I grew up in was important," says Bradley. "My father was a small-town banker, and he had a lot of expressions. One of them was: 'You can never tell whether somebody is going to pay their loan by the color of their skin.' That's the earliest I can trace it to."

What Bradley's life in basketball may have enabled him to do is speak with more familiarity and less trepidation about race. (Or, as Bradley casually puts it: "I have a lot of friends who are African-American.") And because honesty about race is one of the qualities black Americans crave the most in their leaders, Bradley's unflinching candor is one of his best assets—and weapons. He's the same guy at a lectern that he was on the basketball court: a straight shooter.

When Bradley spoke at the National Action Network three weeks ago, for instance, he didn't mince words. While condemning police brutality, he told a willful audience of 500 that no, he did not support a reparations bill to compensate its victims. "That struck me," says Sharpton, "because he wasn't just playing to the crowd."

In an interview with Spike Lee two years ago, he was even more blunt. The two men were sitting up in the Schomburg library in Harlem, talking basketball for Lee's book, *Best Seat in the House.* Over the course of the discussion, Bradley mentioned that his aunt—"Aunt Bub"—habitually used the term *nigger* to describe black people.

"I think most politicians would be leery about suggesting that *any* of their relatives used that word," says Lee. "And I know George Bush wouldn't confess to that. Hell no. Never."

YET FOR A MAN WHO FEELS SO STRONGLY about racial unity, Bradley has alarmingly little to show for it on paper. His most significant legislative accomplishment was the big tax-reform bill of 1986—not exactly a priority for African-Americans at the time—and the other subjects he mastered in Congress lay in obscure corners of public policy: Third and Second World debt relief, water subsidies for California farmers. When he announced his retirement in 1996, the pundits promptly mourned the departure of another moderate—*moderate*—from Congress; the health-care plan he unveiled last month is a far cry from the health-care plan he crafted with Senate moderates in 1994, which would have insured far fewer children and even fewer adults.

"I've often said that no one speaks more eloquently on the subject of race than Bill Bradley," says Charles Rangel, the Harlem Democrat who was serving in Congress when Bradley was still refining his jump shot. "But if my life depended on it, I could not think of what his legislative legacy is."

Nor did Bradley take much advantage of the Senate floor—which, thanks to C-SPAN, is one of the nation's greatest soapboxes—to make a rhetorical contribution to the national dialogue on race. When Rodney King was brutalized by the Los Angeles Police Department, the New Jersey senator did give a moving speech, thumping the lectern 56 times to demonstrate just how many blows King had sustained. But it's one of the few speeches anyone can remember from his eighteen-year career.

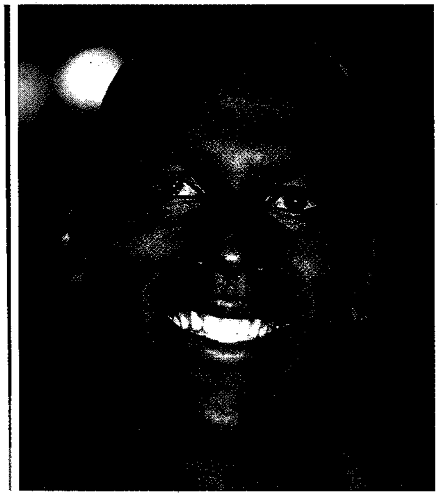
Once he left Congress, Bradley started talking seriously about racial unity again. But to political veterans, mere talk was not enough. "I heard him deliver three major speeches in person this past summer," says Walters, Jackson's former aide. "He spoke in relative generalities, and I've been looking for the meat here."

Bradley begs to differ, saying that he has provided "specific, programmatic answers that really are aimed to reduce the number of children in poverty," such as universal access to health care and solutions for day care. Yet the one specific human-rights initiative Bradley has thus far proposed on

Photographs: left to right, Gregory Pace/Corbis Sygma; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Gregory Pace/Corbis Sygma (2); John Barrett/Globe Photos.

the campaign trail—extending the Civil Rights Act to cover gays—has alarmed some black leaders, including Rangel, who supports Gore, and the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who has yet to endorse a candidate. They fear that ripping open the 35-year-old measure, the cornerstone of racial justice since the Johnson administration, will give the Republicans in Congress a chance to repeal it altogether. Who in the Congressional Black Caucus wants this bill in the hands of Trent Lott?

Of course, Gore's record on issues of concern to most African-Americans looks almost exactly like Bradley's. Both candidates have had their differences with African-American leaders: Bradley, by voting for an experimental program in school vouchers; Gore, by promoting with Clinton the most sweeping changes in welfare reform. (In "reinventing government," Gore also managed, inadvertently, to trim a disproportionate number of blacks from the executive branch of government.)



"No one speaks more eloquently on the subject of race than Bill Bradley," says Charles Rangel, the Harlem Democrat. "But if my life depended on it, I could not think of what his legislative legacy is."

The critical difference between the candidates may not be about race at all, but about political style. While still in Congress, Gore was much more accessible to his colleagues than Bradley, who generally kept to himself. And Gore did understand that his pet issues, like the environment, weren't isolated from the issue of race. As James E. Clyburn, the South Carolina Democrat who heads the Black Caucus, points out: "When you talk about economic development and you don't deal with the environmental component of it, you are asking people of color to choose between a good job and good health. Gore understands that."

Over the past seven years, Gore also helped push several measures through Congress that black lawmakers had crafted—most notably, Rangel's 1993 initiative to create dozens of empowerment zones around the country, which now total 31. Gore can also claim that he helped create the most diverse White House administration in history, and that he presided with Clinton over a booming economy in which median incomes of African-Americans rose and poverty rates dropped to the lowest they've been since 1959.

For many current members of Congress, feelings of gratitude and personal loyalty extend even beyond Al Gore. They go back to his father. "Those of us who came out of the civil-rights movement in the South became enamored with certain people who had the intestinal fortitude to stand up for the issues we were fighting for," says Clyburn. "And of course, Al Gore Sr. was one of those people—he opposed the Southern Manifesto."

Then again, members of Congress, both black and white, are under considerable pressure to endorse the Establishment candidate. Consider: Edolphus Towns, a black House Democrat from Brooklyn, supports Gore. But his son Darryl, a Democratic assemblyman also from Brooklyn, supports Bradley. "I think my father's perspective is a little more Washington-based," Towns Jr. says judiciously.

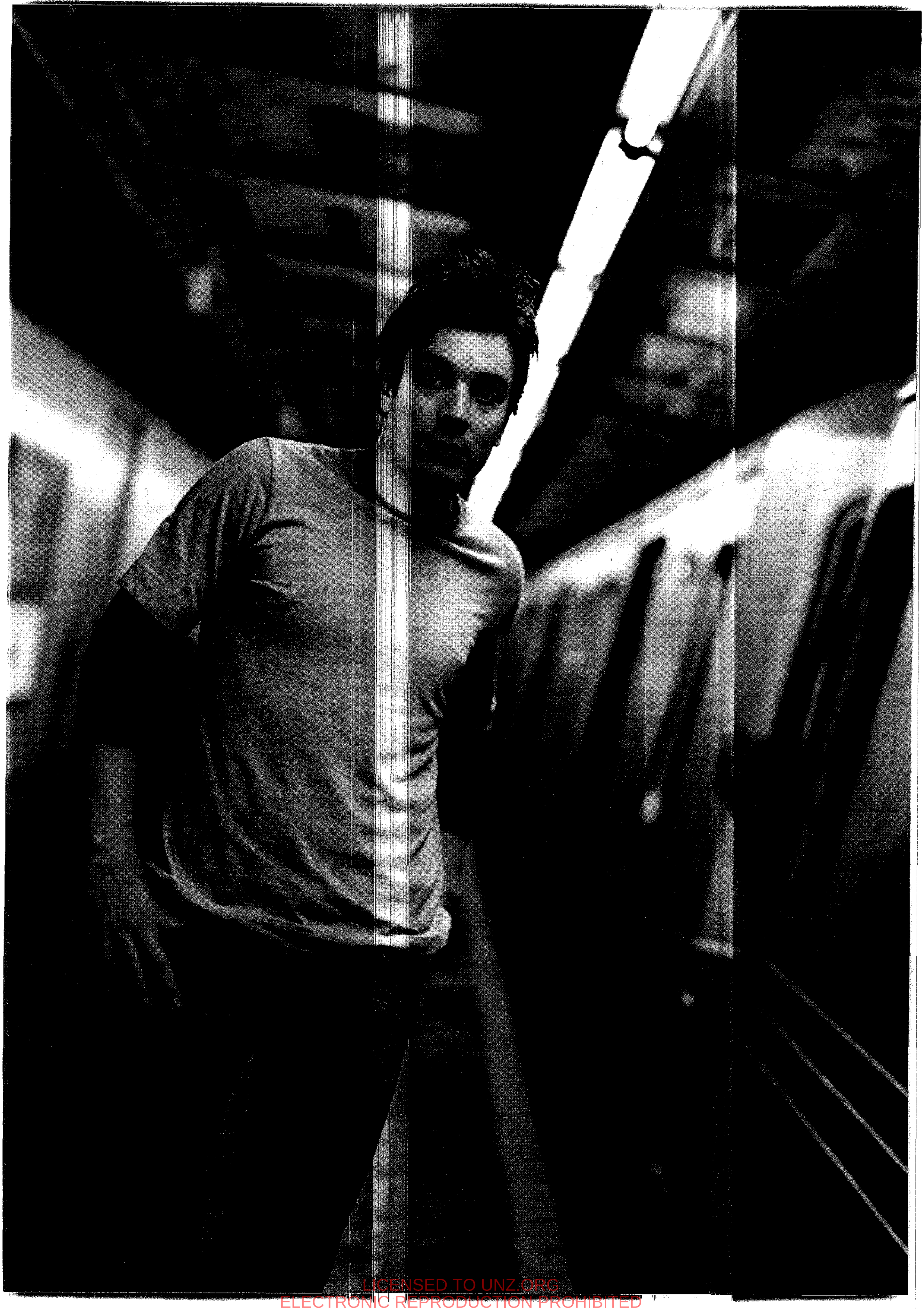
Congressmen Towns and Major Owens didn't protest, either, when another Brooklyn assemblyman, Al Vann, invited Bradley to speak with a group of community leaders last June.

"Before I reached out," says Vann, who backs Bradley, "I talked to them, and they were very supportive of the move. They thought it was a good thing to do. That, in and of itself, gives you a strong indication of their feelings about him. They didn't say, 'No, we're with Gore—don't do it!' I think they'll be going with Gore, but their hearts will be with Bradley."

CLEARLY, BRADLEY'S BEST HOPE IN THIS campaign is to circumvent the Establishment and take his message directly to the disaffected. But projecting empathy, sincerity, and compassion—what we might call character, in short—is not easy to do in a big forum or on the big screen. By definition, these are understated traits; to declaim them would negate them, or at the very least arouse suspicion. When Clinton famously declared that he felt our pain, we ridiculed him for weeks, and seven years later, we're still not sure he meant it. Bradley, who probably does feel the burden of his white-skin privilege and probably can feel the pain of those who don't have it, may never be able to convey that to a national audience. Or at least not to screaming stadiums of thousands, which he so ably commanded as a ballplayer two decades ago.

Bradley concedes that this may be true but believes he can overcome it. And then, he says, he'll be able to make his appeals straight from the Oval Office. "I think the bully pulpit of the presidency cannot be underestimated," says Bradley. But is it enough?

"Part of being good on race is not marginalizing the question of race," says Sharpton. "So do I want Gore, who'll do something for me in private, or do I want Bradley, who will speak to my issues in public?" He pauses. "I'll put it to you even more bluntly: Sometimes a mistress gets more gifts than the wife. But I want someone who will be seen with me when I go out." ■



# *Not* Jerry Seinfeld

Jimmy Fallon cracked up Lorne Michaels with his Seinfeld riff, landing a spot on the *Saturday Night Live* roster. But *SNL*'s newest wiseguy heartthrob is no slick cynic—he worries about his manners and loves his parents. By Ariel Levy

“YOU WANNA SEE THE COOLEST thing in this whole place?” asks Jimmy Fallon, bounding down the hallway of the *Saturday Night Live* offices in a pair of big jeans. “Look!” He points at a wall of head shots. “There's Chevy Chase, and John Belushi. That's Eddie!” And almost everyone else who's reinvented American comedy in the past 25 years. “Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Chris Farley . . .” On and on, till the last one: him. He raises his eyebrows and says, “It's lunacy, right? Every time I see this, I totally flip out.”

You can tell how excited he is when he performs. He bites his bottom lip; his face threatens to crack into a smile—he almost lost it and laughed on the season premiere, imitating Jerry Seinfeld while sitting next to Jerry Seinfeld. The audience loved it. “The people who pop first on this show are the ones who you believe you can see right into their hearts,” says executive producer Lorne Michaels. “It was true of Gilda, it was true of John Belushi, and it's true of Jimmy. You just feel you know them.”

Indeed, Fallon in person seems very much like Fallon on television—winsome, silly, ebullient. And why not? He has been dreaming up this life for as long as he can remember. Growing up in Saugerties, New York, Fallon would watch “the clean parts” of *SNL* that his parents taped for him, and then reenact the Wild and Crazy Guys with his friends and his sister. In college, he made a weekly ritual of drinking beer, eating chips, and watching the show by himself in his dorm. “Friends would be like, ‘*Dude*, I'm having this major bash! I can't believe you're not coming,’ ” he says. “But I was like, no way. I missed the show once, and it was a really big deal for me.”

It was only a little over a year ago, when Fallon was studying at the Groundlings Theater in Los Angeles, making $7.50 for every set he performed at the Improv, that he was summoned to New York to audition for the show. “Everyone had told me, ‘Lorne's seen everything, so don't think you're gonna blow his mind,’ ” he says. “But I did Seinfeld and Travolta, and then I did Adam Sandler, and when I looked down at Lorne, he was laughing.”

“I laughed for two reasons,” recalls Michaels. “First, it was really funny; second, Adam was a kid to me like five minutes ago, and that's who Jimmy watched in high school! It's like that joke, ‘I have ties older than this kid.’ Well, I have a *show* older than him.”

This summer, just before Fallon and *SNL* both turned 25, he was promoted from featured player to full cast member and finished a new Cameron Crowe movie. “I don't know what my new goal is,” he says. “The cool thing about being 25 is that you still have leeway to goof off.” But dude, wouldn't you say you're pretty successful for a 25-year-old? “Well, look at Britney Spears. How old is she?”

JIMMY FALLON IS IN THE ADOLESCENCE OF his fame. Being in your twenties is always partly about the strange gap between feeling that you inhabit a life you've created and feeling alarmed that you're old enough to create one. But for Fallon, the awe of becoming a grown-up is compounded by the awe of becoming a star—and still feeling like a kid. You can almost see him flicker like a hologram between the sweet, small-town teenager of his past and the confident celebrity of his future.

Jim and his sister, Gloria, are the children of Jim and Gloria Fallon. (What's up with that? “I know, right? What *is* up with that?”) His parents used to meet at block parties in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, before they moved upstate to raise the kids. But they weren't sixties people. “My dad was in Vietnam, and he was in a doo-wop group. My mom was like a total square; she wasn't allowed to leave her stoop in Brooklyn,” says Fallon, grinning. “She was a nun for about a month, but then she was like, ‘You know what? I didn't get the calling!’ Ha! When did *Sound of Music* come out? I think there was like a thing where everyone wanted to be a nun.”

Unlike many comedians his age, Fallon says he had a happy childhood, aspires to be like his dad, and is extremely close to his parents and his sister, with whom he's just written *I Hate This Place: The Pessimist's Guide to Life* (TV Books; $7.95). “My sister studied writing and had all these scholarships,” he says. “She kind of got the brains in the family.”

Don't be so sure. “His impressions are smart,” says Michaels. “You can do an impersonation where you get the voice right or the gestures, but he gets them the way Dan Aykroyd got some essential attitude of Tom Snyder—so you could never look at Snyder again without thinking of it.”

It's almost unnerving when Fallon switches from his own guy-speak into an utterly precise mimicry of the voice-mail voice, or Gilbert Gottfried, or Nicolas Cage, because it reminds you that this isn't just some silly goose: Nothing gets by him. Like Phil Hartman barking “You are *correct*, sir!” as Ed McMahon, Fallon seemed to be virtually channeling Chris Rock on a *Conan O'Brien* appearance last February: “Hey, Ma . . . Did anybody call for me? Gerard! Is he still on crack? Man, the last time I saw him, he told me I wasn't eatin' right. The man is on crack! I never heard of a healthy-conscious crackhead! I know the four food groups—ain't one of 'em crack!”

Later on in that program, Conan mentioned that Fallon is single, and the crowd started shrieking like crazed Beatles fans. “I was really embarrassed,” Fallon admits.

“I get the feeling with Jim that he'll just find some girl and he'll marry her,” speculates his friend and castmate Ana Gasteyer. “I think he's flattered by his fans' attention, but he's really kind of honorable and old-fashioned in that way.”

The attention can be a bit much. Fallon is inundated with letters from enchanted young women, and the Internet is blooming with Websites like “The Jimmy Fallon Shrine” (“This page is devoted to the funniest sexiest most talented man in the known world!”), “Jimmy Fallon Is a Hottie,” and “Jimmy Fallon: Adonis!!” At his packed Barnes & Noble book signing last week, one 14-year-old from Pennsylvania had driven three hours with her family to lay eyes on him. “He's perfect,” she said, looking very close to tears.

Asked how he feels about being “the hot one” on *SNL*, Fallon smirks and shifts around. “I've never really gotten this response before. I was never, like, the hot guy at the bar. I'm *still* not the hot guy at the bar.” Um, debatable. ■

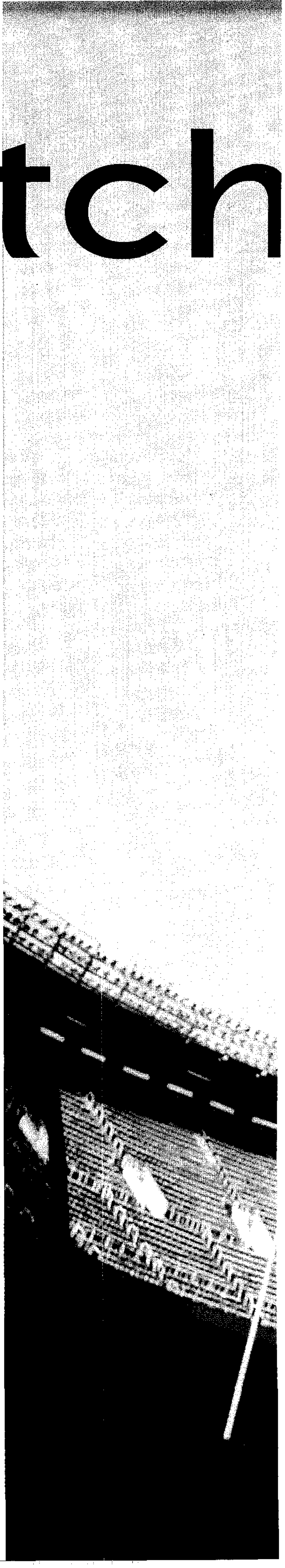
Photograph by Fabrice Trombert

# Wild Pitch

David Cone, a Hall of Fame–caliber joker, carouser, and womanizer when he was with the Mets, has been reborn as the clear-eyed, responsible leader of one of the greatest teams in history. (Though he's not *totally* hostile to the idea of having a good time.)

### By Chris Smith

DAVID CONE SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT UNEASILY FROM SIDE TO side. He's sitting in the Yankees dugout, three hours before the start of a late-season game, and the conversation has just turned to that extraordinary afternoon in July when Cone pitched baseball's sixteenth perfect game. Cone is famously articulate and generous with interviewers. So it's a little strange that he doesn't like talking about his perfect game, the ultimate feat for a pitcher. He says he tries to avoid even thinking about it very much. Eventually, though, Cone describes one scene that keeps flashing into his mind, and it's both surreal and sublime. • After the game's final pitch, Cone was buried in a flesh-pile of ecstatic teammates. Then he was hoisted onto their shoulders, and, with tears in his eyes, Cone waved to the crowd. A few minutes later, the veteran right-hander floated toward the Yankees clubhouse. With the roar from 55,000 fans washing at his back, Cone climbed the narrow, inclined ramp from the Yankees dugout, passing beneath the sign that reads, I WANT TO THANK THE GOOD LORD FOR MAKING ME A YANKEE—JOE DIMAGGIO. The walk started to take on the feeling of a near-death experience: Cone reached the end of the tunnel and entered a warm,



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN SALOWE

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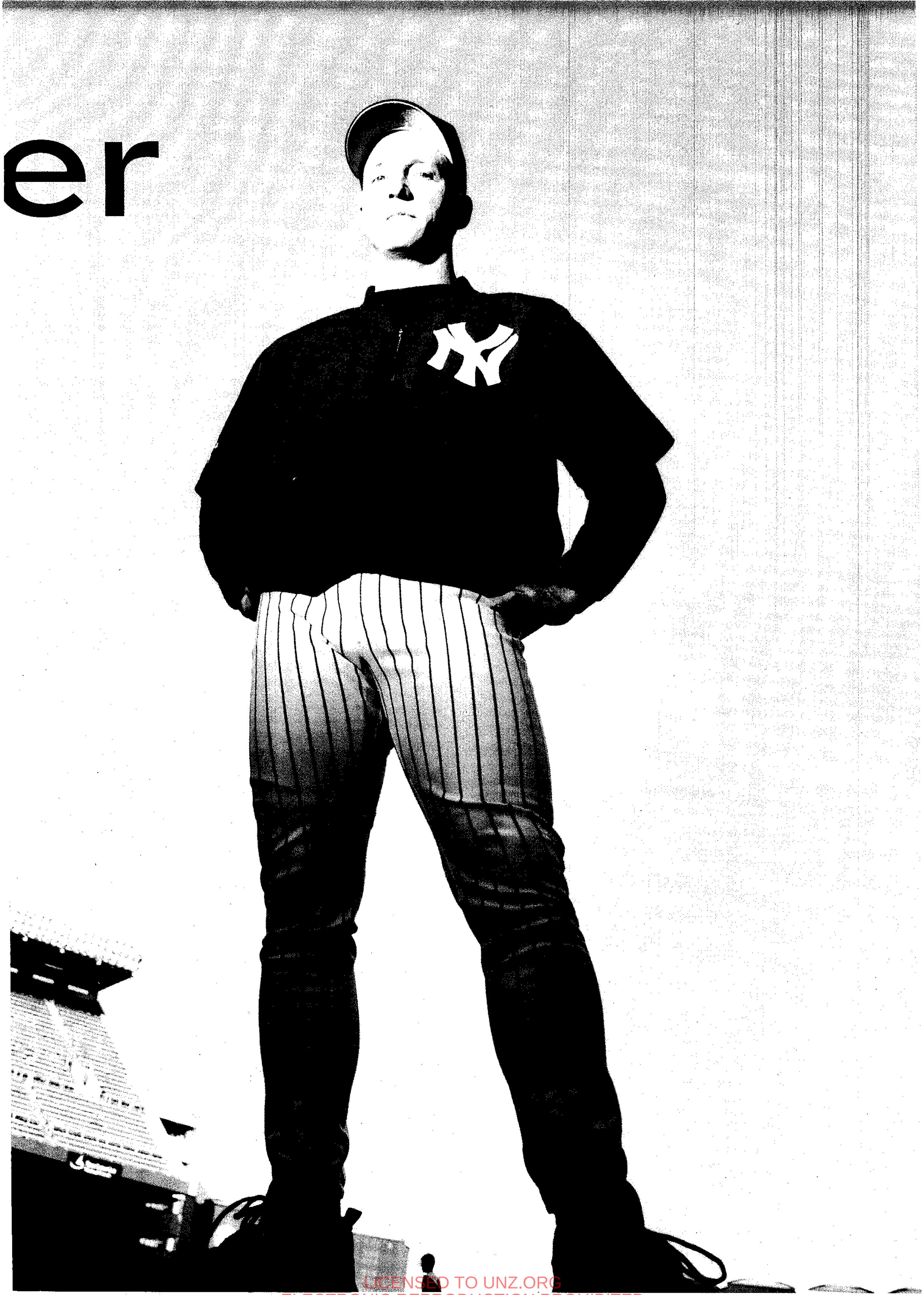


bright light, where two smiling icons welcomed him to their realm. "Don Larsen and Yogi Berra were waiting right by my locker," Cone says, wonderment in his voice. In 1956, Larsen pitched the only perfect game in World Series history, right here at Yankee Stadium; Berra was the catcher. The two old legends wrapped Cone in a bear hug. "That was quite a thrill," Cone says. "They were there, waiting for me. It was out of a dream."

BUT AS WITH MOST DREAMS, THE CLOCK RAdio soon blares and the sleeper wakes up with bad breath and crud in his eyes.

After July 18, Cone started thirteen regular-season games, and his performance alternated unpredictably among good, awful, and just plain puzzling. Cone won only twice and rang up an alarming 4.82 earned-run average. He was 10-4 with a 2.65 ERA in his first eighteen starts.

On the sports pages, the conventional wisdom suggested that Cone's right arm had finally given out. At 36, Cone has hurled nearly 100,000 pitches in his professional life—the stressful equivalent of roughly 300,000 miles on your ten-year-old four-door sedan. He's endured two shoulder operations and one knee surgery. And as a young player, Cone rarely passed up a bar or a sunrise.

Through August and September, Cone answered daily questions about his malaise.

**Naw, man," Strawberry says with a rumbling laugh about Cone's off-the-field exploits, "not many of the stories about Coney are G-rated.**

"It wears on you," Cone says, a rare note of irritation in his voice. "There's been so much pressure, so much emphasis put on whether I'm going to wear down—again. How am I going to finish up this year? What's going to happen next year—will I be back, or will I have to move on, or will I retire? It's sort of this runaway train, this notion that my arm is this time bomb that's ready to explode with any pitch. It's already left the station." Cone swears he isn't injured, but he has searched for a corporal boost, secretly turning to acupuncture treatments.

Cone has always been one of baseball's most cerebral and intellectually curious stars. His willingness to experiment on the mound has paid off, allowing him to invent, in the middle of a game, new ways to fool opposing hitters. Which is why the explanation for Cone's recent struggles is probably to be found in his head.

Ever since Cone was a child, he's been driven by a need to prove himself to father figures, doubters, critics, and himself. As a teenager, he was labeled too wild to pitch in the big leagues. In the early nineties, Cone was ridiculed in the New York tabloids as a flake and a sex fiend, and the Mets shipped him out of town, believing him to be a bad influence. In 1996, with the Yankees, no one believed Cone could come back to pitch effectively after emergency surgery to remove an aneurysm from beneath his right arm.

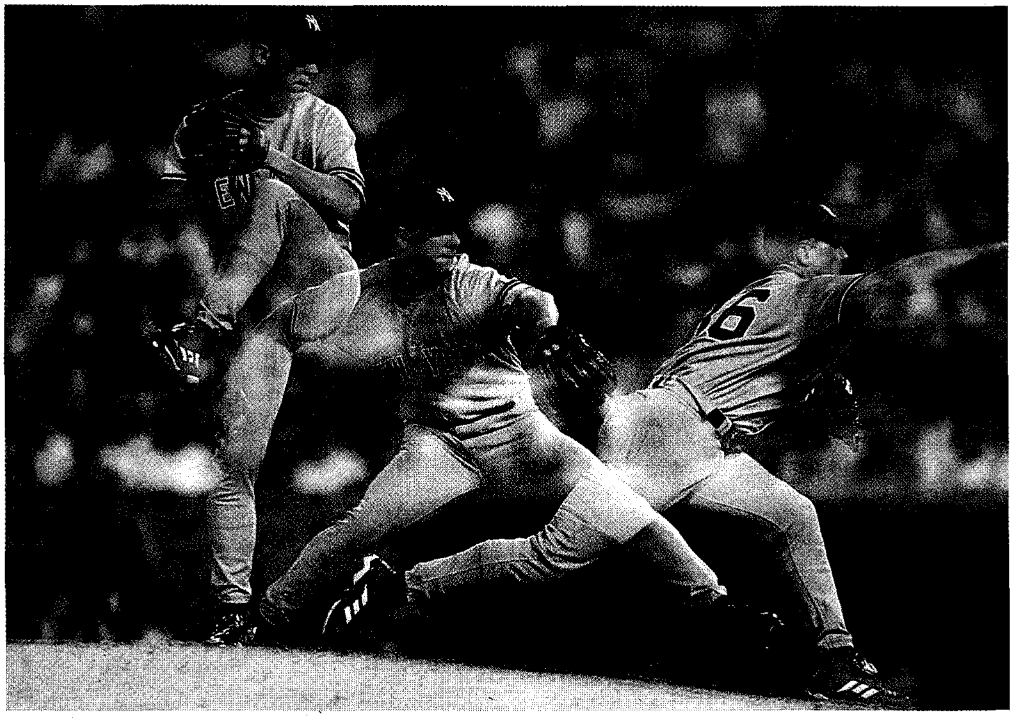
On each count, Cone has been driven to prove people wrong. And he's succeeded: Not only is Cone one of baseball's all-time great pitchers, but he's rebounded from humiliation to become a beloved New York figure. Even after being the best pitcher on the Best Team Ever, the 1998 Yankees, Cone found a motivation to push him through a brilliant first-half of this season: During the winter, Yankees management showed no faith in his stamina, offering Cone a mere one-year contract. Cone wonders if the perfect game was his karmic reward for returning to New York. And perhaps, after Yogi welcomed him to baseball heaven, Cone's subconscious told him he had nothing left to prove.

WHEN DAVID CONE WAS A BOY, THE same noise would awaken him every weekday at 3 A.M. It was the rattle and squeak of the garage door opening. It was the sound of his father going to work. Didn't matter if Ed Cone's arthritis was sending searing pain through his fingers. Ed Cone was a mechanic who worked inside huge freezers at a Kansas City meatpacking plant. And he was a tough guy with four kids.

David Cone's working life has been a whole lot more fun. But late at night, when it's quiet, Cone can still hear the sound of that garage door. And every day, Cone tries to prove he's just as tough and dependable as his old man.

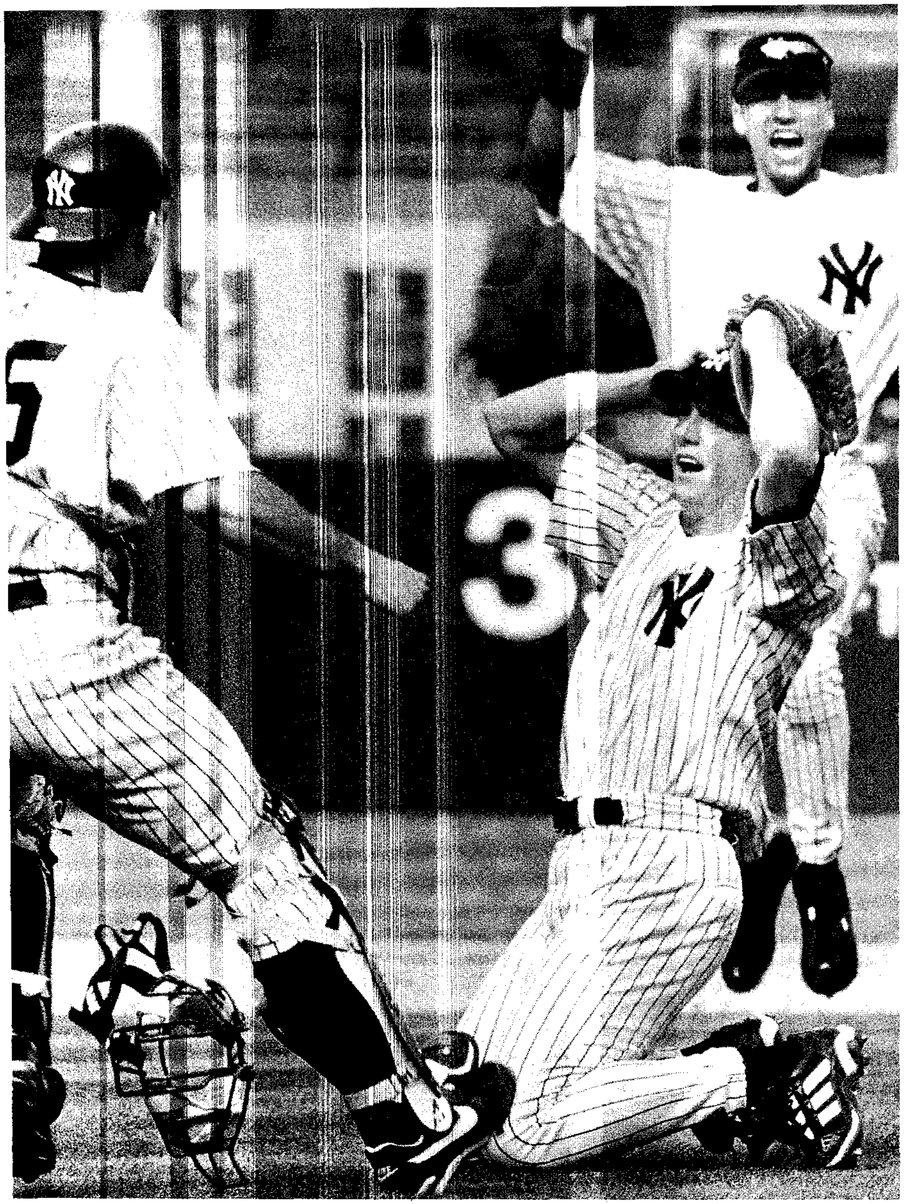
Cone doesn't look like an all-time-great pitcher. He's barely six feet tall and he walks with a waddle. When the Yankees pitchers run as a group, Cone is always last. His shoulders seem slight, until you notice that they slope down to support arms that hang like a gunslinger's.

Cone's eyes are his most distinctive feature: They're large and gray-blue and often dance with a glint that borders on devilish. When Cone is angry, the dark pupils narrow to the sharpest of pinpricks. His face has a choirboy innocence that's most visible when he laughs. But as Cone has aged, his high Scotch-Irish cheekbones have



**Special Delivery: When Cone is throwing well, he's an artist, inventing new pitches as needed.**

Photograph by V. J. Lovero/Sports Illustrated.



**Mr. Perfect: Cone pitched his perfect game in July before an audience of Yankee legends like Yogi Berra and Don Larsen.**

grown prominent, often giving him a haunted look on the mound. Atop his head is corn-yellow hair cropped short, a dime-size dot of gray in the center. "My mom says it was red when I was a kid," Cone says.

When Ed coached David's Little League team, father and son would go toe-to-toe in screaming matches so loud that the other kids looked for a place to hide. "My parents are tough, hard-nosed, blue-collar people," Cone says. "They went by the sort of kick-the-bird-out-of-the-nest type of theory. You had to fly or fall to the ground. In some ways, I really appreciate that. In other ways, maybe we both regret that we haven't fostered that close, affectionate relationship that some families have. Part of my resiliency and so-called toughness, emotionally, is due to that background. Part of the problems I have emotionally, too, are due to that background." He laughs. "But I'm not ready for Prozac yet."

Cone grew up loving the hometown Royals and idolizing their hard-living, hard-playing third-baseman George Brett. He came to New York for the first time in 1987 as a naïve 24-year-old who'd been abruptly traded to the Mets. Cone joined a team fresh off the 1986 world championship and full of brash, larger-than-life characters: Keith "Mex" Hernandez. Gary "Kid" Carter. Dwight "Dr. K" Gooden. Lenny "Nails" Dykstra.

"I found out that this was the wildest group of guys I'd ever been around," Cone says admiringly. "The hardest-core gamers when they played the game, and off the field they were the wildest guys I'd ever been around. They hung out together; they went out to dinner together, they all went out to a bar together, they drank together, talked a lot of shit together. I did everything I could to fit in—and then some."

ASK CHILI DAVIS FOR A STORY THAT captures the essence of his friend Cone, and the Yankees designated hitter whistles, smiles naughtily, and shakes his head slowly. "He's got a lot of different sides," Davis says. "Some of them that are better left unspoken."

Try Darryl Strawberry, who's known Cone since 1987 and played beside him in the hell-raising Mets days, and there's that same playful smirk. "Naw, man," Strawberry says with a rumbling laugh. "Not many of the stories about Coney are G-rated."

John Franco? Paul O'Neill? Bret Saberhagen? They love Cone, and can offer up platitudes about his grit on the mound, his reliability as a friend. "Dave and me," laughs the Red Sox' Saberhagen, "we'll get together and have a couple of Cokes." But when they hear Cone's name, they all smile mischievously.

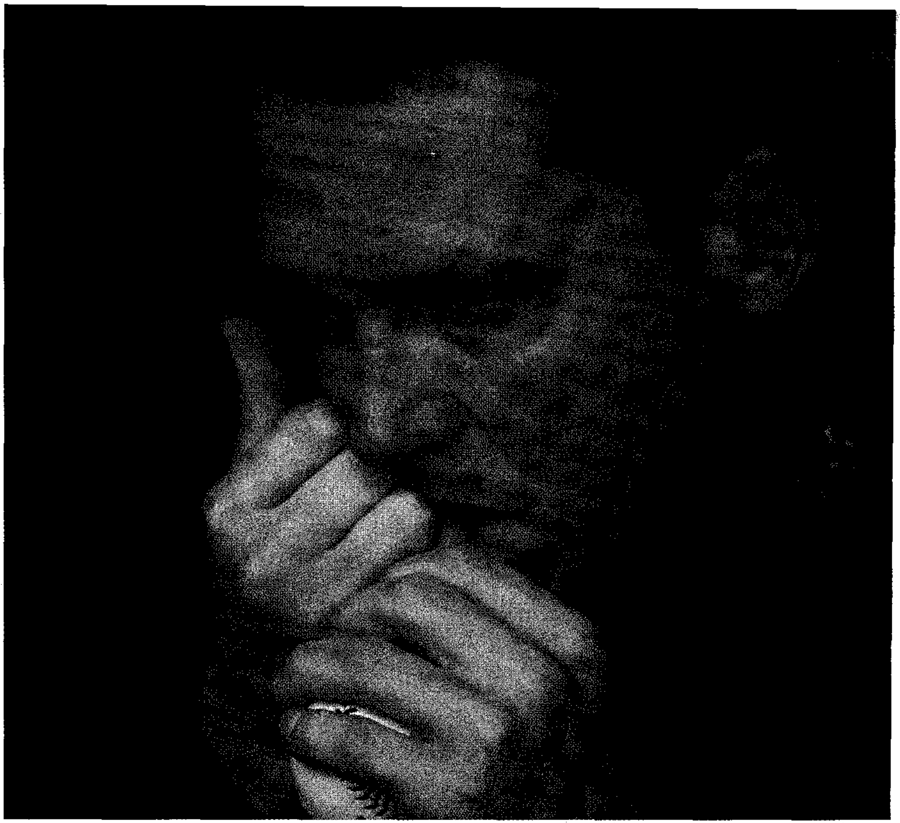
It's not that Cone, at 36, is such a wild man anymore. He's learned to package and contain his zaniness. Instead of downing shots of rum with sportswriters, as he did in his Mets years, Cone is the goofy star of a pair of hilarious Adidas commercials that play off his eccentric image. His favorite theory for his post-perfect-game slump is that he didn't allow himself to celebrate the achievement enough. Maybe he's simply grown up, but lately Cone has seemed to keep himself too tightly under wraps.

Yankees-beat writers regularly speculate whether Cone has tamed his libido. Cone pleads marital fidelity. "Certainly you can find it if you want," he says. "I'm not gonna deny that. It's easier for famous people, whether you're an actor or an athlete. I've had a lot of women who wanted to fuck the uniform. People who wouldn't give me the time of day—then they find out you play for the Yankees, and all of a sudden it's there for you."

Ask Cone to list defining moments in his past five years, and he cites two: being traded to the Yankees and getting married. Cone met Lynn DiGioia, a slim brunette with an art-history degree, on a Puerto Rican beach in 1986. She endured Cone's public messes for longer than seems rational. They were married in 1994. "We'd dated on and off for eight years, so it was the proverbial time to move it or lose it," Cone says. "She made that abundantly clear. She'd had enough, and she wanted to know where we were gonna go with this thing. I'm still not sure where we're going with this thing."

There's a long pause. "She's very independent and has her own profession," Cone says of his wife, who is an interior designer; Lynn Cone, who declined to be interviewed, recently directed the construction of the couple's year-round home in Greenwich. "Of course, our travel schedule is grueling," David Cone says, "so I can see now why it's so tough on relationships for professional athletes, and I can see why the divorce rate is really high." Another pause. "I always thought I'd fol-

Photograph by Steve Crandall.



**Biting the hand that feeds him: Cone contemplates the playoffs (above); Cone and his wife of five years, Lynn DiGioia (right).**

lowed in George Brett's tracks, where you play your whole career and get married at the end and then have the family. I still struggle with it a lot of times, how I'm gonna live my life from here on out."

CONE'S FRIENDS ARE PROTECTIVE OF him because of the lurid and bogus stories that exploded in the early nineties: He was falsely accused of rape in Philadelphia, then of masturbating in front of two women in the Shea Stadium bullpen.

When the Mets traded Cone to Toronto in 1992, he had a cloud of sexual innuendo and ugly tabloid headlines trailing after him. Cone revisits his scandals without being asked. "First of all, I'm not a raper," he says. "Second of all, I'm not a pervert. But these were the things that were being said and written about me. Even though both cases were cleared up, my name was completely cleared, the damage had been done. I've had to live with that. There was part of me that said, at some point, 'Be more careful, cover your ass a little better, but you can still live, you can still have fun.' I thought there was a lot of reckless journalism, but I sort of came full circle and said, 'Now, wait a minute—you did put yourself in a position to be taken advantage of a couple of times.' "

Cone won his first championship ring with the Blue Jays in 1992, but the way he left New York gnawed at him. "The trade was a wake-up call for me," Cone says. "It was time to take a hard look at myself—what am I doing wrong here? Or at least, what are the perceptions of what I'm doing wrong? You're getting a reputation as a kid with great stuff, some of the best stuff in the big leagues as far as pitching goes, and also one of the biggest flakes. I kind of looked at that and said, 'Is this how I want to be remembered?' Not that I had any great revelations or made any great changes in my life, but I certainly looked at it and tried to address it."

He was a prized free agent at the end of the season but signed with the Kansas City Royals, among the weakest teams pursuing him. "Things were getting a little too wild," Cone says. "I decided to go back home—maybe I could find something that was missing."

But what he found was that he missed New York. So when rumors surfaced in 1995 that Cone was going to be traded to the Yankees, he ached for the chance to come back to the city. Returning to New York offered Cone more than a shot at another World Series; it offered him a chance at public redemption.

BERNIE WILLIAMS IS GONE. IT'S LATE ON A September night in Toronto, and the faltering Yankees have just stormed back from a five-run deficit to win a critical game. The crucial, dramatic hit is a grand slam by center-fielder Williams. After the game, though, with reporters clamoring for a quote from the hero, the painfully shy Williams has already disappeared. The pencils and notebooks dash to the always-quotable Cone. "You could see him after the game and how good he felt about it," Cone says. "He was the most elated guy in the clubhouse. That's highly unusual for Bernie. He was talking about it being a defining moment for us."

It's exactly the line the sportswriters need, but Cone goes further, issuing a quiet challenge to the supremely talented, sometimes passive Williams. "You know how deep a thinker Bernie is," Cone says. "You know what that could mean."

Cone is routinely called a leader of the Yankees. One of his boredom-breaking practical jokes has become legendary: Cone told a clubhouse kid to take a cardboard box to one of Cone's friends on a visiting team and ask the player to autograph the baseballs inside. When the player opened the box, he found not baseballs but a pile of Cone's crap.

On a loftier level, Cone is respected for his knowledge of labor issues and his role in the union's nasty negotiations with baseball owners in 1994. And because of his wealth of experience in big games, Cone relaxes his teammates just by taking the mound with the season on the line.

Yet tonight, Cone's leadership is more subtle. If Williams reads the newspapers tomorrow, he'll notice Cone's quote; even if Williams doesn't, reporters will ask him about Cone's statement. Cone has planted a seed of aspiration—*Bernie, look how good you can be, look how important you are to the team*—and for the rest of the season, Williams will hammer the ball. Against Texas in the first game of the playoffs, a shockingly aggressive Williams smacks a homer, knocks in six runs, and makes an exquisite diving catch. Cone can't take credit, of course, but his words clearly had an impact. "Bernie needs to feel good about himself," Cone says immediately after the Texas game. "That's all I was trying to do with what I said last month."

On other teams, Cone's coziness with the media would breed jealousy, but the Yankees, a more secure bunch, have welcomed Cone's chattiness. "Part of it is that I feel a responsibility to try to take some of the pressure off the other guys," Cone says. "I saw it work in the eighties when Keith Hernandez did it with the Mets. Some guys just aren't comfortable with the press around their locker. Paul O'Neill isn't, Tino [Martinez] isn't, Roger Clemens certainly isn't. I really view that as part of my job description, as one of the leaders of the Yankees. At the same time, it's helped me foster this image with the media that 'you know what, this guy's a stand-up guy. He's accountable, he's honest, he's consistent.' In the long run, that's helped me."

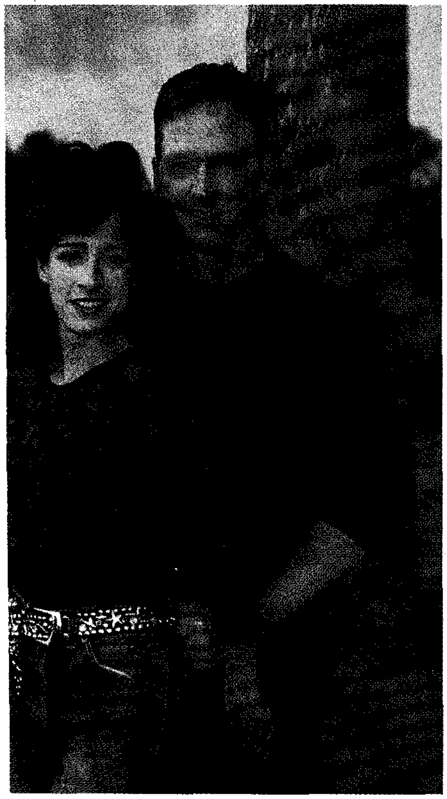
Reporters love Cone. After a game, whether or not he's played that day, Cone is the go-to quote guy for the dozens of writers on deadline. He's funny and analytical, he makes excellent eye contact, and he answers repetitious questions as if

Photograph by V. J. Lovero/Sports Illustrated.

he were hearing them for the very first time. The writers don't, however, buy the Cone legend that he once aspired to be a sportswriter himself. "Come on, Dave!" laughs one scribe. "We love you already. You don't have to lay it on that thick."

In 1995, during his first week as a Yankee, Cone planted himself in front of his locker and began thumbing through the team's media guide, learning about his new teammates. "It made him look humble," says another sportswriter. "And it was a nice little lead for a story. But the thing is, Cone could have read the media guide on the bus, on the airplane—but he did it in the middle of the clubhouse, where we could all see him."

Other Cone efforts, though, are thoroughly sincere and far less visible. For two years now, he's organized a charity softball tournament in Central Park. A children's hospital was the beneficiary of a baseball clinic Cone recently staged at Yankee Stadium. His David Cone Foundation has bought computers for his old elementary school back in Missouri.



And late one August afternoon, while his teammates drift into Yankee Stadium to prepare for that night's game, Cone is escorting 11-year-old Will Hilburn on a tour of the Yankees' hallowed locker room. Born with a rare neuromuscular condition, Will is confined to a wheelchair.

Cone doesn't promise Will he'll win a game or hit a home run for him. Cone does something better: He spends time with Will. Later, as Will parks his wheelchair behind home plate to watch the game, his father can't contain his gratitude. "Many people are awkward and intimidated around handicapped children, and they don't know how to deal with the chair," Bill Hilburn says. "David, minutes after we met, asked if he could push Will around. It was wonderful."

Then Bill Hilburn looks at the joy on his son's face and says something incredibly corny. He knows it's corny even as he says it, but there's no better way to express what he's seen. "David Cone didn't have to do anything for us," Bill Hilburn says. "But there are still heroes in this world."

**David likes to live on the edge," says Joe Torre. "He's the Great Wallenda, as far as I'm concerned. He finds a way to get off that high wire.**

PHIL RIZZUTO, MICKEY RIVERS, AND DAVE Winfield are laughing in the Yankees clubhouse, in pinstripes again for Old-Timers' Day. As strapping 25-year-olds watch their 75-year-old predecessors shuffle about, you can see the thoughts crossing the faces of the Jeters and Knoblauchs: *Am I going to be the one who gets fat? Or the one who loses all his hair?*

Cone pitches in the real game today, against the hapless Minnesota Twins. When Cone is throwing well, there's a rhythmic beauty to his windup. As his left leg swings into the air midway through his delivery, Cone pauses for an instant with his foot in the air before launching himself and the ball forward. For all the calculation he puts into pitching, Cone says, the hesitation isn't something he can plan, or even explain very well. The music just takes over. "That hesitation is usually a sign that I'm feeling pretty good," Cone says. "When I start to get it going, I start to create more out there and start to hesitate and feature different looks."

Over the years, Billy Crystal, a lifelong Yankees worshiper, has become friends with Cone, partly because Crystal sees a similarity in their arts. "I know as soon as I'm introduced, when I walk out onstage, judging by the hand the audience gives me, or how I feel the first minute, whether it's going to be fun or it's going to be work," the comedian says. "And I'm sure that's the feeling pitchers get when they start warming up in the bullpen. Cone comes out, maybe the fastball's not working, maybe this isn't working. He then develops a new windup; he develops a new release point. He's always inventing; he's always throwing something else at you to confuse the hitter and win the ball game. And so I feel a kinship with him, in how creative he is on the mound. You've got to love a guy like that."

Lately, though, Cone has struggled to deliver the punch line. He usually rises to the occasion on baseball's ceremonial days, like opening day, the All-Star Game, or the World Series. Berra and Larsen are in the stadium today, for the first time since Cone's perfect game, and there's talk that the magic will rub off on Cone again. But Cone throws what he calls "my worst game ever," the velocity on his fastball dipping from its regular 92 miles per hour to a faint 82.

As the regular season ends, some of the zip returns. "I haven't pitched as badly as people think," he says, rightly pointing to bounces that didn't go his way and days when he pitched well but the Yankees didn't score. But Cone is still mystified by his past couple of months—hence the Chinese needles stuck in his shoulder. "I'm wary about talking about it," Cone says. "People still look at acupuncture as voodoo medicine. And it's my own little personal escape, my own little thing. I'm an extremist to a certain extent, because I'll try anything, any sort of special treatment that's out there. Cortisone shots, anti-inflammatory medications, I've tried 'em all over the years. Acupressure massage, deep-tissue massage, Rolfing. A lot of baseball trainers are reluctant to give a deep massage in the joint itself. They don't want to make a mistake. Whereas I've been very aggressive—get in there. Break it up. Do something. I'll try anything. You got any ideas, let me know."

Cone is the Yankees' emotional leader, and his struggles have embodied the team's vulnerability in the regular season. They've been steadier than Cone, though. "David likes to live on the edge," Joe Torre says. "He's the Great Wallenda, as far as I'm concerned. He finds a way to get off that high wire. It may not always be pretty, but the son of a gun finds a way to do it."

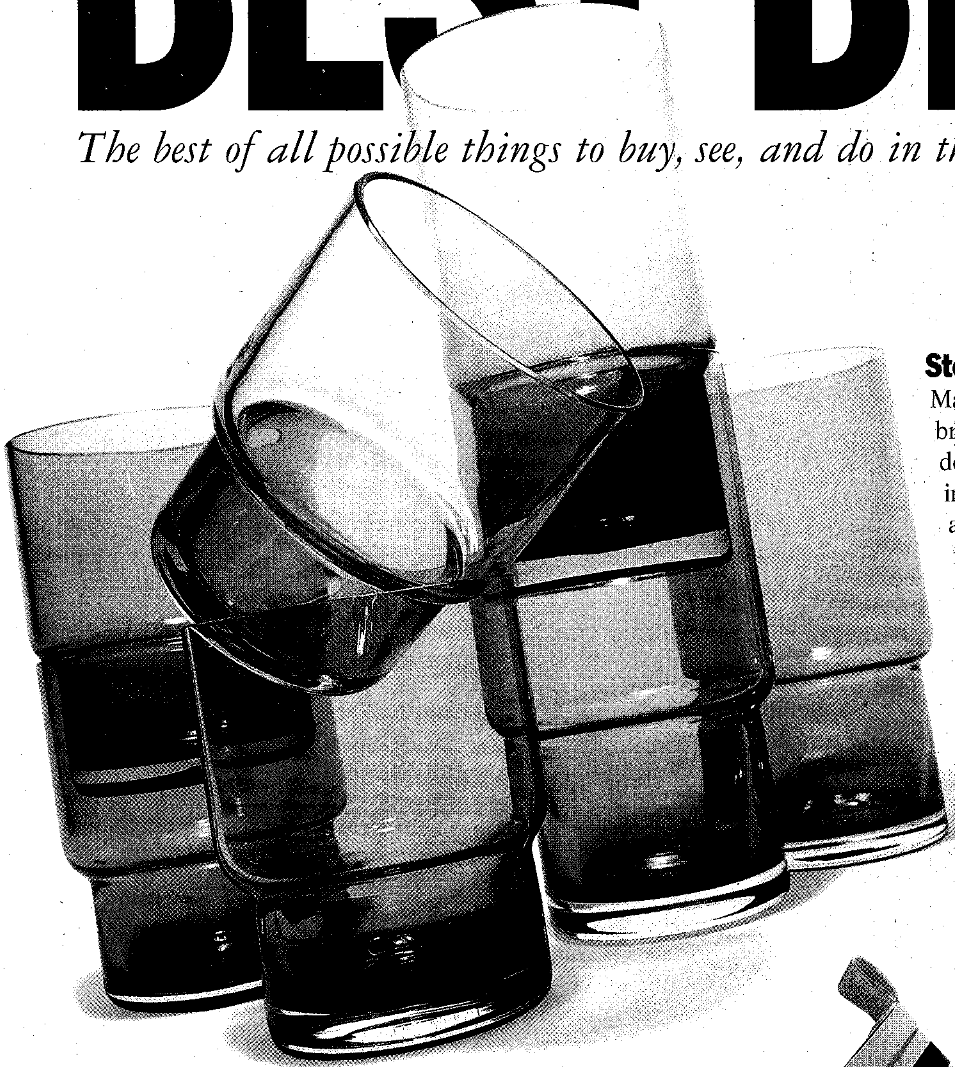
Cone's life wouldn't be complete if it didn't have some tumult spliced into the highlight reel. By stumbling through the end of the season, Cone has raised the stakes and given himself something to prove again. And that only makes it more fun to root for him: Wouldn't you rather cheer an imperfect man than a myth? ■

Photograph by Chuck Solomon/Sports Illustrated.

# BEST BETS

*The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities*

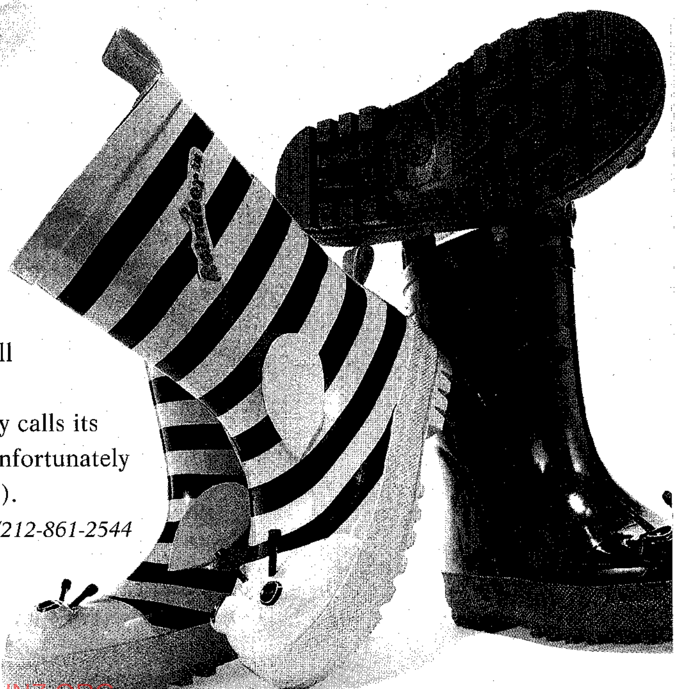
BY CORKY POLLAN



## Steeper by the Half Dozen

Master glassblower Michael Kramer brings a painter's palette to his designs: His stacking tumblers come in six pale shades that play off one another in an effortlessly eye-catching way. Though their shape is reminiscent of the plastic stacking glasses of the seventies, their elegance is pure nineties ($96 for a set of six short tumblers in each of the colors, $108 for a set of the tall ones).

MOSS/*146 Greene Street/212-226-2190*



## Puddle Jumpers

Kids will certainly make a splash with bumblebee and ladybug rain boots. But they'll also stay dry since this footwear from ZM International is made of rubber. The company calls its boots Raindear, but you can just forget the unfortunately treacly name ($20; in children's sizes 6 to 12).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/212-861-2544*

## Haute Tech

You're luxed up in your pashmina shawl, Jimmy Choo boots, and Gucci bag, but that computer you're lugging around in its earnest black case looks downright shabby. Freelance designer Amanda Fellows has been there, and she's come up with a solution—a Dalmation-print Lapbag. Now that animal prints are the must-have of the moment, all you need do is slip your computer into this velvet tote and your laptop can look as tony as the rest of you ($48).

LAPBAGS, INC./*877-705-6832*

## Desktop Software

Karim Rashid was born in Egypt, raised in Canada and England, and trained in Italy. Now this peripatetic designer works in New York, and he has created everything from FloGlo chairs to Garbo cans to Issey Miyake bags. But no matter what the object, each design incorporates an innovative element. His new desk accessories are no exception. Rashid has hit upon an industrial application—vinyl-dipped PVC plastic—to come up with soft and floppy holders he calls Infinity and Ribbon. Besides accommodating the usual essentials—stationery, pens, pencils, letter openers—Ribbon stacks and can double as a CD holder ($12 and $18).

TOTEM/*71 Franklin Street/212-925-5506*

HIGH
LOW
OFF

## A Little Light Music

Lexon shrinks its line of radios to palm size with its new Olympe FM. This sexy lime-green featherweight has auto tuning, retractable earphones, and a belt clip. And since it's only two and a half inches wide, it hogs little space on your running shorts ($35; batteries included).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue, near 13th Street/212-989-4300*

**Photographed by Nedjeljko Matura**

**Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.**

Stationery courtesy of Papivore/Marie Papier.

# SMARTCITY

# Trash Talkin'

## Throwing it all away isn't always easy—unless you know the right pickup artist. By Stephanie Williams

If you've lived in New York long enough, you've probably accumulated a bunch of junk you don't want and don't know how to get rid of. A friend of mine has had a broken VCR in her living room for two years, right on top of her new one. Everyone I know seems to have a dirty, unusable rug gathering dust (and taking up valuable space) in the closet. I even know a guy who paid his landlord $50 on moving day to ditch his old mattress because he didn't know how to do it. The irony is that there are plenty of people who'll come to your home and take away your trash for free or even pay you for it. You just have to know where to find them.

### HEAVY LIFTERS

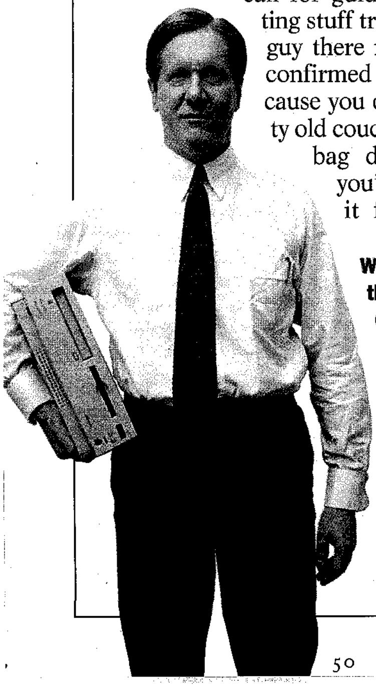
Your biggest ally in Operation Rubbish Removal is New York's **Department of Sanitation**. Not only will they take most anything, they even have a 24-hour Action Center hotline (212-219-8090) you can call for guidance on getting stuff trashed. A nice guy there named Leslie confirmed that just because you can't fit a ratty old couch into a trash bag doesn't mean you're stuck with it forever: You can put up to six large items—couches, mattresses, rugs, cribs, computer monitors, you name it—on the curb the night before the last trash day of the week.

Leslie also says that if you have a big-ticket item that's more than 50 percent metal (like a VCR), you can place it on the curb for recycling day. But it's important to call the Action Center three days before putting out anything containing CFCs (refrigerators, air conditioners, etc.), so workers can remove the ozone-damaging chemical and tag the item as safe for pickup; you also need to remove fridge doors so kids playing "fort" on the street don't lock themselves inside the neighborhood Kenmore.

### CAR PORTERS

Sanitation workers will arrange for the removal of abandoned cars without license plates if given notice (those with license plates need to be reported to your local police precinct), but if you're the owner, you are responsible for your car's fate. Some desperate souls take the film noir route and ditch their clunkers in some no-man's-land (like along the Greenpoint waterfront in Brooklyn). But the smart (and legal) thing to do is to call several businesses listed under "Automobile Wrecking" in the Yellow Pages to see who'll pay the most for your car. The going rate is $75 to $125, although if it's a real dud, you may have to *pay* someone $50 to take it. Donald Albertini, manager of **Fountain Auto Group** in East New York (653 Fountain Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-649-2020), notes that the price you get is going to depend on the make and model of what you're turning over to him. "A 1990 Ford Tempo may not go for that much," he explains, "but a 1990 Crown Victoria could get $150 to $300, depending on its condition." To a salvage yard, the best thing your car can offer is its parts, which can be resold. In addition, you are required by law to sign over the title of the car to the salvage yard, thereby transferring ownership. For men like Albertini, anything less is a waste of time. "Some shell of a car with no title—I'm not going to pick that up," he says.

Many charities, including **Heritage for the Blind** (800-2-DONATE), the **National Kidney Foundation** (800-488-CARS), and the **L'Chaim Society** (800-288-7799), will take your car off your hands and, because of an altruistic tax code, you get to claim a big write-off. Just so you know: "In very few cases do [charities] actually use the automobile; they're not using it to take groceries to sick old ladies,"



**Wretched and not-so-wretched refuse: So many things to get rid of, but how? Left, John L. German of Non-Profit Computing will happily provide a foster home to your 386 clunker.**

Photographs by Michael Schmelling.

says Jennifer Lammers of the Better Business Bureau. Charities cut deals with for-profit wrecking companies, who pocket most of the proceeds when your car is resold or used for parts or scrap. "The charity receives only a flat fee for the vehicle, often less than $100," Lammers says.

## HELPING HANDS

If you don't have a car, it isn't easy to donate your cast-offs to charity. **Goodwill Industries** (718-721-2900), for instance, will pick up furniture only in Manhattan—on Tuesdays and Saturdays if you live on the East Side, and on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays if you're a West Sider. **The Salvation Army** (800-95-TRUCK) is a better bet for a philanthropist who actually has a job: You can usually persuade it to take your goods on a Saturday between 8 A.M. and 4 P.M. If what you're getting rid of is upscale clothing or accessories, it may be easier to donate to **Lighthouse International** (212-821-9300), which will pick up from midtown and Upper Manhattan locations—like your office—on weekdays (except Mondays) from 9 A.M. to noon. They'll be sold in the association's annual Posh sale. Or you can hop a cab to **Housing Works** (212-366-0820), which will usually reimburse you for $10 cab fare in return for your designer duds.

Likewise, why dump an old Pentium on the street on trash night, to the delight of a crafty computer geek, when you can give it to a school or nonprofit? An organization called **PENCIL** (Public Education Needs Civic Involvement in Learning) hosts a "resource bank" on its Website (www.pencil.org), where public-school principals list their kids' needs—including not just computer equipment but fax machines, VCRs, air conditioners, and other supplies. Most of them are so glad to get your stuff that they'll offer to swing by your place to pick it up. Another nonprofit, **Share the Technology**, maintains a database that includes a list of potential New York recipients (libertynet.org/share), and an organization called **Non-Profit Computing** (212-759-2368) has been matching up donors and technologically challenged New York nonprofits for fifteen years.

## HEAVENLY HOSTS

If you've developed an allergy to your Jack Russell terrier, a neighborhood flyer might still be the best way to locate a foster parent. Or try the **ASPCA** (212-876-7700), **Bide-A-Wee** (212-532-4455), or the **Humane Society** (212-752-4840)—but don't expect any of them to make a house call. If your furry friend has al-

*(continued on page 111)*

## NAVIGATOR

**Q:** **I've recently started buying wine at auction and would like to start a collection, but my apartment barely has enough room for me.**

**A:** **A bigger apartment, even if you could find one nowadays, isn't the answer. Fine wines are like cranky old men: They do not like change. Variations in temperature or humidity, and exposure to direct sunlight, spoil the flavor of wine faster than you would think. The ideal storage temperature is about 55 degrees Fahrenheit; at 75 degrees, wine quickly starts to deteriorate, resulting in what professionals call "cooked" wine. (Which is why *the* absolute worst place to store your wine is in one of those cute racks that hang above your kitchen counter—right next to the oven.) Humidity needs to be kept at around 75 percent, to prevent the cork from drying out. And sunlight is a no-no, because ultraviolet rays somehow foul up a wine's flavor crystals, or something. To keep your aging friends happy, consider moving them into a home where they can grow old in peace. At Chelsea Wine Vault & Storage (75 Ninth Avenue, near 15th Street; 212-462-4244), a fifteen-case locker costs $30 per month, and for $4 a case the staff will make door-to-door deliveries and pickups in Manhattan. Other companies that offer the same service at about the same price include Vintage Wine Warehouse (665 Eleventh Avenue, at 48th Street; 212-245-4889); Morgan Manhattan Wine Storage (2100 Hunters Point Avenue, Long Island City; 718-786-3304); and Acker Merrall & Condit (160 West 72nd Street; 212-787-1700).**

MICHAEL STEELE

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

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SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

# Toast, No Bread

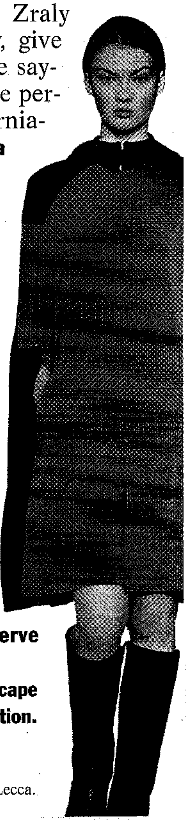
**Pour, little rich girl:** *Millennium-worthy sparkling wines that won't make* **your budget pop.**

**The boy and the bubbly: Kevin Zraly raids the cellar for sparkling wines anyone can afford.**

'NO, CHAMPAGNE IS *NOT* going to run out before New Year's," sighs wine connoisseur Kevin Zraly, who teaches the Windows on the World Wine School tasting course. Retailers have stopped discounting it lately "to get people in the store to buy the Dewar's," he says. But there are other sparkling alternatives, and your palate is unlikely to pick up much difference. "At the end of my course, students taste two nonvintage champagnes they know and then one they don't," Zraly explains. "I ask, 'How does the last one stack up?' Most say it should cost less—they're shocked when it turns out to be Dom Pérignon. Now, I like Dom Pérignon, but I say, if you can't *taste* the difference, why pay?" For affordable New Year's Eve revelry, Zraly suggests choosing these top California bubblies—all cost $20 or less, and all are widely stocked.

A handful of the French champagne houses also make sparkling wine in California. Most combine Chardonnay (white) and Pinot Noir (red) grapes and are "dry with great effervescence and go well with food." **Roederer Estate Brut** ($18; all prices approximate) is a California wine from the same company that produces Cristal, the status Euro fave. **Domaine Chandon Blanc de Noirs nv** ($15), made only from Pinot Noir grapes, is from Moët & Chandon, the house that produces Dom Pérignon. "A winemaker from Moët actually comes over for the harvest," Zraly confides. "I always say, give this as a gift with a note saying it's made by the same person." Ditto for California-made **Mumm Cuvée Napa** ($15). And if you adore Taittinger, check out **Domaine Carneros Brut, 1995** ($16)—yes, it's the same house.

Zraly also swears by all-American Korbel, California's first premium sparkling wine producer, from which he picks **Korbel Natural Sonoma County** ($15). From Gloria Ferrer, Spanish vintners who've also staked out territory in California, he suggests **Gloria Ferrer Carneros Brut Reserve**



**Don't get trenched: A wool cape from Yeohlee's new fall collection.**

Photographs: top, Robert Wright; bottom, Dan Lecca.

($18). "It's from Carneros, a region that straddles Napa and Sonoma—it's one of the best places to grow Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes."

Zraly himself doesn't know what he'll be drinking on December 31—only that it won't be much. "I'll be in bed by 9:30," he chuckles. "Well . . . maybe ten." If you're planning on guzzling a bit more, know that while most wine stores offer about 10 percent off on large orders, requirements for free delivery vary. If your order totals at least $75, **Garnet Wines and Liquors** and **Astor Wines & Spirits** will drop it off anywhere in Manhattan at no extra charge.

*Garnet Wines and Liquors, 929 Lexington Ave., near 69th St. (212-772-3211); Astor Wines & Spirits, 12 Astor Pl. (212-674-7500).*

## Picks of the Week

**Vera Wang**'s annual sample sale has tons of her swank bridal and evening gowns at up to 75 percent off: bridal gowns are $200–$2,000; evening dresses are $150–$500; bridesmaids' dresses (which often work for non-bridal occasions) are $25–$75. Sizes 2–12. Get there early—brides-to-be do line up well before the sale opens. *Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., near 32nd St., eighteenth floor (for information call 212-575-6400); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 9–5; 10/16.*

**Yeohlee**'s ultrachic, trendproof dresses, pants, and raincoats are must-haves for arty fashion types. At the showroom sale, pick up last spring's leftover samples for up to 75 percent off what you'd usually pay. Prices are from $50 for a sleeveless top to $500 for a wool coat. Sizes 4–14. *530 Seventh Ave., at 39th St. (212-704-9600); cash only; Thurs. 8–8; 10/14.*

**Joan Vass NY**'s classic, luxurious women's knits, suits, and separates are at least half off at the showroom sale. Hand-loomed sweaters are $50–500; suits are $300–$700; coats are $500–$1,000; knit accessories are $25–$100. Shoes are $50–$125. Clothes from Vass's lower-priced Joan Vass USA line are $25–$150. Sizes S–L. *117 E. 29th St. (212-213-0405); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 10–5; 10/14–10/15.*

**Nine West**, **Enzo Angiolini**, and **Easy Spirit** women's shoes really are a steal at Soiffer Haskin's gigantic Nine West stock sale. You'll find at least a few season's worth of leftovers, all much cheaper than they once were: shoes are from $25, boots are $35–$50. Sizes 5½–10½. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. (212-741-2660); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6:30; 10/11–10/15.*

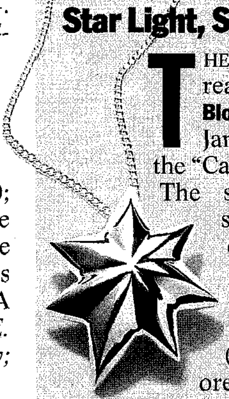
**Miss Pym**'s prim, pretty girls' clothes from seasons past are 40–60 percent off at the trunk show. Prices are from $85 for a cotton day dress to $265 for a black wool coat. If you're up for a splurge, order holiday party frocks from the new collection at full price. Infants' clothes, plus sizes 3–8. *The Stanhope, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (for information, call 212-879-9530); M.C., V.; Thurs.–Fri. 9–7, Sat. 10–8; 10/14–10/16.*

**The Gramercy Park Antiques & Textiles Show** features 100 dealers with booths selling everything from colonial Indian club chairs to French lace to old ovens—all at much lower prices than you'd pay on Madison Avenue. Admission is $10. *69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (for information, call 212-255-0020); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. till 5; 10/15–10/17.*

**Pine Tree Lodge** is taking up to 75 percent off a huge assortment of simple, country-style pine furniture, leather sofas, and other odds and ends. Leather sofas are $2,250, armoires and entertainment centers are $995, farm tables are $395–$795, and Shaker-style bookcases are $395. *326 E. 35th St. (212-481-5490); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Sun. 1–8; 10/11–10/24.* ■

LOOK GOOD, FEEL GOOD

### Star Light, Star Bright



There are several reasons to stop by **Bloomingdale's** before January and pick up the "Caring Star" pendant: The silver-plated star-shaped necklace is eye-pleasing, it costs only $12, and all proceeds go to the NCCRA (the National Colorectal Cancer Research Alliance, founded by Katie Couric). *Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St. (to order, call 800-555-SHOP).*

**DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.**

Photograph courtesy of Bloomingdale's.

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## MOVIES PETER RAINER

# Pilot Error

*Cool Kristin Scott Thomas and hot Harrison Ford may look like a case of opposites sparking, but 'Random Hearts' seems determined to prove otherwise.*

**Odd coupling: Scott Thomas and Ford finally get together in Sydney Pollack's sizzle-free *Hearts.***

SOMETIMES A BIG HOLLYWOOD PRODUCTION GOES so wrong that the spectacle of its collapse is far more compelling than the screen story we're watching. **Random Hearts**, a thick shroud of a movie starring Harrison Ford and Kristin Scott Thomas and directed by Sydney Pollack, has all the right big-ticket Hollywood credentials, and yet, almost from the get-go, it's a dud. In a way, this is reassuring: It's nice to know that the movie studios, with all their techno skills and demographic surveys and bottom lines, are still capable of screwing up so blatantly. Besides, if a film this misbegotten can come off the assembly line, maybe there's a chance something really good can slip by, too.

Harrison Ford plays an internal-affairs cop in Washington, D.C., who goes by the name of Dutch. Kristin Scott Thomas is Kay Chandler, a Republican congresswoman from New Hampshire. When a plane bound for Miami crashes into Chesapeake Bay, Dutch's wife and Kay's husband—longtime lovers on their way to a tryst—are among the dead. For Dutch and Kay, who never crossed paths before, the discovery of the adultery is like a double whammy. With his good cop's instincts, Dutch pieces together the puzzle, obsessively, while Kay, with an election coming up, doesn't want to deal with the emotional fallout. Naturally, they end up attracted to each other. (Their initial meeting is like a depresso version of meeting cute.) The chemistry is standard yin and yang: Dutch is gruff and grievous; Kay is decorous and in denial. He's a beer drinker; she sips vodka on the rocks. The only thing they seem to have in common is that neither was in a marriage that was ecstatic.

There's a strong premise buried beneath the bathos: A man whose job is to ferret out the truth is deceived by a wife he can't even mourn properly because he's too caught up in his own rage. If only Pollack and screenwriter Kurt Luedtke, adapting Warren Adler's 1984 novel, had jettisoned the cumbersome lovers-in-shock plot contrivance and focused instead on how Dutch is pulled apart and patched together. But then again, would we want to see such a film if Harrison Ford remained the center of it? As an actor, he's heavy weather; he soldiers through this movie without the slightest fillip of grace or nuance. Ford used to have a rowdy, antic spark, back in his *Star Wars–Indiana Jones* period, but his idea of playing heroes these days, particularly lumpen heroes like Dutch, is to ratchet up the self-righteousness. He plays every emotion squarely and thuddingly, as if he were a heavyweight hitting the bag.

Scott Thomas doesn't match up with him at all; she's become so hyperrefined that practically any co-star she appears with now seems brutish by comparison. (Watching her opposite Ralph Fiennes in *The English Patient* was like seeing double; they deliquesced in unison.) Kay Chandler is supposed to be a politician of some repute, and yet she acts more like a library supervisor. The filmmakers work up the usual guff about the chicanery of the political process and the intrusiveness of the media—Pollack himself turns in a freewheeling cameo as Kay's media consultant—but all this appears to be taking place on another planet from the one Kay is inhabiting. Scott Thomas doesn't have the right comportment to play a Republican congresswoman; she's patrician without the steel or the savvy. No wonder so many actors these days want to run for office. On the evidence of *Random Hearts,* it's pretty easy work.

FEW ACTORS HAVE AGED ONSCREEN AS REMARKABLY AS Terence Stamp. He looks whittled and severe, with a swatch of bright white hair and a laser stare. In Steven Soderbergh's **The Limey**, written by Lem Dobbs, he's playing an English career criminal named Wilson who has recently been let out of prison after nine years and seems none the worse for it. Wilson's elegance is like a blade: It cuts through the crap. He travels to L.A. because his daughter, from whom he's long been estranged, has been killed in an accident and Wilson, with his crook's radar, suspects foul play. Striding into enemy fire, he charges forward in his quest as implacably as Lee Marvin in *Point Blank.* Wilson is almost otherworldly in his indestruc-

Photograph by David James.

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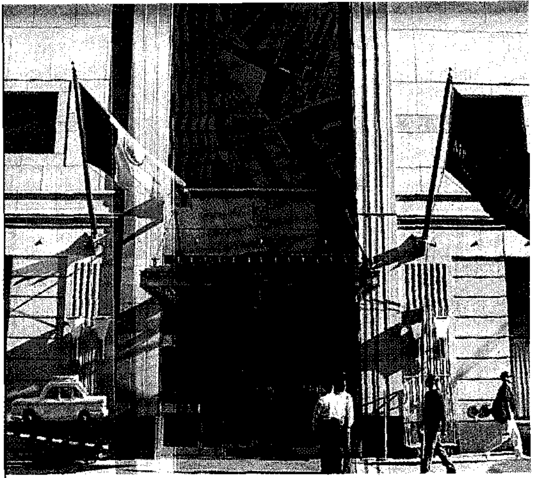

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tibleness; he represents the invincibility of vengeance.

Soderbergh's last movie, *Out of Sight,* was marred by time-jump trickery, but mostly it was a sexy, stylish spree; he's at his best, as in that film and his undervalued *King of the Hill,* when he isn't attempting to wow us with a lot of experimentation. In *The Limey,* he's going for deep-dish pulp noir, but he also wants to make a tasty art-house canapé. The movie has lots of drive, and it keeps Stamp front and center almost continuously, even in flashbacks, which are lifted from his performance as a hood in Ken Loach's 1967 *Poor Cow.* But it also plays up Soderbergh's show-offy side, which tends to denature pulp: Though the film is shot all over California, from the barrios of L.A.'s Boyle Heights to Big Sur, it's remarkably low on atmosphere. It's too fancy for that.

Peter Fonda, who, all things considered, has aged pretty well, too, plays the record producer who faces off with Wilson. His pairing with Stamp is billed as dueling sixties icons, but I doubt many in the audience will get dewy-eyed about the casting coup. What these actors represent—the bygone fripperies of Mod London and ashrams and hippie communes and what all—doesn't really carry much meaning for this film. On the other hand, I think the team of Stamp and Fonda would be a natural for the next Austin Powers movie.

**Boys Don't Cry,** DIRECTED BY FIRST-timer Kimberly Peirce, is based on the real-life story of Teena Brandon, who, calling herself Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was murdered for her deceptions in Falls City, Nebraska in 1993 by a pair of ex-cons (Peter Sarsgaard and Brendan Sexton III) she'd befriended. As Brandon, the talented Hilary Swank has a delicateness and a fine-cut androgyny that seem supremely out of place in the film's trailer-trash milieu. When Brandon is smitten by Lana (Chloë Sevigny) at a local bar, her pursuit becomes a kind of mad love with no way out. Peirce doesn't attempt a psychological explanation of Brandon, which is probably all for the best, since she was perhaps unexplainable. But the film could have used a tougher and more exploratory spirit; for Peirce, there was no cruelty, no derangement in Brandon's impostures toward the unsuspecting. The film is framed, too unquestioningly, as a transgender *Rebel Without a Cause,* with Brandon the martyred innocent who dies for her infatuations. To quote from the ad, *Boys Don't Cry* is about "finding the courage to be yourself," but Teena Brandon's life was too complex to be employed as an anthem for self-actualization. ■

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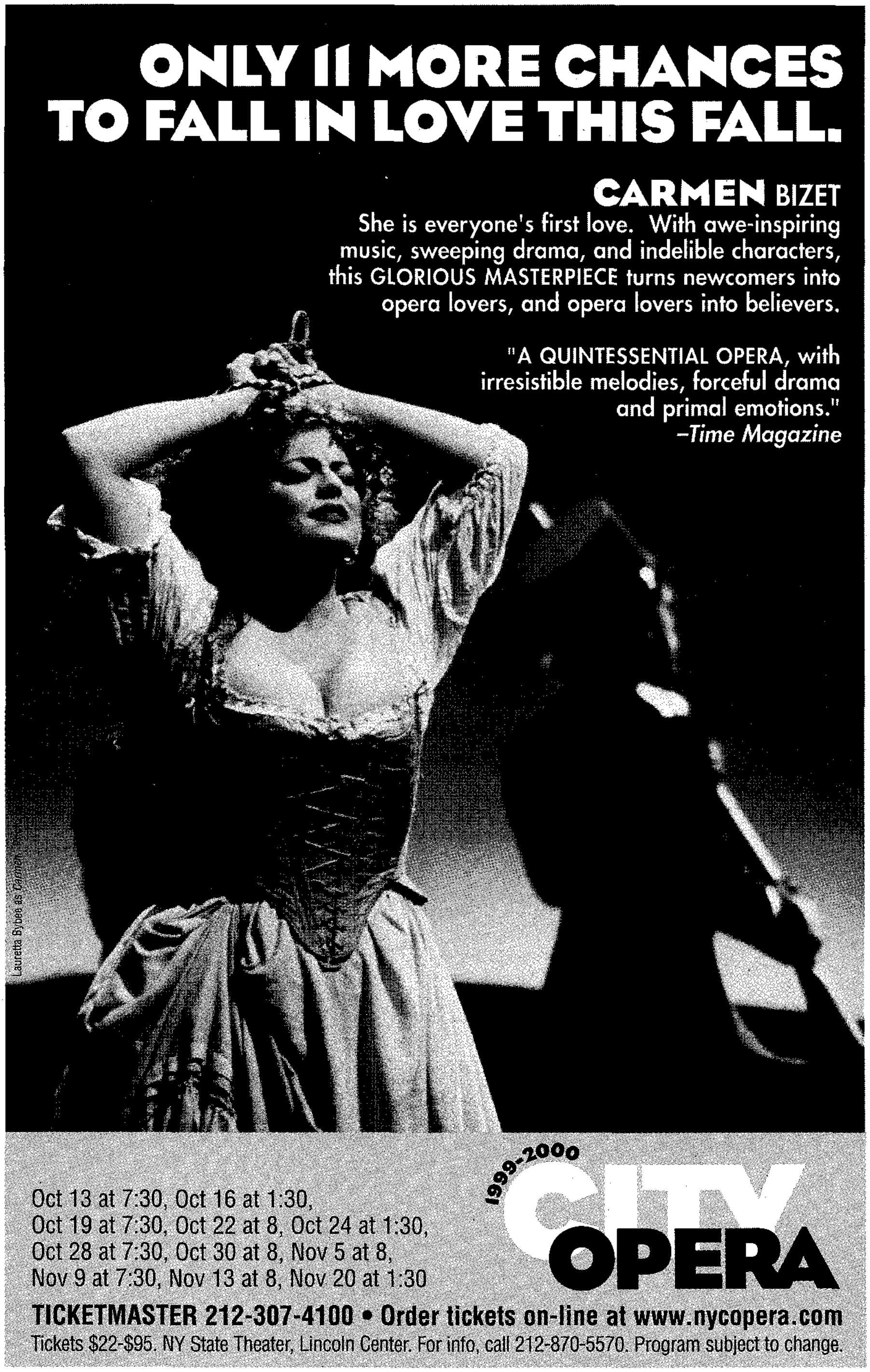
*Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**.



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THEATER JOHN SIMON

# Damaged Goods

*Centering on six embattled spouses, Brian Friel's latest, 'Give Me Your Answer, Do!' raises disturbing questions about modern marriage.*

BRIAN FRIEL'S LATEST PLAY, **Give Me Your Answer, Do!**, falls midway between such sublime work as *Translations* and such miscalculation as *Wonderful Tennessee.* One problem is that Friel is beginning to repeat himself: Themes and motifs from earlier plays float about like gossamer in Indian summer. Chekhovian memories also abound, adding cobwebs to the old manse in Ballybeg in and outside of which most of the action seethes. Once again, there are ostentatious classical-music guessing games and a chilling rain of quotations drenching the dialogue.

Eight of the nine characters are variously damaged goods—a greater profusion and intensity than in previous Friel plays. Tom Connolly is a fine but undervalued novelist on the verge of destitution. He and his embittered, gin-swilling wife, Daisy, have a catatonic daughter, Bridget, who drains them both financially and emotionally. What may once have been a good marriage is corroded by compound failure. In contrast to this is the marriage of the Fitzmaurices: the pandering, wildly successful novelist Garret and his acidly sniping wife, Gráinne. While the Connollys still harbor the embers of affection, the Fitzmaurices are all acrimony, if not indeed loathing.

Finally, there are Daisy's parents, the Donovans: Maggie, the brilliant medico laid low by marrying down—Jack's pianistic career never extended beyond cocktail lounges. His mind now wanders like his thieving fingers; Maggie is filled with understated horror as Jack prattles on. Three such wretched couples constitute an old Friel topic in Albee-esque overkill.

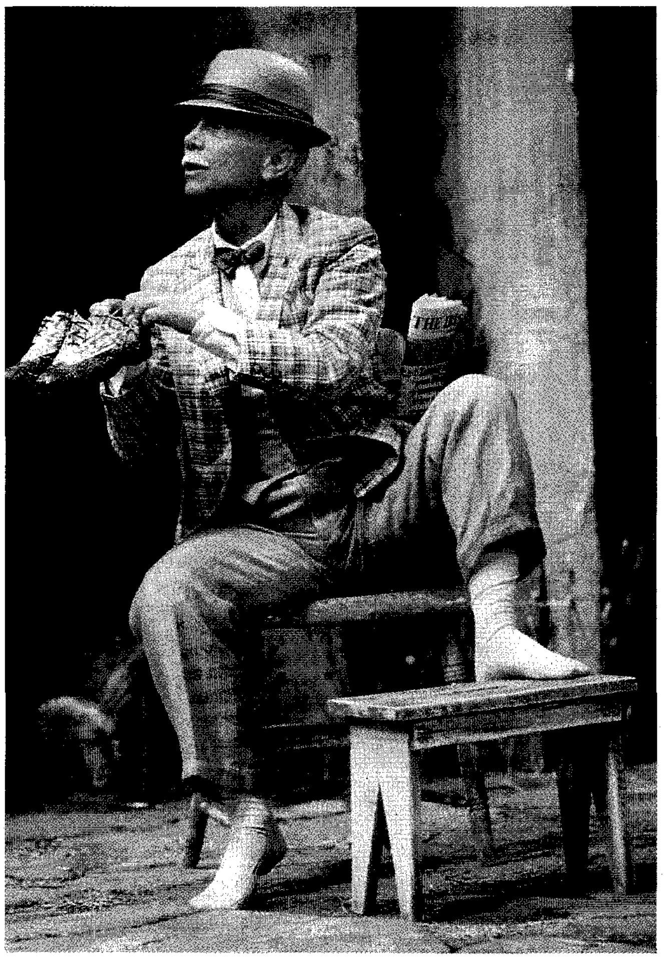
But the lone bachelor is no better off. David Knight, an American purchasing agent for the University of Texas, is buying up the manuscripts of Irish writers. Having already acquired the Fitzmaurice papers for a lavish sum, he is now examining the Connolly ones, albeit with a cryptic attitude, and "Give me your answer" is directed initially at David, though it will have deeper meanings later. David suffers from an unnamed illness, part physical, part psychic, aggravated by worries about his future. Though he forces himself into cheerfulness, his edge-of-the-abyss hysteria will burst out.

All this is hard enough. Darker yet is that Tom can eventually summon up love only for his vegetable daughter, on whom he lavishes adoringly cockeyed stories as well as other gifts she can make nothing of. (Shades of Peter Nichols's *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg.*) He denies these expansive feelings to his warmth-starved wife as a poisonous play ends with a climactic dose of hemlock.

Under Kyle Donnelly's expert direction, only Joel Grey's Jack seems not quite in the right key. Lois Smith (Maggie), John Glover (Tom), and Michael Emerson—an actor whose excesses work for David—are securely on target. Gawn Grainger and Helen Carey make the Fitzmaurices impeccably peccant, and Kate Burton, a steadily growing actress, lets us in on a moral grandeur collapsed into booze and blowsiness but, like a medieval castle, impressive even in ruins.

Thomas Lynch's set is superb down to its last shabby-genteel detail, and Kenneth Posner's lighting, like Martin Pakledinaz's costumes, doesn't miss a trick. But some of the play's final answers seem to me improbably and impractically noble. Somehow, the Racinian mode does not suit Brian Friel.

**Contact** IS BILLED AS "A DANCE PLAY BY SUSAN STROMAN and John Weidman," with what little there is of play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of



**Life of Brian: Joel Grey in *Give Me Your Answer, Do!***

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest.

The theme, we have been told, is "swing" in its sundry significances. The first item, "Swinging," is an interpretation of Fragonard's famous painting (circa 1768), and starts with a nobleman lolling over the remnants of a picnic and looking up at his lady love soaring ever higher on a swing propelled by a manservant. Charming at first, it becomes coarse and ends with a switcheroo unconvincingly meant to herald the Revolution. Stroman, not a classical choreographer, is somewhat schematic here, though not without a scintilla of winsomeness.

"Did You Move?" takes place in a 1954 Queens Italian restaurant, where a brutish, possibly mafioso client all but immobilizes his repressed wife. During his rather lengthy absences at a buffet (Why, when there is waiter service?), the wife dances rapturously, first solo, then with a complaisant headwaiter. Stroman does better here, and has in Karen Ziemba a gifted and adorable protagonist. But again, Weidman's scenario seems manipulatively unpleasant, and Stroman is not entirely at home in the *Gaîté Parisienne* mode.

But in the long third piece, "Contact," Stroman transcends mere "musical staging," to which some would limit her, and offers a swing-dancing piece worthy of the best contemporary choreographers. The story is both repetitious and predictable, but Stroman makes it emotionally involving and choreographically absorbing. An alcoholic and suicidal ad executive finds himself in a dive where a sleek girl in yellow is the cynosure of all the rowdy dancers. He is fascinated but, despite the encouragement of the bartender (the droll Jason Antoon) and come-hither looks from the girl herself, too shy to make contact.

Back home, he almost hangs himself, but the tenant downstairs, who has been telephonically protesting his bare and noise-making floors, brings up a carpet ad from the Yellow Pages—and turns out to be the girl in yellow, barefoot, hair down, in sleepwear, now even more enchanting. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career.

The recorded music is eclectic but serviceable; the sets are tasteful and evocative; the William Ivey Long costumes and Peter Kaczorowski lighting all you could ask for. A somewhat spotty evening, then, whose highlights, however, are high indeed. ▬

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*John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**.

# ART MARK STEVENS

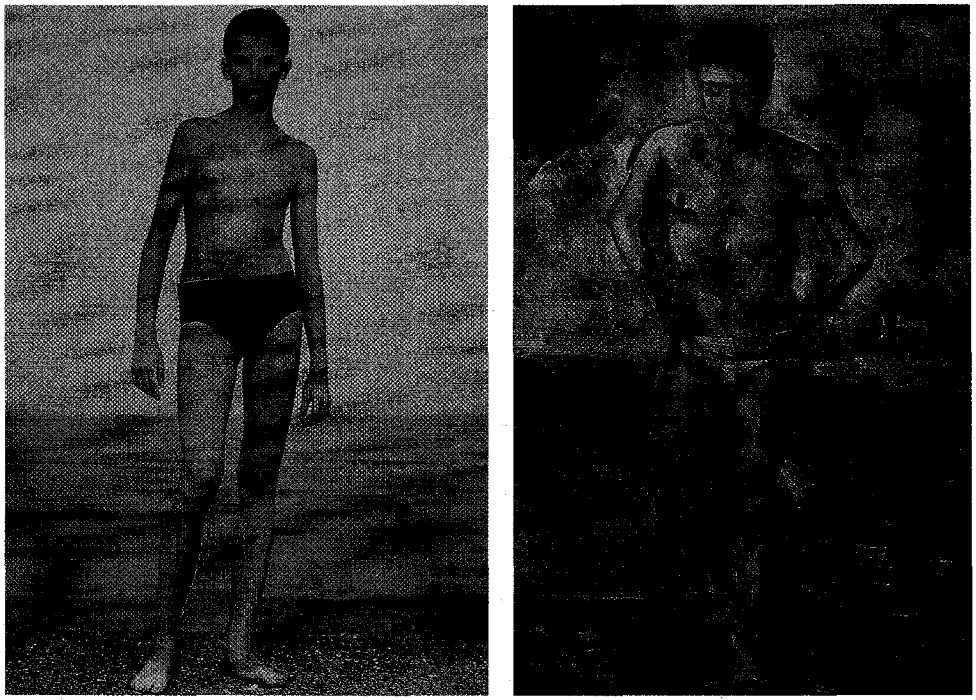
# Shuffling the Deck

*For its millennial show on the human figure, MoMA rearranges some familiar works in its permanent collection—with eye-opening results.*

THE OFFICIAL PURPOSE OF **ModernStarts: People**, the exhibition that opened last week at the Museum of Modern Art, is to explore the many ways in which artists depicted the human figure during the early years of modernism. The galleries are organized into eight installations—such as "The Language of the Body," "Actors, Dancers, Bathers," and "Composing With the Figure"—that together create a kind of flickering, kaleidoscopic view of the body during the period when Western culture lost its belief in a settled human visage. All very respectable. All very responsible. But there's also an unofficial meaning to this exhibition, one far more exciting to regular visitors to MOMA than its presentation of "the figure." Behind the academic restraint of "ModernStarts" lies a Dionysian joy at the opportunity the show provides to play with the permanent collection—a collection that has for decades seemed as fixed in place as the stones of Parnassus.

Organized by a team of curators led by John Elderfield, the exhibition is part of a larger millennium project called "MOMA-2000" and covers the years from 1880 to 1920; it will be followed next year by "Making Choices" (1920–1960) and "Open Ends" (1960–2000). "ModernStarts" is itself divided into three large sections—"People," "Places," and "Things"—that open one after another this fall. (Each section of "ModernStarts" occupies a full floor of the museum.) The simplicity of the titles "People," "Places," and "Things" evokes the powerful desire of many early modernists to return to the sources—to the basic languages of existence—in order to reconstitute, reconsider, and re-dream the world. Here and there, the curators mix recent and contemporary works into their display to indicate the way art both changes and stays the same. A mural by the contemporary artist Sol Lewitt, marking the entrance to "People," is a kind of abstract evocation of Eadweard Muybridge's serial studies of the figure, which were themselves an effort to understand the essentials of bodily movement.

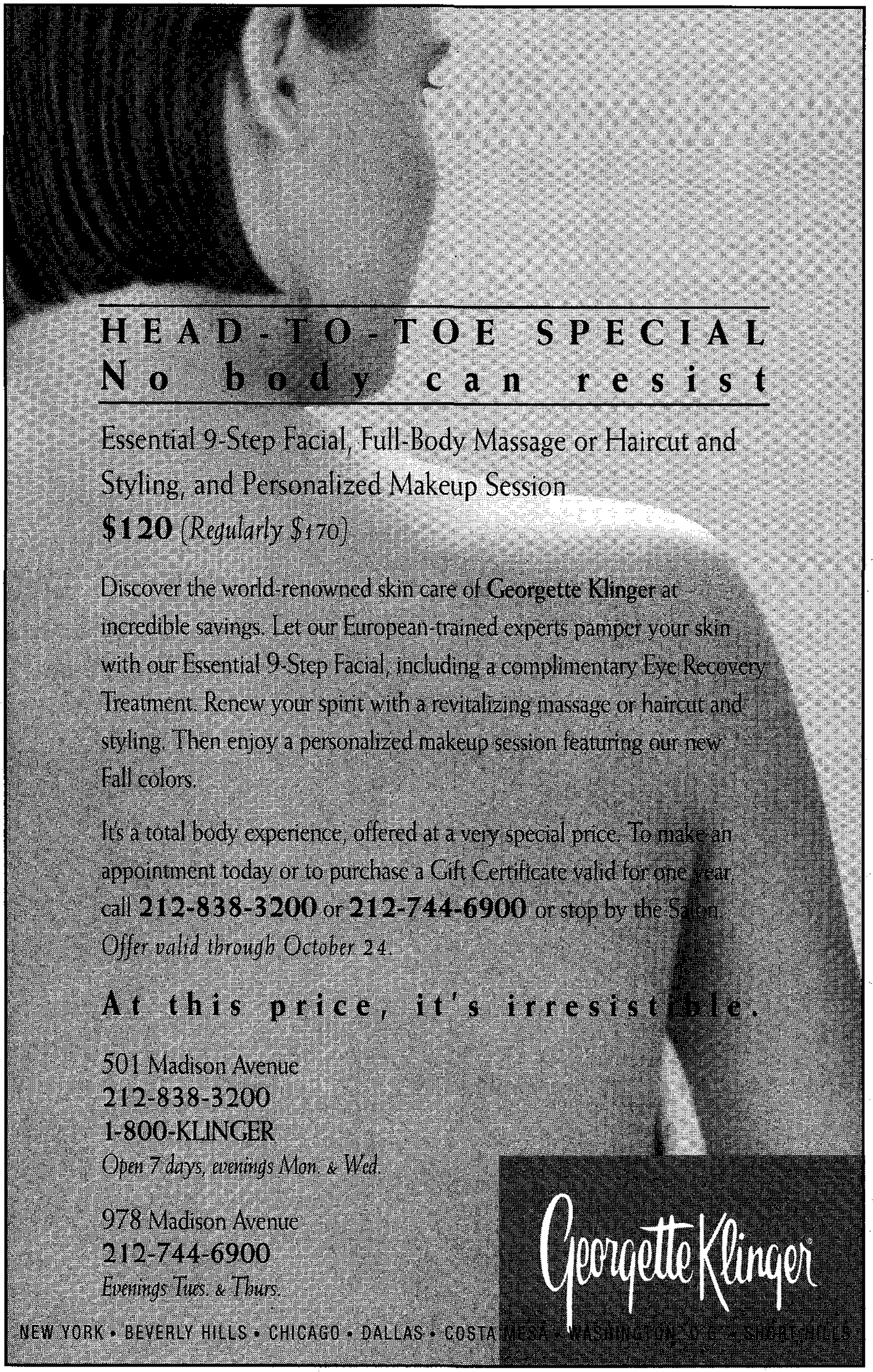
The curators approach their permanent collection in a similar way, hoping to recover first principles. A difficult task. No other museum in the world has holdings in modern art of a range, depth, and quality comparable with MOMA's. As a result, no other museum can present the encyclopedic unfolding of styles with the same effect, an almost biblical this-begat-that narrative of art during the twentieth century. So powerful is MOMA's traditional presentation of modern art that people went bananas a few years ago when the museum presumed merely to change the *frames* on the pictures. With the advent of the millennium and the prospect of moving into a new building in the next few years, the curators found themselves with a brief but irresistible opportunity to try out other ways of approaching the collection. Again and again, they place familiar works into a new, less dutiful context. In a catalogue essay, Elderfield quotes Francis Bacon: "I don't want to avoid telling a story, but I want very, very much to do the thing that Valéry said—to give the sensation without the boredom of its conveyance."



**Left to right, Rineke Dijkstra's *Odessa, Ukraine, 4 August 1993* and Cézanne's *The Bather* (1885).**

The result is astonishing—as if an old and conservative friend were suddenly to walk into the room naked. For as long as I can remember, Cézanne's *The Bather*, a painting of a young man or boy posed in the act of stepping forward, has hung near the opening of MOMA's permanent collection. It has always been surrounded by other Post-Impressionist works from the period. Its message has been, in part, *Here modern art itself seems to step forward, in the unfolding of style that you will see in the succeeding rooms.* In "ModernStarts," the curators have juxtaposed this iconic painting with a photograph taken more than a century later, Rineke Dijkstra's *Odessa, Ukraine, 4 August 1993.* The photograph shows a young boy standing on a beach in a pose similar to that of the boy in the Cézanne. Both images have

Photographs courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.



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a flat, detached aura. But the Cézanne retains the density of nineteenth-century painting, whereas the Dijkstra has the deadpan color and—in the expression of the boy—the strange mixture of naïveté and sophistication typical of contemporary culture. To see this Cézanne fast-forwarded seems to deliver a shock to time itself. And afterward, both periods—his and ours—appear enlivened.

In the next room, Matisse's great *Dance (First Version)*—which is usually given lots of open space, as if its wildly dancing pagans might fling themselves beyond the frame—is facing a careful, brilliant study of ballerinas by Degas. The gallery is small and intimate; the tension between these two versions of "the classical" is extraordinarily close and rich. If the Cézanne juxtaposition catapults the mind forward, this drawing-room hanging of the Matisse makes a place in the past for one of the most forward-looking and radical images of the century. For MOMA regulars, however, the most remarkable act of renewed seeing will come with *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon.* At MOMA, Picasso's painting is traditionally presented as the essential modern icon, the catalyst for cubism and much of what followed. In "ModernStarts," the painting is still prominently placed, framed by an entrance and centrally located on a wall. But it has been plucked from the time line of style and given new and unexpected neighbors (a Matisse and a Picabia). For a moment, it is just another picture on a wall—albeit a great one—and looks as fresh as a painting borrowed from an artist's studio.

By removing the textbook narrative of style, the curators allow the "sensation" of the early modern figure to emerge without the usual "boredom of its conveyance." The result is a modern figure that now looks unexpectedly alone, in ceaseless flux. The actual appearance of a man or woman appears to be only one truth among many. Instead, the vast spaces on either side of the human surface—the interior space of dreams and exterior space of social reality—become the presiding powers. And the metaphysical figure of the artist himself steps forward, becoming more important than the figure depicted on the canvas. When MOMA reinstalls its permanent collection, it will inevitably restore the narrative of style. That story is just too good to abandon. But the current, fleeting experiments reflected in "ModernStarts" should leave a lasting impression among its curators about what tradition in art really means. Tradition, properly understood, is not only the chrysalis; it's the butterfly. ■

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*Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**.

**CLASSICAL MUSIC** **PETER G. DAVIS**

# Send in the Clowns

*The Met goes with the tried-and-true, opening its fall season with Plácido Domingo and the Zeffirelli 'Pagliacci' and 'Cavalleria Rusticana.'*

CAN THE **Metropolitan Opera** OPEN a new season festively and still make an artistic statement? It should be possible, but this year the Met didn't even try. Instead, the company dusted off its 30-year-old production of everyone's favorite double bill, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci,* looking very seedy now but still a memento of Franco Zeffirelli's opera work before it declined into empty window dressing. At some point early in the planning stages, the evening was apparently intended to be a celebration of tenors: Luciano Pavarotti as Canio in Leoncavallo's shocker, José Cura in his Met debut as Mascagni's Turiddu, and Plácido Domingo on the podium. No doubt late-career discretion persuaded Pavarotti not to risk such a taxing role, so Domingo went on in his stead, Carlo Rizzi took over the conducting duties, and Cura appeared as scheduled.

**The comedy is finite: Veronica Villarroel and Plácido Domingo in *Pagliacci.***

Mostly by default, then, the whole occasion turned into yet another homage to Domingo, and much was made of the tenor who has now surpassed Enrico Caruso's Met record of singing seventeen opening nights. Ah, another meaningless statistic. Even Domingo, who will whip out a date book and give you his astonishing career statistics at a moment's notice, had the grace to point out during a post-performance presentation that Caruso died at age 48, and that, had he lived, he would surely have gone on to set a record no one could ever beat. In any case, Domingo, at 58, can just manage a respectable Canio, although only with the downward transpositions he so frequently makes these days—sometimes even just for a brief phrase—that result in some pretty excruciating up-and-down key shifts in the orchestra. Otherwise, his performance was business as usual: carefully husbanded, shrewdly vocalized, and without a shred of spontaneity.

Turiddu may be too short a role to make a fair assessment of Cura, a Domingo protégé and already in hot demand around the world. His basic vocal personality bears a strong resemblance to his mentor's: a voice more yric than dramatic, with an attractively burnished but covered tone that robs him of the free, ringing top notes an Italian-style tenor should ideally possess. He also takes a rather nonchalant, even slapdash attitude toward the music, perhaps to emphasize the sleazy side of this spoiled Sicilian stud. That Cura can easily do—he is a born stage animal with built-in sex appeal—but there's no reason why he couldn't sing with more consistency and achieve the same effect. Save for Dwayne Croft's elegantly vocalized Silvio in *Pagliacci,* there was not much else to admire, certainly not Dolora Zajick's monotonous bellowing as Santuzza, Veronica Villarroel's hooty Nedda, Juan Pons's crude Tonio, Nikolai Putilin's pitchshy Alfio, and Rizzi's perfunctory conducting.

Perhaps to atone for this tacky opening night, the Met revived last season's production of Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron* the next evening. The composer's most profound, most moving, and, for some of us, most beautiful twelve-tone score, this opera will always be a work of limited appeal, and the Met deserves credit for staging it at all. I had hoped that a second viewing might win me over to Graham Vick's production, but the whole affair still strikes me as hopelessly inappropriate and trivial. When not wallowing in tiresome private symbols, Vick's cartoon approach just seems deeply silly, especially in the ridiculously staged Golden Calf orgy where *West Side Story* meets *Samson et Dalila.* At least James Levine's lovingly prepared interpretation has more emotional core and instrumental color than it did last time, and the two protagonists, John Tomlinson and Philip Langridge, have sharpened their performances considerably. Even so, this lamentable collection of cheap shots surely set the cause of *Moses und Aron* in New York back a generation.

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

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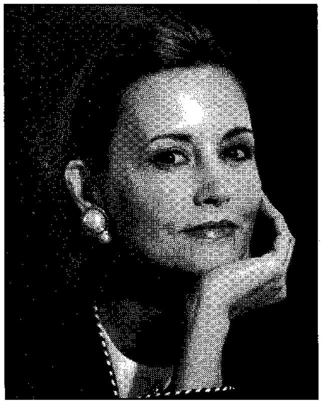

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Domingo returned later in the week for a revival of Verdi's *Otello*. To groans from the house, Met general manager Joseph Volpe appeared before the curtain to announce that the tenor was suffering from a cold and craved the audience's indulgence. That hardly seemed necessary. Aside from the occasional nonexistent high note snatched at and quickly abandoned, Domingo gave his familiar efficient statement of the part, one that we will all surely miss when he finally retires. Actually, I could name several Otellos from the recent past that I miss far more, all of whom found greater depths of terror, tragedy, and pity in the character than Domingo, not to mention more sheer vocal splendor. Right now, though, in these lean times, Domingo still owns the role, and no successor is in sight.

Iago should not be such a problem to cast, which makes James Morris's stiffly stalking presence here a mystery. Not only does the music lie too high for him, but his bass is also now sounding washed-out and monochromatic, and his ideas about how to play this arch-villain are embarrassingly stagy. Aside from the orchestra under Levine, who seems to have fallen in love with this miraculous score afresh, the evening's principal redeeming feature is Barbara Frittoli as Desdemona. Since Italian sopranos have all but vanished from the international opera scene, it's a pleasure to encounter one whose voice is so clear and unblemished, who phrases with such musical grace, and who makes her language sound so expressive.

CARNEGIE HALL IS PRESENTING PROGRAMS of extraordinary depth and scope this season, but apparently even this noble institution feels that opening night is no time to challenge audiences with tough fare. Besides, since the **Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra** under Lorin Maazel was in town and the fiftieth anniversary of Richard Strauss's death is at hand, what could be more appropriate than a deluxe evening of that composer's favorite showpieces? And it was all very luscious—no other orchestra, no matter who happens to be in charge, serves up Strauss with more generosity or calorie-rich helpings than the VPO. Perhaps with Maazel on the podium the musicians were encouraged to inject extra amounts of melodrama into *Also Sprach Zarathustra,* impish fun into *Till Eulenspiegel,* and sheer schmaltz into a suite from *Der Rosenkavalier.* More tightly organized sonorities and sharper instrumental definition might have been nice, too, but why quibble? Strauss seldom sounds quite as sumptuous as this. ■

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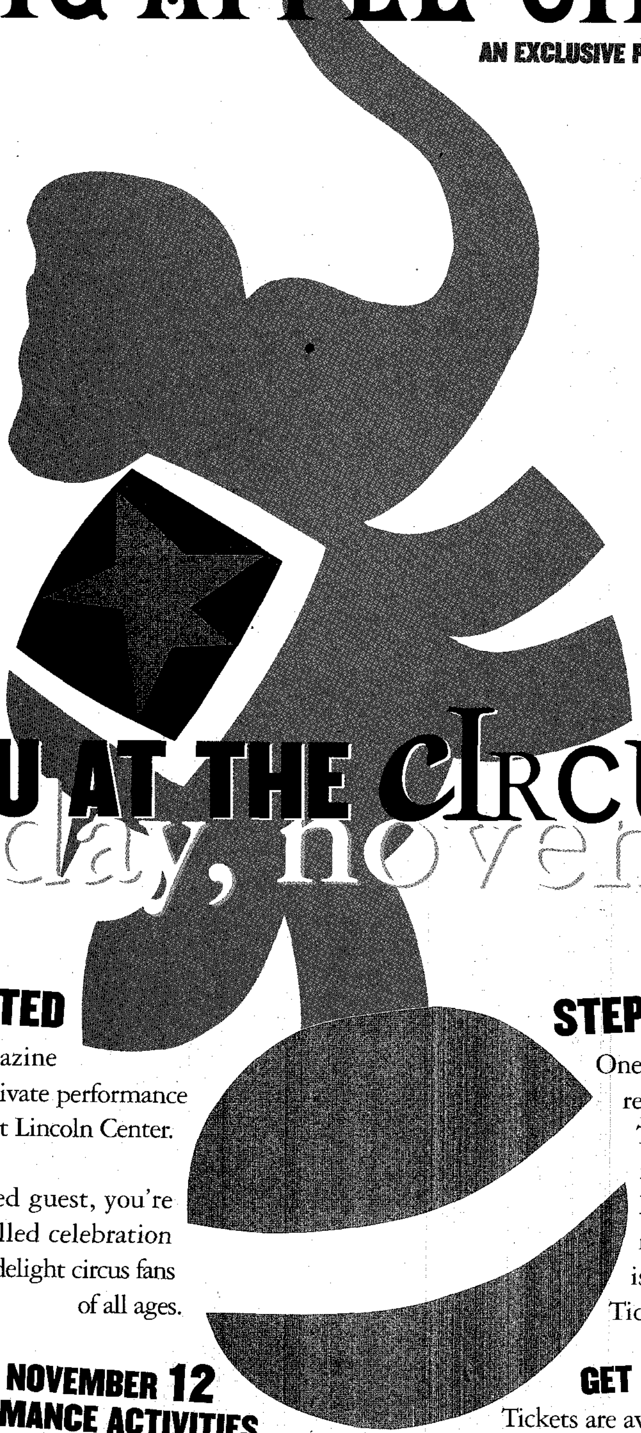

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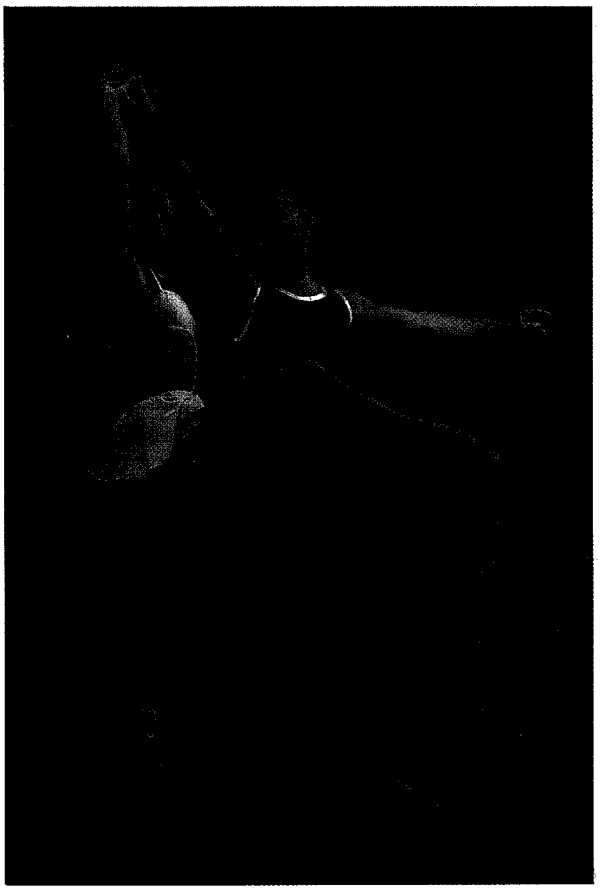
DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

# Harlem Nocturne

*Dance Theatre of Harlem's winning dancers can't redeem a ho-hum repertoire; Martha Clarke's Chekhovian misadventure earns points for effort.*

**Dance Theatre of Harlem** WAS FOUNDED 30 years ago to prove that blacks belong in classical ballet. Its driving force was—and remains—Arthur Mitchell, who cut short a stellar career with the New York City Ballet under Balanchine to bring his vision into being. The survival of DTH is a miracle, given the old prejudices that still prevail; its triumphs in the course of its roller-coaster history, cause for rejoicing. At the moment, though, it's hard to make a case for the group as the strong classical company it aspires to be.



Kellye A. Saunders and Donald Williams in *Return.*

Photograph by Janet P. Levitt.

The repertoire alone for its recent two-week run at the City Center revealed this uncomfortable truth. Apart from three Balanchine ballets, DTH presented nothing from the classical-dance canon—the treasure house that advances performers' capabilities as it deepens and refines an audience's appreciation of the art. Instead, the season was centered on works that draw—with a very free hand—on the traditions of the African diaspora (Geoffrey Holder's 1982 *Banda* remains the most gratifying in this mode) and the tough-chic crossover stuff that's being done everywhere (here, notably, created by black choreographers). The company's brand-new offerings, Dwight Rhoden's *Twist* and Robert Garland's *Return,* fall into the latter category, where the simpler and showier elements of ballet are co-opted for a movement mix focused on the sensational. On this turf, the subject matter—suggested only vaguely, according to contemporary fashion—is the impossibility of joy, and even of purpose, in our troubled times. Every time this proposition is reiterated, it becomes less convincing.

The company's current dancers are unique (no humanoid clones here) and personable, as DTH dancers have invariably been. But, as has chronically been the case, they are technically underequipped. Their turnout is incomplete and insecure; their footwork either stiff or flaccid; their strength insufficient; their precision a sometime thing. The number of dancers is another concern: The ranks seem terribly thin. Alumni returned to the fold only for the anniversary season carried lots of the major roles, while many of the dancers making up the ensemble are noticeably *pre*-professional.

At all levels, individual dancers proved disarming: the veteran Donald Williams, who is a true creature of the stage; Andrea Long, who grasps the loneliness and sorrow behind the fierce façade of the Firebird; James Washington, who epitomizes the physical and temperamental grace of DTH at its best; and a young, plump woman in the ranks with as yet limited technical prowess who nevertheless emanates irresistible charm. Such delights are nowhere near enough to constitute an argument that DTH is thriving as one would hope, but they cheer you up some.

**Martha Clarke,** WHOSE *VERS la flamme* recently played the New Victory, was a mainstay of Pilobolus in its earliest, most inventive days. She specializes in wordless lyric theater, setting a blend of mime and dance to music in pursuit of heady, evocative atmosphere. Essentially, she wants to produce the effect of a poem without writing the poem. For *Vers la flamme,* 33 Scriabin piano pieces, with a final fillip of Rachmaninoff—played onstage by Christopher O'Riley—serve as mood music. The narrative and psychological content of Clarke's staging, we're told, was inspired by five Chekhov stories, including "The Lady With the Lapdog," "The Darling," and "Enemies."

Clarke has thwarted her own efforts by emphasizing (in interviews and in her program notes) her desire to produce a nonliteral version of these texts—and then providing Monarch Notes

*(continued on page 66)*

HAL RUBENSTEIN

# Fireman's Ball

*Shelly Fireman, of Brooklyn Diner fame, brings Sheepshead Bay to the Upper East Side; in TriBeCa, small miracles can still happen.*

IT'S ONLY A HUNCH, BUT I BET IF YOU SCORED A TEN spot for every out-of-town pal offering free dinner, provided "we don't go someplace full of tourists; I want to be with New Yorkers . . . like where *you* go," your pockets would be bulging with enough bucks for you to join the millionaires' club fighting Trump's too-tall-for-comfort East Side tower—or at least afford a one-bedroom with river view.

Problem is, as enviably urbane as Nobu's or Bond Street's saketini-sipping cuties appear, they are a species no more indigenous to this city than the cast of *Friends*. By rights, you should be taking your buds to Brooklyn, where there are fewer men and women in Helmut behaving badly or menus with fish only Florence Fabricant has heard of. But if you're the kind who hesitates to cross the river unless heading to a summer house, or can't remember whether the 6 or the D goes to Court Street, then you owe Shelly Fireman big-time for moving mountains for your benefit (and they're definitely not Muhammad's).

Despite its transplant status, **Fireman's of Brooklyn** blatantly celebrates it's trans-riverine roots. Shipshape utilitarian décor evokes Sheepshead Bay, while sincere greetings, constant eye contact, and ever-ready, succinct information characterize a staff more concerned with your appetite and welfare than with whether their indie is picked up for Sundance.

But it's the lacquery haze of Aquanet hovering over numerous tables of multiple generations that's the unexpected dividend of Fireman's deliberate dislocation. For the *mishpokhe* in the mist are our *real* "native" New Yorkers: the ones who go to Shea though they've no corporate box, stretch without Radu, and know that the R and the N take you to Court Street. They may refer to your J.P. Tod's as loafers, but they sure know about food. Well, they know what they like, anyway.

And your true neighbors crave reassuring dishes—food designed less to impress than simply to enjoy. That's why they dine so fervently at Fireman's. Love-it-in-an-instant gratification awaits those who covet chorus lines of luscious, curvy shrimp hardly needing cocktail sauce, buckets of nasty-looking but slimily seductive steamers, or the "pop" rock shrimp, which actually crackle and crunch, though not nearly as loudly as the Caesar with aromatic shards of Parmesan.

Lovers of bonito in a cèpe crust, take note. Fireman's way with seafood dates back to B.B. (before Le Bernardin). But come on, don't you occasionally daydream about clam chowder so heartily soothing you take it home in quarts? Fireman's will have it packed and ready when you leave. Shellfish platters sparkle with sweet, icy freshness. Even misguided contemporary nods like tuna spring roll and shrimp-and-chorizo quesadillas don't betray Fireman's immediate, unsubtle, bite-me-hard approach. Therefore, take a pass on the proposed vinaigrette substitute and indulge in the giddy, mayonnaise-glazed sloppiness of a lobster roll.

Fireman's grills any fresh market fish checked on the menu that day, and nobody makes a face if you request the sauce on the side, or anywhere on the table for that matter. Of the cooked seafood, it beats me what incites the name "shanty" lobster unless it's too much butter, and linguine pescatore seems more under control than bouillabaisse, but damned if crab cakes aren't plenty jumbo and plenty lumpy—all that keeps dinner partners from tearing them apart is a more desperate need to grab handfuls of your shoestring fries.

No Kings County menu would restrict itself to fish any more than the mayor would visit its museum for a lecture on African art. And Fireman's doesn't settle for pacifying carnivores with a flinty pyramid of chopped liver. Pungent, oniony Romanian tenderloin raises the crucial question: Why favor filet or rib-eye ever again? A gentle, embracing sweetness is baked into Bubba's chicken with chicken-liver pâté and mashed potatoes. But the knockout chicken potpie is what makes visitors sorry they don't

Fish
Fried Oysters
Shrimp Cocktail
Brooklyn Bouillabaisse
Crab Cakes
Lobster Rolls

**Island travel: Fireman's may be on Third Avenue, but it still tastes just like Shore Parkway.**

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

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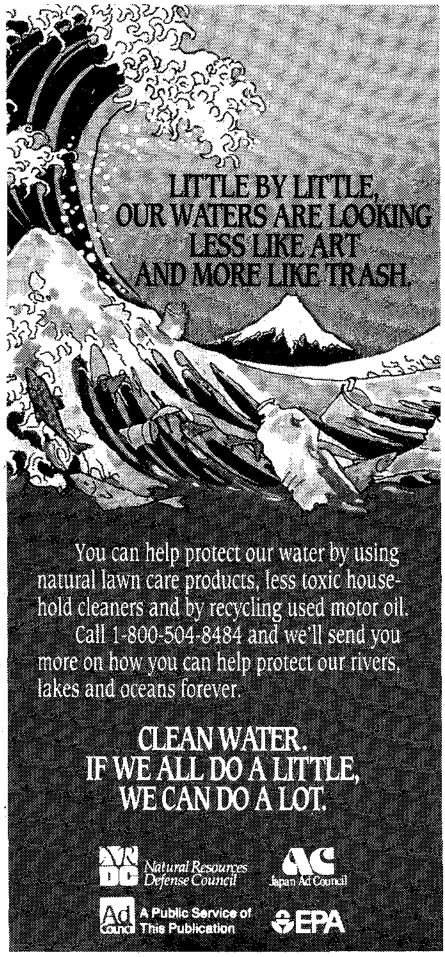

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live here. So what if no one I know ever walked these mean streets fueled by this dense, flagrantly overloaded stew? The next time they break into a crust, they're gonna be mighty sorry if they see apples.

Fittingly, desserts ought to be pulled by trailer hitch. (The Flatbush Avenue chocolate-mousse pie could fill any post-winter pothole.) Unnaturally, their flavors seem to thrive in bulk. However, if your visitors learn one urban gesture that distinguishes the citizenry around them, it's that true New Yorkers never feast on one dessert with four forks. It's four desserts. Three bites. Then pass to the left, and repeat. Believe me, this they don't teach you at Nobu.

*Fireman's of Brooklyn (1081 Third Avenue, at 63rd Street; 212-838-7570). Monday through Thursday 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M., Friday till 11:30 P.M., Saturday 11 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Sunday till 10 P.M. Appetizers, $5.95 to $11.95; entrées, $11.95 to $31.95. All major credit cards.*

**RESTAURANTS**

SHIFTING BROOKLYN A LITTLE TO THE LEFT IS quite a feat. So what do we call successfully hijacking a piece of Florence to West Broadway? Sanctuary. **Pepolino** is the rapturous invention of two self-effacing men whose smiles make Ricky Martin seem aloof and who could make a good living teaching charm seminars at the Learning Annex. Enzo Pezone and Patrizio Siddu are veterans of Il Cibrao, the restaurant in Florence most likely to take your mind off Michelangelo's *David*'s butt. But unlike most of their Euro-born restaurateuring neighbors, they opened Pepolino not as a home base for their fabulousness but as a place where anyone can experience their almost blindsiding generosity. Go ahead. Hit Pepolino after your worst day. By the third spoonful of their joyously pleasing pappa al pomodoro, you don't stand a chance. In two cozy, unpretentious rooms, you'll derive startling satisfaction from pastas as basic as sausage-and-arugula; the pleasing hominess of a mussel terrine or chicken sautéed with pears and pecorino; the luxuriance of rustic dishes like lamb stuffed with artichoke, and sea bass in an olive crust; and the absolute surprise of delicious desserts in an Italian trattoria.

But best of all, it's a delight to meet these two lovely, ingenuous men. Pepolino feels smaller than a child's wave. So don't scare them away. Descend on them slowly. It would be nice if they stayed long enough to think of themselves as natives.

*Pepolino (281 West Broadway; 212-966-9983). Open Sunday through Thursday noon to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday till midnight. Appetizers, $5 to $8.50; entrées, $15 to $19. A.E.* ▬

*Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**.

**Tobias** *continued from page 64*

synopses of them in the program, as if a Chekhov tale, essentially a revelation of character and worldview, could be reduced to its plot. Without some knowledge of the stories, of course, the spectator would be utterly baffled by the vague, redundant proceedings, which are dominated by melodramatic hysteria, vigorous simulated copulation, a comic vein alien to Chekhov, and an element of the-macabre-as-entertainment that belongs entirely to Pilobolus. But for the viewer familiar with Chekhov's work—at once ironic and tender, detached yet utterly humane—Clarke's spin-off is pathetically inadequate and off the mark.

Given the poverty of their material, the performers—Felix Blaska, Kate Coyne, Sean Dalal, Margie Gillis, George de la Peña, Alexandre Proia, and Paola Styron—work miracles. Jane Greenwood's costumes, wonderful in motion as well as at rest, provide the sheer beauty and the potent suggestion Clarke aims for and fails to achieve. Oddly enough, I still admire Clarke for trying to realize her vision. Readers of Chekhov may well dismiss her results as merely decorative and manipulatively titillating. But Clarke is doing her damnedest to entice her audience into her dream.

**DANCE**

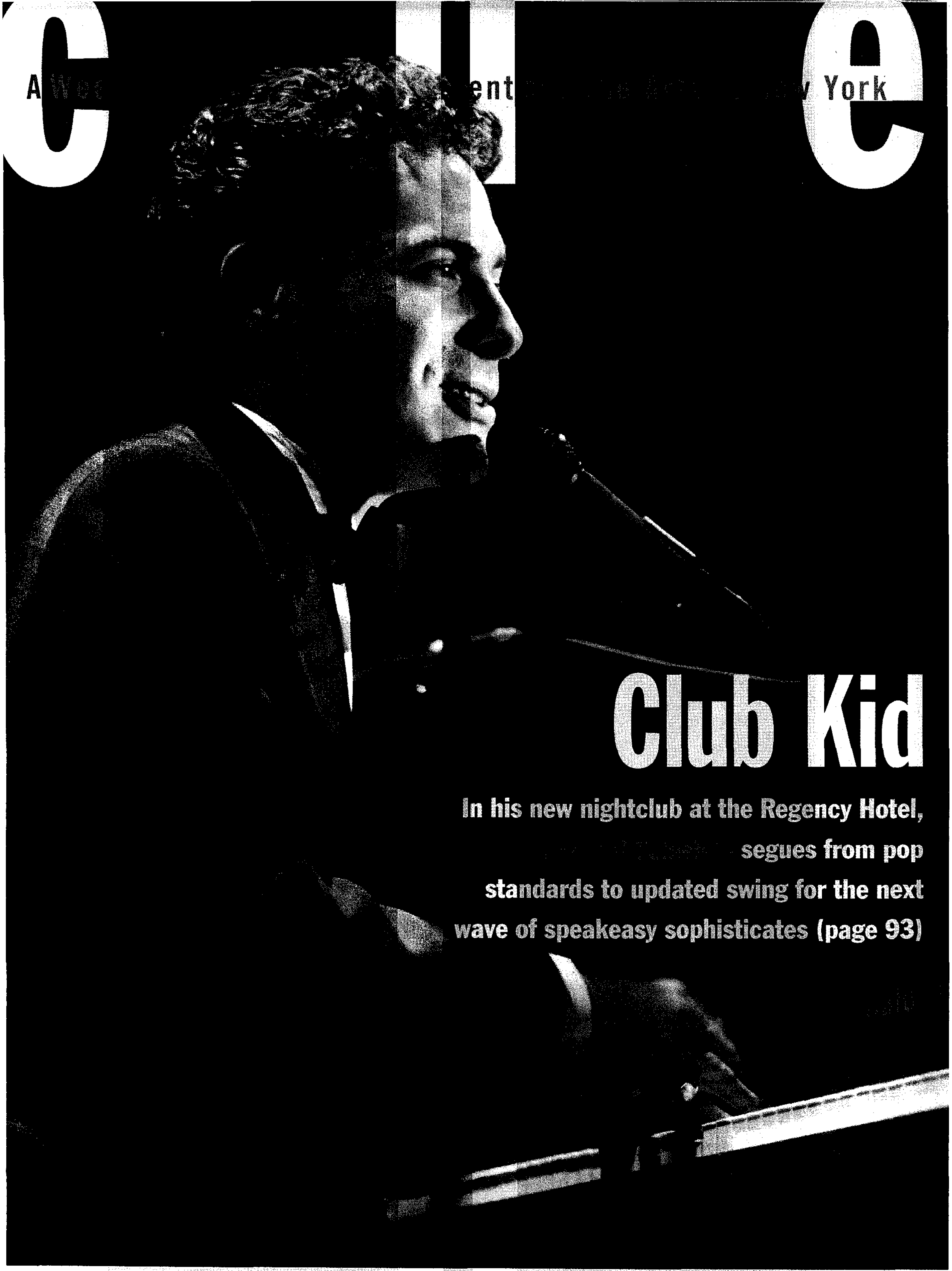
I WENT TO THE MITZI E. NEWHOUSE FOR *Contact,* **Susan Stroman**'s collaboration with the playwright John Weidman, to see Stroman, the current darling of musical theater, choreographing on her home turf. Within recent memory, two unlikely (and unlike) hosts had commissioned her services. The pieces she created for the New York City Ballet and the Martha Graham Dance Company were bright, clever, superficial, and of course utter anomalies in the essentially highbrow repertoires they joined.

Stroman's work in *Contact* is bright, clever, superficial, and overambitious in the Emotional Significance department. It's also way overextended in time, its content sufficient for no more than a skit. The show, in which words are kept to a minimum, comprises three takes on erotic fantasy: a raunchy extension of the celebrated Fragonard painting of lovers and a swing, which becomes a tour de force of coitus in transit; the Walter Mitty–ish dream life of a much put-upon hausfrau of the fifties; and the ostensibly contemporary saga of a successful, suicidal advertising exec who's saved by the dream girl he discovers in a lowdown club. The last segment is the excuse for long stretches of swing dancing that's been showbizzed to a high gloss. I believe we are meant to be entertained. ▬

*Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at* **newyorkmag.com**.

# Cue

A Wee [illegible] ent [illegible] York



## Club Kid

In his new nightclub at the Regency Hotel, [illegible] segues from pop standards to updated swing for the next wave of speakeasy sophisticates (page 93)

art 79 concerts 91 dance 91 kids 98 the mix 95 movies 68 nightlife 92
online restaurants sports television theater the written word

# movies

### The Story of Us . . . The Straight Story

**Previews**

## The Lawnmower Man

**What's weirder than a David Lynch movie? How about a G-rated David Lynch movie based on the true story of a 74-year-old man who rides his lawnmower from Iowa to Wisconsin to see his estranged dying brother? Even more disturbing, just about everything in *The Straight Story* makes perfect sense . . . except Sissy Spacek's inexplicable speech impediment and a set of twins who aren't really twins at all. The film, which stars Richard Farnsworth (above), opens Friday.**

## New Films

**Achilles' Heel**—A romantic comedy about a young Greek insurance salesman who falls for a dancing instructor. With Mather Zickel and Claudia Besso. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

**The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland**—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**American Beauty**—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* onstage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**Bandits**—A movie about a female rock band that escapes prison (did I mention they were in prison? Well, they were in prison) and tears across Germany, but not without finding some cool clothes, making a video, and recording a hit single. In German with English subtitles. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

**Bedrooms and Hallways**—A campy romantic comedy about a man who joins a men's group and develops a crush on an Irishman. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

**Beefcake**—Buff young men parade about scantily clad in this look at photographer Bob Mizer, the king of male-physique-magazine publishing during the fifties. Writer-director Thom Fitzgerald revisits this campy milieu by mixing dramatic sequences with documentary footage, including Mizer's home movies of "the boys." (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

**Black Cat, White Cat**—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthier gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

**The Blair Witch Project**—A nifty, scary, zero-budget dramatic feature about a documentary crew that investigates a local legend—the Blair Witch—in the remote woods in Maryland and, as we find out right at the start, doesn't live to tell the tale. The cast (Heather Donahue, Joshua Leonard, Michael Williams) shot and improvised much of the footage; the writer-editor-director credits are shared by Daniel Myrick and Eduardo Sanchez. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

### Ground Rules:

**These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.**

**Blue Streak**—Martin Lawrence is a jewel thief posing as a cop in order to recover a diamond he's hidden in a precinct. With Dave Chappelle and Luke Wilson. (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**The Boys**—An Australian ex-con returns to his family after a year in prison that has left him paranoid, frustrated, and possibly questioning his sexuality. (1 hr. 26 mins.; R) *Opens 10/15.*

**Boys Don't Cry**—See Rainer, page 54. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; UA Union Square.*

**Buena Vista Social Club**—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

**Cremaster 2**—Very loosely based on Norman Mailer's *The Executioner's Song*, this fourth installment in Matthew Barney's disparate and visually extraordinary series is set in Utah and stars Barney as murderer Gary Gilmore and Mailer as Harry Houdini. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

**The Dinner Game**—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

**Double Jeopardy**—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country in an attempt to win back her son and finish off her evil husband. Thanks to a loophole and an exhausted Tommy Lee Jones, it's all fairly legal. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**Drive Me Crazy**—Melissa Joan Hart is *Clueless* while

'Cue' cover photograph by Larry Busacca/Retna.

Adrian Grenier is more *Dawson's Creek.* But the two resolve to date anyway, in order to make the people they'd *really* like to go to the prom with jealous. Teenagers can be *so* Machiavellian. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**Earth**—Deepta Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**Eyes Wide Shut**—Stanley Kubrick's last film is about a swank Upper West Side couple, William and Alice, played by Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose marriage is derailed when the wife reveals to her husband an imagined erotic longing. Despite his supersophisticated sheen, William's a naïf, and his wife's confession sends him into a nocturnal dreamlike quest that encompasses a hooker's ratty Village pad and, later, a Long Island mansion where a masked ball is being played out with rutting couples and lots of chanting. It all gets pretty silly, and yet the force of obsession in this film is transfixing: It's not William's obsession but Kubrick's. He's a control freak making a movie about the loss of control, about the bad places illicit longings can take you. It's a cold movie about a hot subject, and Cruise and Kidman, who give off a chilly fortitude, are all too perfectly cast. (Rainer; 7/26/99) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

**Fever Pitch**—Colin Firth is an English professor obsessed with soccer who falls in love. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR). *Opens 10/15.*

**Fight Club**—Brad Pitt is a prophetic soap salesman. Edward Norton is an easily swayed automotive-recall inspector. Together, when they're not beating the crap out of each other for sport, they incite uproarious mayhem. Helena Bonham Carter and Meat Loaf Aday join in the fun. And boy, is it fun. (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *Opens 10/15.*

**Five Wives, Three Secretaries and Me**—Tessa Blake's documentary about her despondent millionaire father. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**For Love of the Game**—In this turgid weepie, Kevin Costner plays an over-the-hill pitcher for the Detroit Tigers who gets a shot at a perfect game against the Yankees during which we flash back repeatedly to the ace's past. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews 84th Street; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

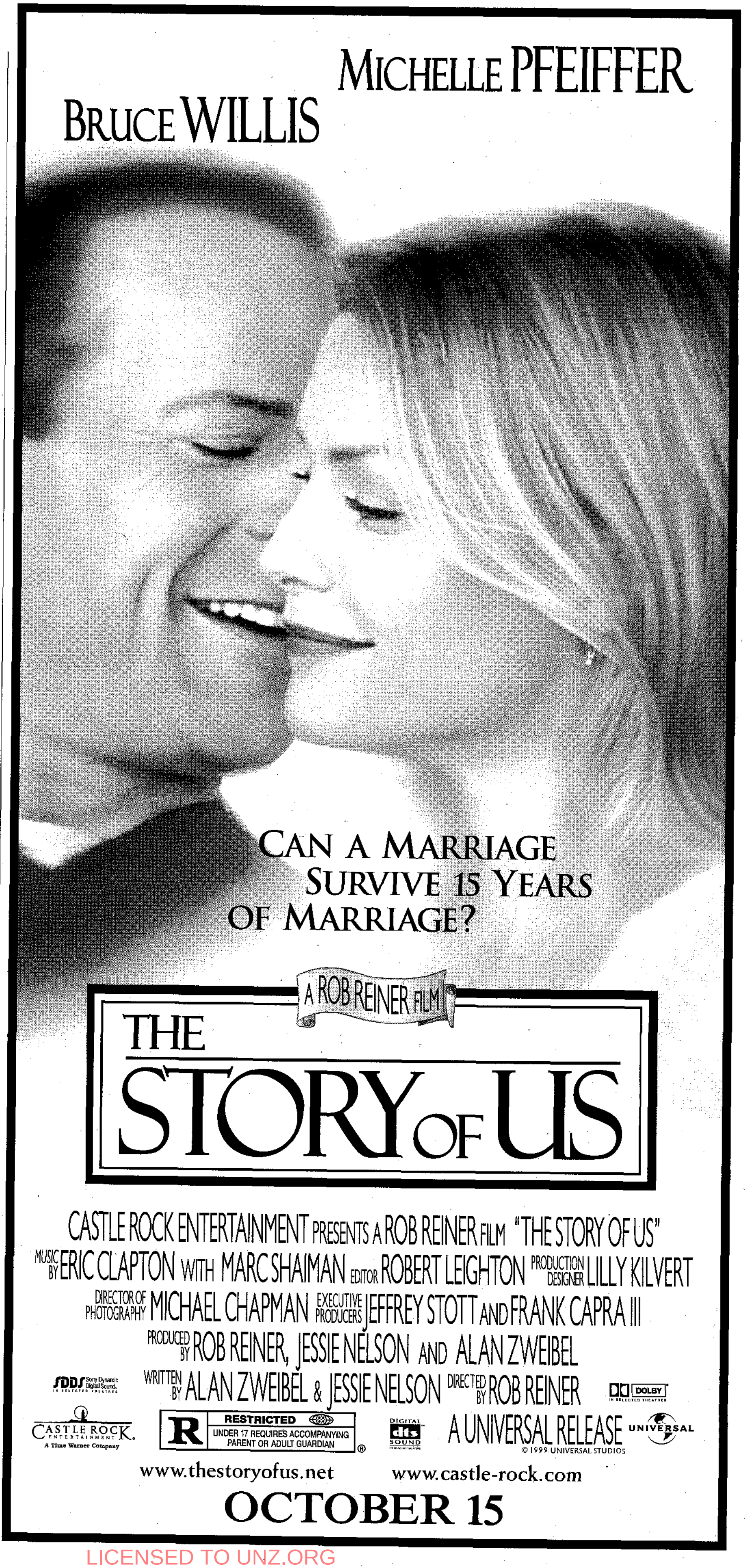
**The Grandfather**—The story of a curmudgeonly count who—after learning of his widowed daughter-in-law's infidelities—tries to deduce which of his granddaughters is his rightful heir, until he's enlightened as to just how stupid that is. In Spanish with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

**Guinevere**—Stephen Rea is Connie Fitzpatrick, a drunken and aging photographer who has a tendency to take in shy and pretty young women with potential, like Harper (Sarah Polley), and teach them about art, literature, love, and co-dependency. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Crown Gotham.*

**Happy, Texas**—A pair of escaped convicts, played by Jeremy Northam and Steve Zahn, end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior-miss beauty pageants in this high-/low-concept balderdash graced by an immensely touching performance by William H. Macy as a police sheriff smitten by one of the escapees. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Union Square; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

**Illuminata**—John Turturro's beautifully written, directed, and acted film that explores love's durability—and other follies—as experienced by a theater company in 1905 New York. With Susan Sarandon, Katherine Borowitz, Rufus Sewell, Christopher Walken, and Ben Gazzara. (About 2 hrs.; R) *The Screening Room.*

**Inspector Gadget**—Matthew Broderick, Joely Fisher, and Rupert Everett star in the live-action spin-off



MICHELLE PFEIFFER
BRUCE WILLIS

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SURVIVE 15 YEARS
OF MARRIAGE?

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## Running Time

# That's Mr. Loaf to You

**If you've spent the past few months living under a rock—or anywhere VH1 isn't airing its nonstop *Behind the Music* pathographies—you might be forgiven for thinking that Meat Loaf hung up his sweaty, too-tight tuxedo shirts years ago. But as his new autobiography, *To Hell and Back,* attests, Marvin Lee Aday (nicknamed Meat Loaf by his father) remains a master of heavy mettle: He survived the VH1-required years of anguish and chemically induced self-destruction to rise from the ashes of pop-star burnout as a middle-aged balladeer and character actor. Indeed, he's been acting ever since his 1975 big-screen debut as Eddie in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* so video director-turned-filmmaker David Fincher (*Seven, The Game*) figured Aday would have no trouble playing Bob Paulsen (with Edward Norton, below), the weepy, big-breasted, testicular-cancer survivor in *Fight Club.* "When you see most musicians in movies, you say, 'Oh, that's what's-his-name doing that part,' " says Aday. "I don't want that. I desperately try to keep that persona away from my film work. I try to pull myself completely away from the characters." Fincher gave him plenty to pull away from. "During the fight scenes, he had me on double-platform shoes so I'd be much bigger than everyone else in the room," Aday says. "The suit I was wearing weighed 38 pounds, and it wasn't just breasts—I was completely padded from knees to elbows. When I walked into the press junkets, people would go, 'Man, you on a crash diet?' " For his next act, Aday can be seen in *Crazy in Alabama,* Antonio Banderas's directorial debut starring Melanie Griffith, which comes out next week. Then in November, he'll launch a nine-week concert tour. "My last show is at the Beacon on New Year's Eve, but I'm not flying until January 3," he laughs. "I'm not saying anything's going to happen—I'm just making sure." *Fight Club* opens October 15.** **Brett Kelly**

Photograph by Merrick Morton/Twentieth Century Fox.

of the popular cartoon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

**In Too Deep**—In this convincing street-crime story, Omar Epps is a detective who goes deep undercover in order to break up a Cincinnati drug ring. With a smooth and impressive LL Cool J, Nia Long, and Stanley Tucci. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

**The Iron Giant**—An animated film about the adventures of a boy and a 50-foot giant from outer space who likes to eat metal. With the voices of Jennifer Aniston and Harry Connick Jr. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

**Jakob the Liar**—Why doesn't Robin Williams just get the Nobel Peace Prize already? Maybe that would end his stream of heartwarming/-wrenching treacle. This time he's playing a Polish Jew in a ghetto run by the Germans during World War II, and he's misty-eyed as all get-out. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Main Street Cinemas.*

**Joe the King**—Actor Frank Whaley's directorial debut stars Noah Fleiss as a young boy driven to a life of two-bit crime. With Val Kilmer and John Leguizamo. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Opens 10/15.*

**Julien Donkey-Boy**—Harmony Korine's at it again—this time with a murderous, gold-toothed schizophrenic named Julien, who works with the blind. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

**L'Ennui**—The story of a middle-aged philosophy professor who is nearly driven to insanity by his desire for one of his students. Starring Charles Berling and Sophie Guillemin. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. ; R) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**The Limey**—See Rainer, page 54. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 84th Street.*

**Love Reinvented**—A collection of twelve gay- and lesbian-themed shorts from France. With English subtitles. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

**Lucie Aubrac**—Set in 1943, Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance (Carole Bouquet) who engineered the liberation of her husband (Daniel Auteuil), also a Resistance fighter, from Montluc prison in Lyon during the German occupation. It's not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

**The Mating Habits of the Earthbound Human**—A "documentary" on the intricacies of the human dating ritual, as narrated by an alien. Stars Carmen Electra, Lucy Liu, and David Hyde Pierce. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

**Mickey Blue Eyes**—Hugh Grant plays a New York art auctioneer who discovers that his fiancée (Jeanne Tripplehorn) is a Mafia princess in this wispy, occasionally funny mob spoof. (Rainer; 8/30/99) (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

**The Minus Man**—Owen Wilson plays a pleasant and perplexing villain who poisons people with a tainted flask of amaretto. With Janeane Garofalo, Mercedes Ruehl, and Brian Cox. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

**Mumford**—Lawrence Kasdan has crafted a movie about a mysterious psychologist named Mumford (Loren Dean) who arrives in the rural town of Mumford and rights the lives of a number of its genial malcontents. The film has its low-key pleasures, and among the cast, Hope Davis, playing a chronically fatigued patient, shines. But it's a wispy, overly fatuous conceit, and Mumford himself comes across as a blank. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Union Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

**Muppets From Space**—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

**Mystery, Alaska**—The New York Rangers get some northern exposure when they challenge a small Alaskan town to a hockey game. Starring Burt Reynolds, Russell Crowe, and Hank Azaria. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**New Rose Hotel**—Abel Ferrara's twisted look at corporate espionage, starring consummate weirdos Christopher Walken and Willem Dafoe. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

**Outside Providence**—Tim Dunphy (Shawn Hatosy) escapes the boonies of Rhode Island and his foul-mouthed dad (Alec Baldwin) when he's shipped off to boarding school and meets a pretty girl (Amy Smart). (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; CC Sutton.*

**Plunkett and Macleane**—An unlikely buddy picture set in eighteenth-century England and starring Robert Carlyle and Johnny Lee Miller as lascivious highwaymen. With Liv Tyler and Alan Cumming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street.*

**Random Hearts**—See Rainer, page 54. (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; UA Union Square; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**The Red Violin**—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) CO *Worldwide Cinemas.*

**Romance**—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principal's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse;* BAM *Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

**Runaway Bride**—Julia Roberts and Richard Gere reteam for the first time in a decade, and the gloss is over. Whereas *Pretty Woman* at least coasted on the sheer movie-starness of the duo, this new film is a mechanical contrivance that doesn't have the good sense to just let the performers preen and smirk and be their own sweet movie-star selves. (Rainer; 8/9/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Run Lola Run**—The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, running around town in quest of cash. Tykwer is after the rush you get when you connect a primal, direct-action story to a love of speed. He's a playful maniac. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 59th Street East.*

**The Sixth Sense**—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little

## Previews
### Phantom Premise

*Named after the muscle that suspends the testicles from the abdomen, Cremaster 2 is artist Matthew Barney's fourth installment in his arrestingly surreal "Cremaster" film series (he's already made the first, fourth, and fifth). In his latest entry, which is very loosely based on Norman Mailer's 'The Executioner's Song,' Barney appears as murderer Gary Gilmore, who's searching the afterlife for his presumed grandfather Harry Houdini—played by none other than Mailer himself. Opens October 13 at Film Forum.*

hotograph by Michael James O'Brien.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE
"★★★★"
Michael Wilmington

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
"A triumph!"
Joe Morgenstern

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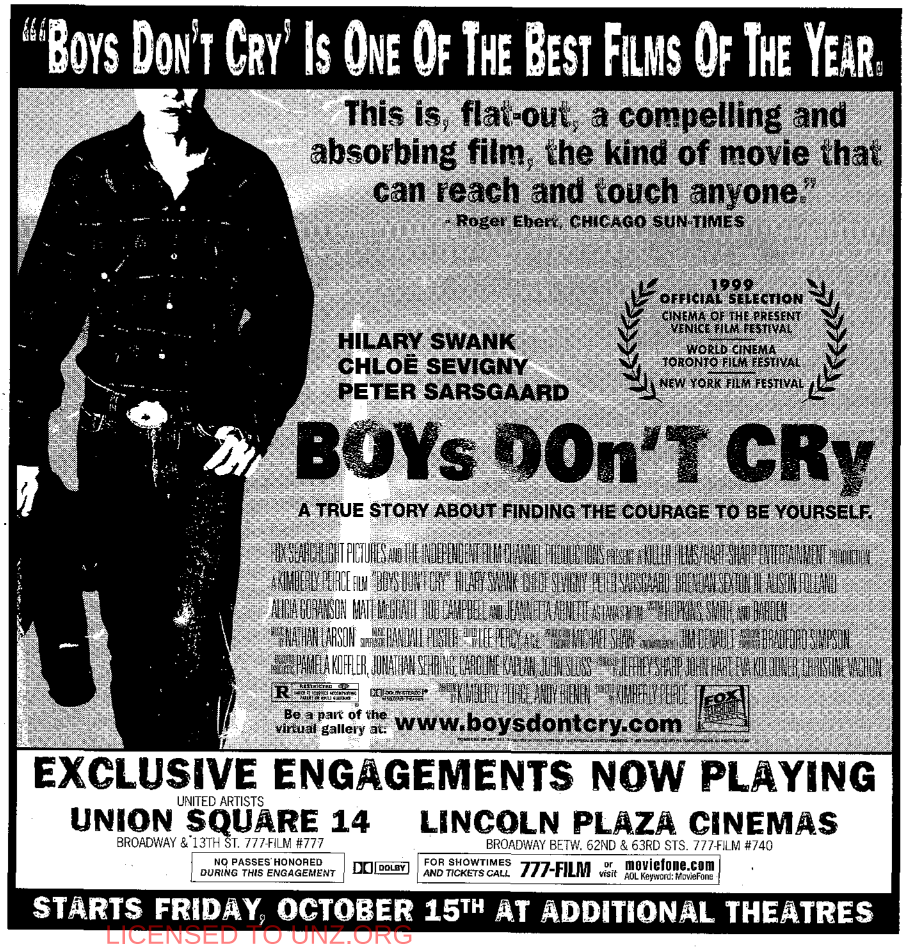

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boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**The Source**—Chuck Workman brings together an astonishing array of clips from the past 50 years of counterculturedom and then Mixmasters them into a hailstorm of fragments. Everything is so lickety-split that nothing sinks in. What's the point of a movie about the Beats if it doesn't get you high? (Rainer; 9/6/99) (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

**Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace**—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his 'droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects. At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

**Stigmata**—After a supernatural experience, Patricia Arquette starts to find the markings of the crucifixion all over her body. Gabriel Byrne is a priest who goes to exorcise whatever it is that has possessed this otherwise lovely person. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews 84th Street; UA Union Square; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**Stir of Echoes**—Kevin Bacon is a telephone repairman who is haunted by visions of a dead teenage girl after being hypnotized at a party. With Kathryn Erbe and an adorable and convincing Zachary David Cope. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; UA Union Square; Whitestone; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

**The Story of Us**—Rob Reiner's funny and touching look at a fifteen-year marriage starring Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Opens 10/15.*

**The Straight Story**—Richard Farnsworth and Sissy Spacek star in the pastoral tale of Alvin Straight, a 73-year-old man who rode his John Deere from Iowa to Wisconsin in order to see his estranged brother. Beautifully directed by David Lynch. (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *Opens 10/15.*

**Superstar**—*SNL*'s Molly Shannon brings her awkward, finger-sniffing, Catholic-schoolgirl caricature Mary Katherine Gallagher to the big screen. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**That's the Way I Like It**—In Singapore during the disco invasion of 1977, a grocery-store stock boy exchanges his Bruce Lee idolatry for a John Travolta obsession. Predictably, he begins to take dancing lessons and enters a dancing contest. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 10/15.*

**The Thomas Crown Affair**—The 1968 romantic caper starring Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway has been revamped and updated and now stars Pierce Brosnan and Rene Russo. At a time when nerdy twentysomethings are cashing out their Websites for millions, it seems almost touchingly sentimental to make a movie about a gentleman-thief billionaire. The movie is a fairly entertaining nostalgia trip for the decadently shallow in all of us. (Rainer; 8/16/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

**Three Kings**—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze, and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. Writer-director David O. Russell seems intent on making a flip, absurdist war movie that's as charged-up as *The Road Warrior.* There are some effective moments, and Clooney at least holds the screen, but not much registers emotionally. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

**Universal Soldier: The Return**—When the computer controlling the Universal Soldier army short-circuits, Luc Devereux (Jean-Claude Van Damme) must take the deadly units down . . . all by himself. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

**West Beirut**—Two 12-year-old boys play amid the despair, flirting with girls and shooting Super-8 films in the streets of Beirut at the outbreak of the civil war in 1975. In Lebanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

**Whiteboys**—Comedian Danny Hoch plays a white wannabe gangsta in working-class Iowa who moves to the Chicago ghetto. With Dash Mihok, Eugene Byrd, and Piper Perabo. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

## Manhattan

### *Below 14th Street*

**Art Greenwich Twin**—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *The Blair Witch Project; The Mating Habits of the Earthbound Human.*

**CC Angelika Film Center**—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Buena Vista Social Club; The Grandfather; Guinevere; Julien Donkey-Boy; The Limey; Run Lola Run.*

**CC Village East**—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Drive Me Crazy; The Minus Man; Mystery, Alaska; Plunkett and Macleane; The Sixth Sense; West Beirut.*

**Cinema Village**—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Bedrooms and Hallways; L'Ennui; New Rose Hotel; The Source.*

**Clearview's Waverly**—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Random Hearts; Stigmata.*

**Film Forum**—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Beefcake; Cremaster 2.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Loews Village**—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Quad Cinema**—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Earth; Five Wives, Three Secretaries and Me; Love Reinvented; Romance.*

**The Screening Room**—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Bandits; Eyes Wide Shut; Illuminata; Outside Providence.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**UA Union Square**—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *American Pie; Boys Don't Cry; Happy, Texas; Mumford; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; Sugar Town; The Thomas Crown Affair; Whiteboys.*

### *14th–41st Streets*

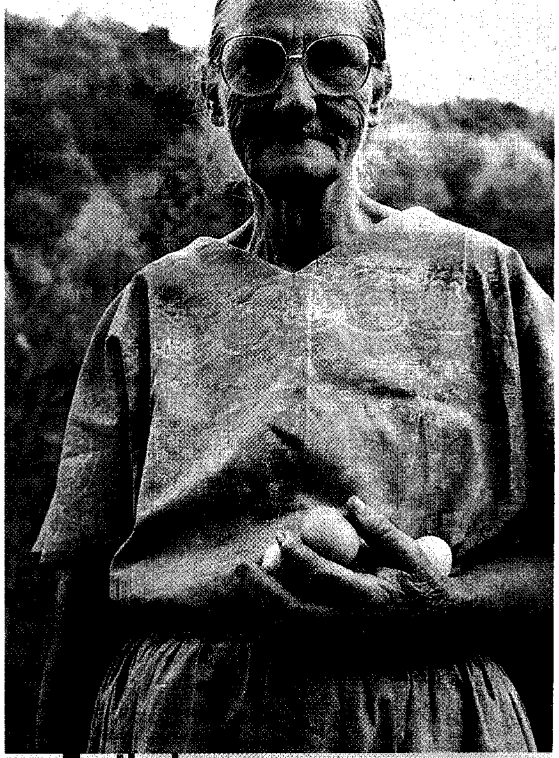
**CC Murray Hill Cinemas**—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Drive Me Crazy; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; Outside Providence.*

**Clearview's Chelsea**—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Drive Me Crazy; Mumford; Mystery, Alaska; Plunkett and Macleane; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

**Clearview's Chelsea West**—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Three Kings.*

**Loews 19th St. East**—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; The Sixth Sense; Superstar.*

**Loews Kips Bay Theatre**—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Three Kings.*



## Festival
## Cable Verité

**Since its inception 27 years ago, HBO has slowly become one of the best documentary-film showcases on television. Starting October 15, the network poses a rare opportunity to view its recent acquisitions on the big screen when it presents its second annual documentary-film series "Frame by Frame" at the Screening Room. Subjects range from the poignant (*American Hollow,* above, a portrait of an Appalachian family) to the irreverent (*Let Me In, I Hear Laughter . . . A Salute to the Friars*) to the tragically hip (*Kurt & Courtney*). (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)**

Photograph by Steve Lehman

### 42nd–60th Streets

**CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3**—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Happy, Texas; Mumford; The Sixth Sense.*

**CC Crown Gotham**—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Guinevere.*

**CC Eastside Playhouse**—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Romance.*

**CC Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Mystery, Alaska; Outside Providence.*

**Clearview's 59th Street East**—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Run Lola Run.*

**Clearview's Ziegfeld**—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Jakob the Liar.*

**CO Coronet**—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Double Jeopardy.*

**CO Worldwide Cinemas**—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Blair Witch Project; The Red Violin; Runaway Bride; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thomas Crown Affair; Universal Soldier: The Return.*

**Loews Astor Plaza**—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Double Jeopardy.*

**Loews State**—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Superstar.*

**Paris Theatre**—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*

**UA Criterion**—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Blue Streak; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Mystery, Alaska; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

### 61st Street and Above, East Side

**CC 86th St. East**—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Mumford; Mystery, Alaska; The Sixth Sense.*

**Clearview's Beekman**—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

**Clearview's First & 62nd St.**—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Jakob the Liar; Plunkett and Macleane; Stir of Echoes; Superstar; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

**Clearview's Park and 86th St.**—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game.*

**Loews 72nd St. East**—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *For Love of the Game.*

**Loews New York Twin**—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Three Kings.*

**Loews Orpheum 7**—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Random Hearts; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**UA East**—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Stir of Echoes.*

**UA Gemini**—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts.*

### 61st Street and Above, West Side

**Clearview's 62nd and Broadway**—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Drive Me Crazy.*

**Clearview's Metro Cinema**—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Blue Streak; Three Kings.*

**Clearview's Olympia**—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Double Jeopardy; Random Hearts.*

**Lincoln Plaza Cinemas**—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Black Cat, White Cat; Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; L'Ennui; Lucie Aubrac.*

**Loews 84th Street**—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Limey; Mystery, Alaska; Plunkett and Macleane; Stigmata.*

**New Coliseum**—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Blue Streak; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Nova**—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Three Kings.*

**Sony Lincoln Square**—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Happy, Texas; Mumford; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Three Kings.*

## Bronx

**Bay Plaza**—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; In Too Deep; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Concourse Plaza**—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Three Kings.*

**Whitestone**—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Inspector Gadget; The Iron Giant; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; Superstar; Three Kings.*

## Brooklyn

**BAM Rose Cinemas**—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Black Cat, White Cat; Buena Vista Social Club; Romance.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

**Brooklyn Heights**—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *For Love of the Game; Stigmata.*

**Canarsie**—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Three Kings.*

**Clearview's Cobble Hill**—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Drive Me Crazy; Mumford; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

**CO Alpine**—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**CO Fortway**—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**CO Kings Plaza**—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**CO Kingsway**—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**Kent Triplex**—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Double Jeopardy; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Linden Boulevard Multiplex**—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; In Too Deep; Inspector Gadget; The Iron Giant; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Pavilion**—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Ridgewood**—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**UA Marboro**—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Blue Streak; For Love of the Game; Mystery, Alaska; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay**—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Three Kings.*

## Queens

**Centre Sunnyside**—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts; Three Kings.*

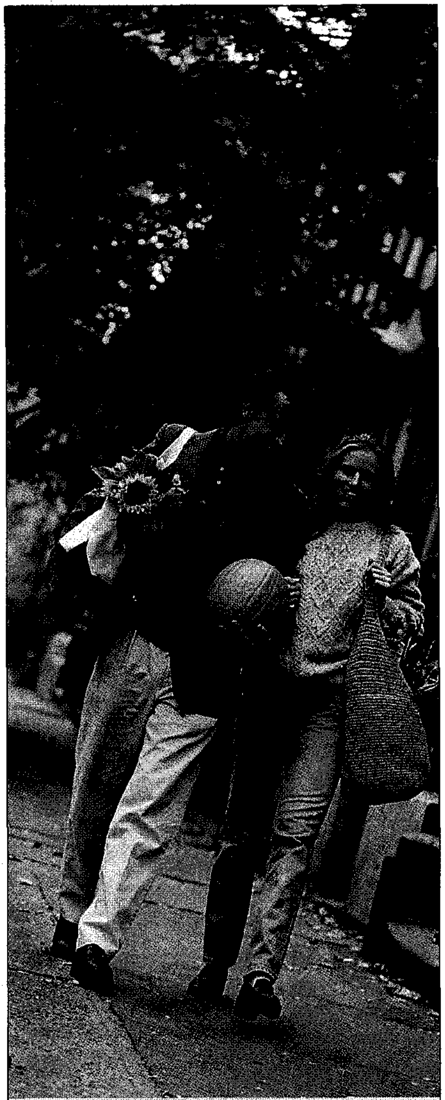
**Cinemart**—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Double Jeopardy; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

**CO Cinema City**—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**CO Fresh Meadows**—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**College Point Multiplex**—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**Jackson Triplex**—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Blue Streak; Superstar; Three Kings.*



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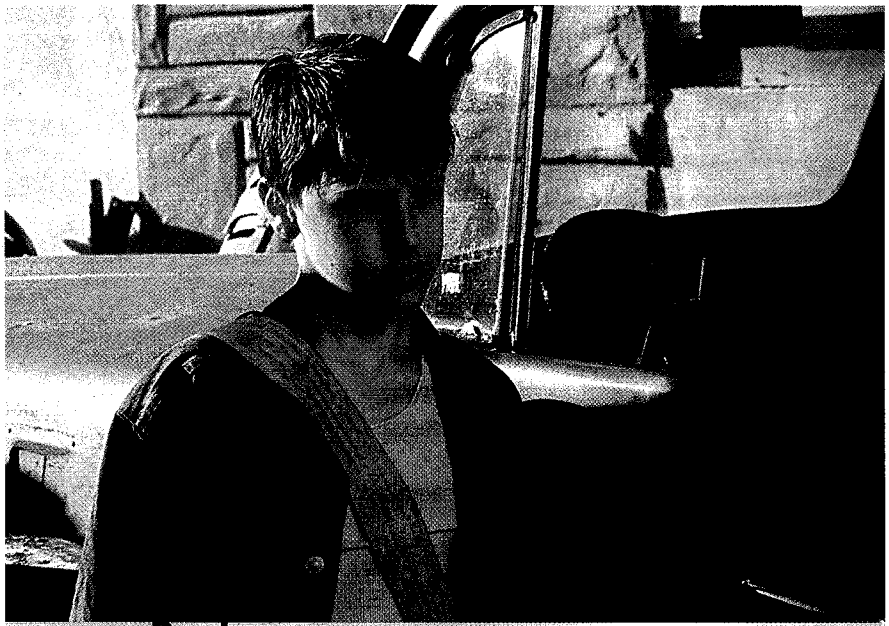


## Previews
# Juvie Hall of Fame

**For his first film behind the camera, actor Frank Whaley has taken a page from director François Truffaut's classic *The 400 Blows.* Set in upstate New York during the seventies, *Joe the King* stars Noah Fleiss (pictured) as an angry, alienated young boy who gets caught up in a life of two-bit crime—not to be curbed by his negligent parents (played by Karen Young and Val Kilmer). Co-producer John Leguizamo makes a cameo as the boy's one remotely positive role model. Starts October 15.**

**Kaufman Astoria Cinema**—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Achilles' Heel; The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; For Love of the Game; Happy, Texas; Mumford; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; Runaway Bride; Stir of Echoes; Superstar.*

**Kew Gardens Cinemas**—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (718-441-9835) *Blue Streak; The Iron Giant; Mickey Blue Eyes; Muppets From Space; Romance.*

**Main Street Cinemas**—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; The Iron Giant; Jakob the Liar; Muppets From Space; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; Three Kings.*

**North Shore Towers**—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *The Dinner Game; Jakob the Liar.*

**Plaza**—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Stigmata; Three Kings.*

**Sony Bay Terrace**—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**Sony Elmwood**—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**Sony Trylon**—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

**UA Astoria**—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Three Kings.*

**UA Brandon Cinema**—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Random Hearts.*

**UA Crossbay**—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Blue Streak; Three Kings.*

**UA Crossbay II**—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Superstar.*

**UA Midway**—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Happy, Texas; Jakob the Liar; Stir of Echoes; Three Kings.*

**UA Movies at Bayside**—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts.*

**UA Movieworld**—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; Superstar; Three Kings.*

## Staten Island

**Atrium**—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Superstar; Three Kings.*

**UA Hylan Plaza**—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts; Three Kings.*

**UA Movies at Staten Island**—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; For Love of the Game; Mystery, Alaska; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

## Museums, Societies, Etc.

**Anthology Film Archives**—10/13: "New Filmmakers." Shorts: *1967; Head, Tires & Other Studies; Boy.* Feature: *Pop* (1999). 10/14: *Nothing but a Man* (1965); *Glory of Pain* (1998). 10/15: *The Spiral Jetty* (1970). Beginning 10/15: "The Jiri Menzel Retrospective." 10/15: *Closely Watched Trains* (1966); *Capricious Summer* (1967–68). 10/16: *Capricious Summer.* 10/17: *Larks on a String* (1969); *Cutting It Short* (1980). 10/16 and 10/17: "Three Early Films by Martin Scorsese." *Italianamerican* (1974); *It's Not Just You, Murray!* (1964). *American Boy* (1978). 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

**BAM Rose Cinemas**—10/12: *Life Is a Dream* (1986). 10/13: *M* (1931). 10/14: *Contempt* (1963). Through 10/17: "Noel Coward on Film." 10/15: *Private Lives* (1931). 10/16: *Blithe Spirit* (1945). 10/17: *Design for Living* (1933). Mondays through 1/10/2000: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 10/11: *The Matinee Idol* (1928). 10/18: *Ladies of Leisure* (1930). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

**Cinema Classics**—10/12: *Too Beautiful for You* (1989). 10/13–10/14: *Two Lane Blacktop* (1971). 10/15–10/17: *Blade Runner* (1982). 10/18–10/19: *Road Warrior* (1981). Double feature, $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

**Columbia University**—"Maison Française." Through 10/25: "The Films of Elia Kazan." 10/11: *The Last Tycoon* (1976); *Viva Zapata!* (1952). 10/18: *Pinky* (1949); *Wild River* (1960). Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (212-854-7799); $8; students and seniors, $5.

**Different Light**—10/17: *Cat People* (1982). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

**Film Forum**—10/13–10/19: "Dreyer." 10/13: *Carl Th. Dreyer: My Metier* (1996); *The Parson's Widow* (1920). 10/14: *Vampyr* (1932). 10/15: *Vampyr; The Passion of Joan of Arc* (1928). 10/16–10/17: *Ordet* (1955); *The Passion of Joan of Arc.* 10/18: *Day of Wrath* (1943). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

**Film Society of Lincoln Center** (The Walter Reade Theater)—10/13–10/27: "An Unfolding Horizon: The Films of Hou Hsiao-Hsien." 10/13: *The Puppetmaster* (1993); *Flowers of Shanghai* (1998). 10/14: *Summer at Grandpa's* (1984); *The Boys From Fengkuei* (1983). 10/15: *Goodbye South, Goodbye* (1996); *Daughter of the Nile* (1987); *Flowers of Shanghai.* 10/16: *A Time to Live, A Time to Die* (1985); *A City of Sadness* (1989). 10/17: *Flowers of Shanghai; Goodbye South, Goodbye; Daughter of the Nile.* 10/14: Jim Jarmusch's *Down by Law* (1986). 10/16–10/17: "Movies for Kids." *It Came From Outer Space* (1953). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings, $8.50–$15; "Movies for Kids," $3.

**Museum of Modern Art**—Through March 2000: "From Automatic Vaudeville to the Seventh Art: Cinema's Silent Years, 1893–1928." 10/12: *The Iron Horse* (1924); *The Female of the Species* (1916). 10/14: *Blood and Sand* (1922); *The Trip to Bountiful* (1953); *True Heart Susie* (1919). 10/15: *The Seventh Day* (1922); *The Revenge of Homunculus* (1916); *The Trip to Bountiful; Grandma's Boy* (1922). 10/16: *True Heart Susie; Edison Company: Program 1; The Taking of Luke McVane* (1915); *Wild Bill Hickock* (1923); *Griffith Biograph: Program 1.* 10/17: *Grandma's Boy; Vitagraph Company: Program 1; The Seventh Day; Griffith Biograph: Program 2.* 10/18: *The Revenge of Homunculus; A Fool There Was* (1915). Through May 2000: "Big as Life: An American History of 8-mm. Films." 10/14: Films by Orr, De Hirsh, Otis, Currey, Jacobs, Stark, Sharits. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

**New York Public Library**—"Silent Screams" 10/13: *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde* (1911); *The Penalty* (1920). "Viewpoint . . . New Documentaries From Taiwan." 10/14: *A Random Life* (1998) and others TBA. Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

**Ocularis**—10/17: *Archangel* (1990). 10/18: *When Night Is Falling* (1995). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $7.

**The Screening Room**—10/15–10/28: "Frame by Frame: An HBO Documentary Film Series." 10/15: *Children of Chabannes; King Gimp; Growing Up Fast; George; Kindness of Strangers; Innocent Until Proven Guilty; Taxicab Confessions 6.* 10/16: *George; Children of Chabannes; King Gimp; Growing Up Fast; Speaking in Strings; The Cruise; Kurt & Courtney.* 10/17: *Super Chief; George; Children of Chabannes; Lenny Bruce: I Swear to Tell the Truth; Let Me In, I Hear Laughter . . . A Salute to the Friars; Growing Up Fast.* 10/18: *Growing Up Fast; The Cruise; George; Kurt & Courtney; Children of Chabannes; Kindness of Strangers.* $5. Fridays and Saturdays at midnight: *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

**Tonic**—"Monday Night Film Series." 10/11: PBS-banned documentary *Seventeen.* 10/18: "Mystery Films: Cinematik Junque." Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com.

**YWCA Cine-Club**—10/16–10/17: *Weekend* (1967). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph by Brooke Williams/Trimark Pictures.

# theater

**Goner... Shockheaded Peter...Dame Edna**

## Opening
## Assume the Position

*Tour buses are already lining up on 45th Street for the Bay Ridge disco epic 'Saturday Night Fever,' in previews and set to open October 21 (pictured, James Carpinello as Tony Manero). Twenty-four blocks south and as much as $55 cheaper, 'The Donkey Show,' an interactive nightclub retelling of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' already has audience members doing the hustle with half-naked male nymphs and dance-floor diva Tytania (Anna Wilson, pictured).*

## Broadway

### *Previews and Openings*

**Dame Edna: The Royal Tour**—The grande dame of the British stage flies in from London. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/17 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Saturday Night Fever**—Flared pants! Hits by the Bee Gees! Disco balls spinning hypnotically from the rafters! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/21 opening. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

### *Now Playing*

**nnie Get Your Gun**—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

**abaret**—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

**ats**—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**hicago**—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan and the ravishing Ruthie Henshall. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**eath of a Salesman**—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. Miller put his finger on our prime weakness: a gullibility to the wiles of salesmanship. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. He is a bull slowly wrestled down in some terrible tauromachy. Elizabeth Franz, after a bit too much tremolo and head-waggling, settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Epic Proportions**—Attention, Kristin Chenoweth fans! (C'mon, there are legions of you! Stand up.) The boop-a-doop cutie, whose admirers have been neurotically divided between 6-year-old girls and 28-year-old men ever since her Tony-adorable performance in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown,* now gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking by Larry Coen and *Friends* co-creator David Crane. The very busy Jerry Zaks directs. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Footloose**—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

**Fosse**—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

**It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues**—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Jekyll & Hyde**—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Kat and the Kings**—The Olivier Award–winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in South Africa. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Les Misérables**—The implacable Inspector Javert

### Ground Rules:

**Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.**

hotographs: left, Joan Marcus; right, Leslie Lyons.

hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

**The Lion King**—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

**Miss Saigon**—The long-running reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**The Phantom of the Opera**—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

**Ragtime**—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

**Rent**—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

**The Scarlet Pimpernel**—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

**Side Man**—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 10/31. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller**—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16/00. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

**Voices in the Dark**—A spine-tingler about a popular radio therapist who receives menacing phone calls. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

**The Weir**—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

## Off Broadway

### Previews and Openings

**Ancestral Voices**—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. This is a reading only, so most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. The first cast includes David Aaron Barker, Philip Bosco, Blythe Danner, Edward Herman, and Elizabeth Wilson. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. In previews for a 10/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Barefoot Boy With Shoes On**—A new play by Edwin Sanchez about a Latino boy, his family, and his attempts to make it out of the SRO where he lives. $35. In previews for a 10/20 opening. Tues.–Sat. At 8, Sat. At 2. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

**Boys**—Two Chelsea roommates meet a new friend. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/14 opening. Through 11/13. Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (212-532-8887).

**Chesapeake**—Lee Blessing's new comedy about the quest of an NEA-funded performance artist to fell his right-wing enemies. Mark Linn-Baker stars. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/14 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

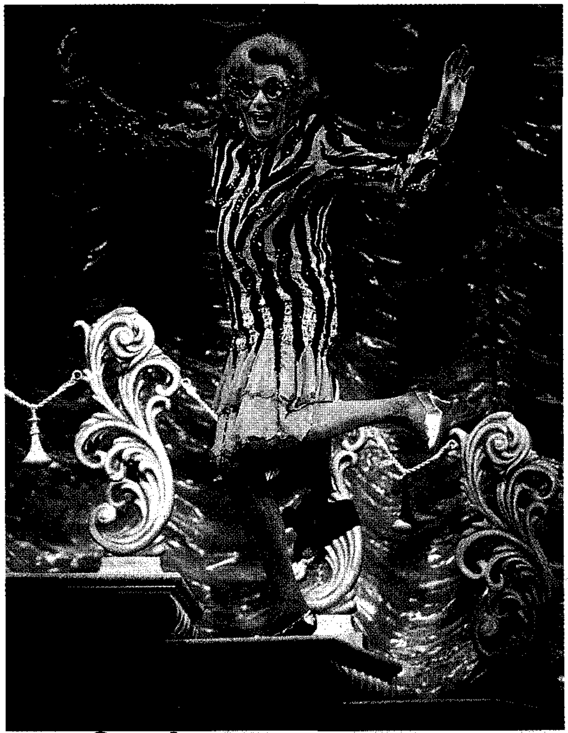
**The Country Girl**—A gritty play about the folks working in theater, by the late pioneer of workers' theater, Clifford Odets. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 10/13. Through 10/24. *Theatr 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (212-472-1789).*

**The Dead**—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/28 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

**An Experiment With an Air Pump**—Unrelated to Reebok's next prototype shoe, Shelagh Stephenson's drama of familial clashes is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. In previews for a 10/26 opening. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

**Gum**—Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tony-nominated fo originating the steamy role of Mimi in *Rent,* play a young, veiled woman who discovers gum an other earthly delights that are shunned in he community. $10–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/17 opening. *Women' Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Life Is a Dream**—Featured in the ongoing Next Wav and New Europe festivals, this 1635 Spanish classic by Pedro Caldéron de la Barca guides a kin and his son through the murky borderlands between wakefulness and sleep. Directed b Barcelona's young Calixto Bieito. $20-$50 10/12–10/16 at 7:30, 10/17 at 3. *BAM Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*



## Opening

## You Go, Girl

*The bespectacled spectacle Dame Edna (pictured), a.k.a. Barry Humphries, was once a mere housewife in Melbourne, but she had to pry herself away from adoring fans in London to bring her glamorous one-woman show, 'Dame Edna: The Royal Tour,' to Broadway. Opens October 17 at the Booth Theatre. (See "Broadway.")*

**Look Back in Anger**—In Jo Bonney' production of John Osborne's definitive "angry young man" drama Tony nominee Reg Rogers rage against another almost-won, Eni Graham. $25–$35. In previews for 10/17 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat and Sun. at 3. Through 11/14. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St (212-677-4120).*

**Now Hear This!**—Kathy Buckle who describes herself as "America First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing an theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered i Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45 Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. a 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St (212-239-6200).*

**Shockheaded Peter**—What if Ton Waits met the Brothers Grimm in film directed by Tim Burton Macabre puppets jilt and tilt an frightening actors pantomime a they explain what happens to children when they're very, very bad $10–$25. Call for times. Open 10/14. Through 10/31. *New Victor Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239 6200).*

**Stars in Your Eyes**—With an assis from the Man in the Moon, six los souls find love and clarity in thi Kennedy-era musical by Chi Meyrelles. Gabriel Barre directs; cast of Broadway vets stars. $49.5 Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/2 opening. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 3 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

**The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness**—The Atlantic Theater Compan kicks off its Mamet retrospectiv with these two one-acts, with whole bunch of company regula performing in the former production and Bob Balaban, always pleasure, playing the title role of th latter. Karen Kohlhass direct $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for 10/20 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 33 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Photograph by Joan Marcu

## Opening
## Kindertotenlieder

Martyn Jacques (pictured, far right) relishes the gruesome children's stories by the nineteenth-century German psychologist Heinrich Hoffmann. Setting the collection *Struwwelpeter* to music was "so lovely," he says, "I even upped the death rate a bit." So now, the eleven songs of the musical *Shockheaded Peter,* opening October 14 at the New Victory Theater, put the Brothers Grimm to shame. "About eleven kids die," Jacques estimates, in his giddy British lilt. "No, there's that one song, where the little hare shoots everybody and then itself—it's a bit of a massacre—but in 'Flying Robert,' the child doesn't die at all. He just floats off and disappears." The stories were cautionary tales: Maybe little Conrad wouldn't suck his thumb if he knew that Snip-Snip would chop it off in the middle of the night. Maybe Harriet wouldn't play with fire if she knew that "stop, drop, and roll" was not a realistic option. But in the hands of Jacques; his trio, the Tiger Lillies; and directors Phelim McDermott and Julian Crouch, *Shockheaded* is a gleefully macabre satire for adults—and kids reared on *South Park*—that garnered best-of-the-year reviews in Britain last year. Frightening puppets tilt and jilt as devilish actors pantomime the silly, yet deadly, tales sung by Jacques. A self-described "castrato crooner," he harmonizes his eerie melodies with accordion orchestrations reminiscent of his hero Tom Waits. He counts David Lynch and Tim Burton among his American influences. "I'm fascinated by twisted madness, strangeness, the bizarre, and the ambiguous," Jacques pronounces. "It's just not very interesting to listen to people singing about saving the rain forests, now is it? Earnestness is a serious problem. Very boring, very grim sometimes. Like your mayor." (See "Off Broadway.") LOGAN HILL

**lue Man Group: Tubes**—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

**he Clearing**—Helen Edmundson's drama about the doomed love between an English aristocrat and his Irish wife in Cromwell-occupied Ireland. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 10/31. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

**ontact**—See Simon, page 57. A new dance-theater work by Susan Stroman (the inspired choreographer behind *Crazy for You* and *Showboat*) and John Weidman. A successful, suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines) falls in love with a stunning dancer in a yellow dress (Deborah Yates). $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

**he Country Club**—Having cordially disliked Douglas Carter Beane's *As Bees in Honey Drown* by the Drama Dept., where Beane is artistic director, I expected little from his current Drama Dept. offering. Imagine my surprise: This play about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. Amy Hohn is a splendidly rambunctious Pooker, Amy Sedaris an irrepressibly self-absorbed Froggy. Cynthia Nixon is the dream Soos, getting every contradictory facet of that tricky creature dazzlingly right. The production is impeccable. Christopher Ashley has directed with ingenuity and assurance. (Simon: 10/4/99) $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 11/6. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-541-8441).*

**Couple of Blaguards**—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-799-4599).*

**e la Guarda**—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

**e Exact Center of the Universe**—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. Under John Tillinger's sympathetic direction, *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

**rbidden Broadway Cleans Up!**—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

**lly Committed**—Becky Mode's comedy about the put-upon, out-of-work actor manning the phones at Manhattan's trendiest restaurant and the people harassing him. Directed by Nicholas Martin (*Full Gallop, Betty's Summer Vacation*); starring Mark Setlock. $39. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 10/30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-3366).*

**e Gathering**—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-239-6200).*

**Give Me Your Answer, Do!**—See Simon, page 57. The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, John Glover, and Joel Grey. $55. Tues.–Sat. At 7:30. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

**Hedwig and the Angry Inch**—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. Reopens 10/13. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

**I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change**—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

**Invasions and Legacies**—An evening of folksongs, poetry, and lore from Tommy Makem, godfather of Irish music. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

**Keep Bangin'**—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

**Mirandolina**—Goldoni's classic about four characters in pursuit of the same Florentine landlady, as interpreted by the Pearl Theatre Company. $26–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

**Missionary Position**—Tara Greenaway's one-woman show about reconciling sex, spirituality, and illness. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/17. *Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-279-4200).*

**Naked Boys Singing**—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

**OctoberFest 1999**—The Ensemble Studio Theatre's nineteenth annual monthlong festival ropes in diverse works from Leslie Ayvazian, Horton Foote, Shel Silverstein, Tennessee Williams, and many, many more—and it's free! Call for reservations and schedule information. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

**Over the River and Through the Woods**—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

**Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know**—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous

otograph by Gavin Evans.

## Opening
# Tumor Him

**In *Goner,* Brian Parks's satire of politics, medicine, and independent film, a giant talking tumor narrates a convoluted tale involving a healer rumored to be "quite deft for a surgeon with hepatitis" (David Calvitto, pictured, center), a madcap doctor who invents a line of Chemotherapy Barbies (Paul Urcioli, left), and an American president with a head wound. At Present Company Theatorium, through November 6. (See "Off-Off Broadway.")**

travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Stomp**—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

**A Streetcar Named Desire**—L'affaire Kowalski, as interpreted by avant-garde director Ivo van Hove. Elizabeth Marvel plays Blanche, the disintegrating southern belle; Jenny Bacon plays Stella; Bruce McKenzie is Stanley. $12–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 10/16. New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).

**Summer of '69**—The songful story of Woodstock. $19.69–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

**Taxicab Chronicles**—A new comedy by actor Gary Gere about the interactions of five Manhattan cabbies with their customers. $25–$29. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway (212-726-TAXI.)*

**Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight**—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. Now with Hazelle Goodman, Larry Storch, and Peter Rini. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

**Thwak**—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers. "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

**2½ Jews**—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).*

**The Vagina Monologues**—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

**Wit**—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

## Off-Off Broadway

**Afro-Spic: A Macha Dose of Spanishfly**—Maria Costa, who portrays the lover of Garth Brooks in the upcoming film *In the Life of Chris Gaines,* gets raunchy in her one-woman show of comedy, spoken word, and dance. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. Opens 10/14. Through 10/24. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

**The Bad Seedling**—Varla Jean Merman, one of the most sumptuous drag queens in the biz, plays the role she was born for: the homicidal tyke of *The Bad Seed.* And it's set to music! $25–$30. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sun. at 5 and 7:30. *Mother, 432 W. 14th St. (212-358-3436).*

**The Balcony**—In this dark Jean Genet drama by the Cocteau Rep., men divert themselves with elaborate erotic fantasies indoors, while the world outside convulses with revolution. Just like the White House. $15–$30. Thurs.–Sat. and some Wed. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

**Cranes**—New Group's Scott Elliott directs a play about estranged Russian couples in Baton Rouge. $20–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/20 opening. *Theatre @ St. Clemens 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

**Ctrl + Alt + Delete**—A troubled microserf crashe and reboots in Chris Toland's new comedy. $15 Wed.–Sun. at 8. Opens 10/13. Through 10/31 *Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank St. (212-388-2484)*

**The Donkey Show**—A loose, interactive disco adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with ever looser morals. Through 10/31. $25. Tues.–Sun. a 9. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

**Goner**—Brian Parks's play features a gargantua talking tumor, the inventor of Chemotherap Barbie, and a wounded president. $12. Wed.–Sat at 8. Opens 10/14. Through 11/6. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420 8877).*

**The Magic of Czech Puppetry**—This sixth annual festival features three performances of elaborate puppetry for both kids and adults, highlighted by th premiere of "Twelve Iron Sandals," a Czech foll tale about a reptile prince. Call for schedule information. Through 10/31. *Bohemian National Hal 321 E. 73rd St. (212-631-3518).*

**Never Swim Alone**—Winner of the Fringe Festival Overall Excellence Award, Daniel MacIvor's pla pits two male buddies against each other in a brutal verbal boxing match. $10. Fri. and Sat. at 10:3 Through 11/6. *St. Mark's Theater, 94 St. Mark Place (212-777-6088).*

**North Atlantic**—Featuring Willem Dafoe and Kat Valk, the Wooster Group reworks this tech-savv decentered multimedia piece about the U.S. in th Reagan early eighties. $25. Call for schedul Opens 10/14. Through 11/21. *Performing Garag 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

**Nuyorican Stories: Culture Clash in the City**—The comedy troupe Culture Clash inaugurates Intar's ne performing space with a far-reaching show abo the experiences of several well-known Puert Ricans, Chicanos, and African-Americans. $2 Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/24. *Int Theatre, 508 W. 53rd St. (212-279-4200).*

**Odin Theater**—Eugenio Barba's leading experiment theater company presents six plays. Call for schedule and prices. Through 10/31. *La MaMa E.T.C 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

**Play**—Samuel Beckett's 1963 work about three peop living in confinement, goaded into speech and confession by an inquisitive spotlight. Presented by A is Company. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/2 *Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).*

**Showy Lady Slipper**—The perfect happiness of thr gabbing girls is ruined by the the arrival of (gas a boyfriend, in Obie-winning-director Richa Maxwell's newest play. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:3 Opens 10/14. Through 11/14. *P.S. 122, 150 Fi Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

**Six Characters in Search of a Working Title**—A Pu Pop and Fringe veteran that uses cartoon imag to explain life's mysteries, including the fate of t dinosaurs, the problem with the Middle Ages, an confectionary cooking. $9. Through 10/31. *Sho 303 W. 42nd St. (212-420-1466).*

**Tulpa**—A spiritual leader is stalked all the way Giuliani's shining city on a hill. Todd Alcott's pl is directed by David Herskovits. $12–$1 Tues.–Sun. at 8; 10/17 at 3. Previews begin 10/1 for a 10/19 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

**Vick's Boy**—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy abo the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cu throat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; pr sented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–S at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/31. *Theatre Off Par 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).*

**Watson Arts Workshop**—A series of staged reading Highlights include "Devotion," by curator Ma Fulham; "Night of 1,000 Heels," by Cassand Danz, Mary Fulham, and Warren Leight; a "Geneva," by journalist and man of many lette Nicholas Von Hoffman. $10 suggested donatio Call for schedule. Through 10/24. *La Ma E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

**When Words Fail . . .**—A survivor of this year's Frin Festival, David Dannenfelser's play foils a savvy c berpunk with a Luddite lady. $12. Tues.–Sat. at Sun. at 7. Through 10/24. *John Houseman Stu Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-358-3430).*

Photograph by Dixie Sherid

# art

Robert Creeley...Francesco Clemente

WET PAINT
BROADWAY

## Talent Rag Trade

*Last summer, Slovenian artist Matej Andraz Vogrincic stole attention from official Venice Biennale entries when he outfitted a two-story house on the Campo Santa Margherita in used clothes—shirts and coats above, trousers and skirts below. Now he's recycled those duds, added more (bought from Green Village, a Williamsburg store that sells used clothes by the pound), and tailored his concept to a New York gallery's wall. At John Gibson Gallery, 568 Broadway, at Prince Street; through October 30.*

## Galleries

### Solos

*Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**ichael David**—Recent abstract encaustic paintings; 10/14–11/6. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550).

**lanierre Dawson**—A selection of early-twentieth-century abstract paintings by the American artist; through 10/30. Taggart, 48 E. 73rd St. (212-628-4000).

**larcel Duchamp**—An exhibition curated by Francis Naumann of examples of the artist's replicated work, from regular and deluxe editions of *The Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *Boîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; through 11/24. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

**ylvie Germain-Covey**—Recent photo-etchings; through 10/31. Cadé, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-734-3670).

**aul Jenkins**—The artist's early abstract paintings from the late fifties; 10/14–11/20. Rickards, 1045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

**wen John**—Paintings and works on paper by the British artist (1876–1939) from the collection of her nephew Edwin John; through 11/13. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (212-683-0333).

**Paul Manes**—New abstract paintings incorporating the artist's signature bowl shape; through 11/13. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

**Jim Peters**—New paintings, constructions, and drawings; through 11/6. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

**Diego Rivera**—Works on paper by the Mexican artist gathered from private collections, among them his studies for murals; 10/13–11/13. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-2213).

**Giulio Romano**—The first American solo exhibition of works by the sixteenth-century Italian artist, including prints and 45 original drawings; through 12/27. Leubsdorf, Hunter College West Building, S.W. corner of 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991).

**Saul Steinberg**—Drawings and mixed-media constructions spanning the early fifties through the eighties; 10/13–12/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

**Steve Wheeler**—A survey of the American modernist's paintings, watercolors, and temperas from the forties and fifties; through 10/23. York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

*57th Street Area*

**James Barsness**—New paintings; through 11/13. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

**Beauford Delaney/Harold Cousins**—Abstract paintings/Abstract metal sculptures. Through 10/30. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

**Eric Fischl**—Selected monoprints; through 11/13. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (212-397-0669).

**Alex Katz**—Recent paintings, including landscapes of Maine and nocturnal scenes of New York City; through 11/6. Marlborough, 41 W. 57th Street (212-541-4900).

**Yuri Kuper**—Paintings of seascapes on found objects and photographic glass plates; through 11/6. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (212-265-8876).

**Ruth Marten**—Watercolor paintings in which personas are made distinctive through their hair; through 11/6. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

**Fausto Melotti**—Abstract sculptures and drawings spanning the career of this Italian artist (1901–1986) known for his collaborations with artists and architects; through 11/6. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

**Juan Muñoz**—New work that continues the artist's engagement with the figure and architecture, including freestanding figures of cast-polyester resin and stainless-steel sculptures with interior shelves holding small lead figures, carved-wood knives, and other objects; through 10/30. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

**Jeanette Pasin Sloan**—New still-life paintings; through 11/5. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (212-664-0907).

**Susana Solano**—New sculpture; through 11/6. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

**Saul Steinberg**—A survey of the late artist's drawings from the sixties through the eighties, including parodies of Cubist still-lifes and rarely seen rubber-stamp drawings; through 10/30. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

**Billy Sullivan/Mark Workman**—Recent large-scale pastel drawings of floral still-lifes/Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes. Through 11/13. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

**Francisca Sutil**—Recent abstract paintings, through 11/6, at Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-3550), and works on paper, through 11/6, at Selwyn, 37 W. 57th St. (212-755-0434).

*SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Ilan Averbuch**—Recent large-scale sculptures in carved wood, copper, glass, and stone; through 10/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

**Fiona Banner**—"Don't Look Back," a print edition inspired by the 1967 documentary of Bob Dylan's tour of England in 1965; through 10/30. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

**Robert Barry**—A sound installation, a digital video projection, and new paintings; through 11/6. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (212-941-5777).

**Jean-Michel Basquiat**—A selection of neo-expressionist paintings that appear in the new book *Jean-Michel Basquiat Paintings,* published by the gallery

**Ground Rules:**

**Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.**

hotograph courtesy of John Gibson Gallery.

and featuring essays by Hilton Als, Glenn O'Brien, and others; through 11/13. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

**Andrea Bowers**—Video installations and large-scale drawings whose subject is Southern Californian amateur figure skaters; through 10/28. Meltzer's On View . . . 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

**Colin Chase**—Sculptures made with commonplace objects; through 11/2. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

**Francesco Clemente**—Fresco paintings made from the early to mid-eighties by this artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum; through 11/6. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

**Brad Kahlhamer**—New paintings and drawings by a onetime road musician and design director that reflect his Native American heritage; 10/14–11/6. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

**Jerry Kearns**—Large-scale paintings that depict six young boys who hover between the innocence of childhood and the sexual and psychological pressures of impending adulthood; 10/14–11/13. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

**Jonathan Lasker**—New abstract paintings; through 11/6. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

**Michael Reafsnyder**—Paintings that, although primarily abstract, contain images of small human faces; through 11/6. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

**Alison Saar**—New carved-wood sculptures of female figures that draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, religion, and classical mythology; through 10/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

**Jenny Saville**—Paintings that depict monumental female figures as if cascading across the canvas by the British artist, whose work is included in the Brooklyn Museum's "Sensation" exhibition; through 11/6. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (212-228-2828).

### *Chelsea*

**Bill Barminski**—Paintings by the Los Angeles–based artist that incorporate embossed text, scarred surface textures, and images derived from advertising; 10/13–11/20. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

**Jimbo Blachly/Janet Kusmierski**—Paintings of images derived from the urban landscapes/Three sculpture installations; 10/14–11/13. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

**Günter Brus and Hermann Nitsch**—Works by two artists who were involved in Vienna's Actionism movement of the sixties, including Actionist drawings and image-poems by the former and poured paintings, films, and photographs by the latter; through 12/18. White Box, 601 W. 26th St. (212-727-0767).

**Fernando Canovas**—New paintings by the Argentine artist that extract and isolate the geometric forms of his earlier compositions and bring them to the forefront of the canvas; through 11/9. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

**Francesco Clemente**—Watercolors based on the artist's "Funerary Paintings," which were exhibited at the Dia Art Foundation in 1988–89; through 10/30. Miller Temporary, 508 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

**Eckhard Etzold**—Paintings executed in primary colors that depict icons of American history; through 11/13. Au Base, 433 W. 14th St. (212-414-0563).

**Gary Hill**—Five video installations; through 10/30. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

**Sol LeWitt**—New wall drawings; through 11/16. Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

**Robert Longo**—Recent lithographs and color photographs; through 10/30. Dorfman Projects, 529 W. 20th St. (212-352-2272).

**Greg Parker**—Minimal paintings that incorporate grids drawn in graphite; through 10/31. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (212-206-6872).

**Elliott Puckette**—New abstract paintings in a palette of reds, yellows, and blues that incorporate calligraphic lines drawn with a razor; through 11/6. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

**James Surls**—New cast-bronze sculptures of leaflike forms and etched-granite stones created in a collaboration with the poet Robert Creeley; through 11/6. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (212-453-8634).

## Group Shows

### *Madison Avenue and Vicinity*

**Americas Society**—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of historic earthenware and 23 contemporary works; through 12/12.

**C&M Arts**—45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020). "Figurative Art From the Twentieth Century"; through 12/4.

**Wildenstein**—19 E. 64th St. (212-879-0500). "Neo-Classicism to Barbizon," early-nineteenth-century French drawings and oil sketches; through 10/30.

### *57th Street Area*

**DC Moore**—724 Fifth Ave. (212-247-2111). "Reconciliations," works by contemporary painters Cooper Davis, Rae, and Uslé; through 10/30.

**PaineWebber**—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885). Fifty-two works from the collections of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, including works by Bacon, Diebenkorn, Rodin, others; through 12/23.

**St. Etienne**—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). "The Modern Child," twentieth-century images of children by Beckmann, Coe, Dix, Hopper, Schrimpf, Sommer, others; through 11/6.

### *SoHo and TriBeCa*

**Art in General**—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Surface TEnsion," works exploring skin with X-Ray, thermosensitive video, inframetic imaging, and other techniques in photographs, paintings, sculpture, and new media; through 10/30.

**Artists Space**—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). An exhibition of works by by nine artists exploring the John Ford film *The Searchers*, curated by Robert Longo; works by game designer Eric Zimmerman; through 11/16.

**Exit Art**—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). Large-scale drawings by Bovasso, Kaplowitz, Ozeri, Pensato, Rosen, Zeller, others; through 10/30.

**Marcus**—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). "Apropos: Making Art After Duchamp in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction," organized by Duchamp scholar Francis M. Naumann and including works by Bidlo, Levine, Pettibone, and Sturtevant; through 11/30.

**123 Watts**—123 Watts St. (212-219-1482). "Microwave, One," reductive works by Andrews, Brehmer, El Hanani, Frost, others; through 11/28.

**Pratt Manhattan**—295 Lafayette St. (718-636-3517). "Women and Geometric Abstraction," paintings, textiles, body art, and other works by Aschiem, Fendrich, Heilman, Korman, Thomas, Wagner, others; through 10/27.

### *Chelsea*

**Folin**—529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434). "4x4," paintings by artists from Egypt, Nigeria, England, Japan, America, and Poland, including Haggerty, Lazarczyk, Marzouk, Someya, others; through 10/30.

### *Other*

**Baruch College**—135 E. 22nd St. (212-202-2881). "Reviewing Nature: Long Island Landscape Painting Today," wth works by Adoquei, Brodsky, Doyle, Moran, Stubelek, Turtz; through 10/28.

## Photography

**Michael Ackerman**—Photographs taken in Poland; Paris; Marseille; New York; Cabbagetown; and Benares, India; through 11/30. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (212-477-1820).

**David Armstrong**—Recent color photographs taken in the United States and Europe, and black-and-white portraits of the artist's friends; through 11/6. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

**Carter**—560 Broadway (212-966-1933). Photographs by Ansel Adams and Michael Lardizabal; through 11/11.

**Hugo Cifuentes**—Intimate photographs of everyday life in Ecuador; through 11/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

**Janieta Eyre**—Black-and-white self-portraits that depict the artist in surreal Gothic postures and scenarios; through 10/26. Cristinerose, 5529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

**ICP Midtown**—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Bill Brandt: A Retrospective." Approximately 150 prints spanning 50 years of the British photographer's career, including his documentation of British class structure in the thirties, atmospheric landscapes, surrealistic studies of nudes, and portraits of Francis Bacon, Henry Moore, E. M. Forster, and other important artists and writers of his day; through 10/31.

**Mimmo Jodice**—Black-and-white photographs of the Mediterranean region; through 11/6. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

**Reagan Louie/Daido Moriyama**—Color images of Hong Kong, Taiwan, Vietnam, and Korea by the Asian-American photographer/Twenty-five vintage prints by the Japanese modernist. Through 10/30. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

**David Malin**—Astronomical images by the Anglo-Australian Observatory's photographic scientist; through 11/6. Shickler, 560 Broadway (212-431-6363).

**Mark Morrisroe**—Hand-painted photograms, black-and-white photographs, and Rayographs from the eighties; through 10/31. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

**Newseum**—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "*Vanity Fair* and the Birth of the Modern Age: Portraits, 1914–1936." Images of celebrities of the day shot for the magazine by Abbott, de Meyer, Man Ray, Steichen, and others; through 1/3/00. . . . "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times*; through 1/29/00.

**Nicholas Nixon**—"25 Years of the Brown Sisters and New York," a collection of the artist's annual group portraits of his wife and her three sisters; through 11/20. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

**Steven Richter**—Images of urban street life and village life from around the world; through 10/23. Laumont Editions, 333 W. 52nd St. (664-0594).

**Ernestine Ruben**—A twenty-year retrospective of nudes in a variety of formats; through 10/30. Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. (212-352-0070).

**David Seidner**—Color and black-and-white photographs by the late photographer, who died of AIDS-related complications earlier this year; through 11/6. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

**Sonnabend**—420 W. Broadway (212-966-6160). Recent works by Lawrence Beck, Elger Esser, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 10/30.

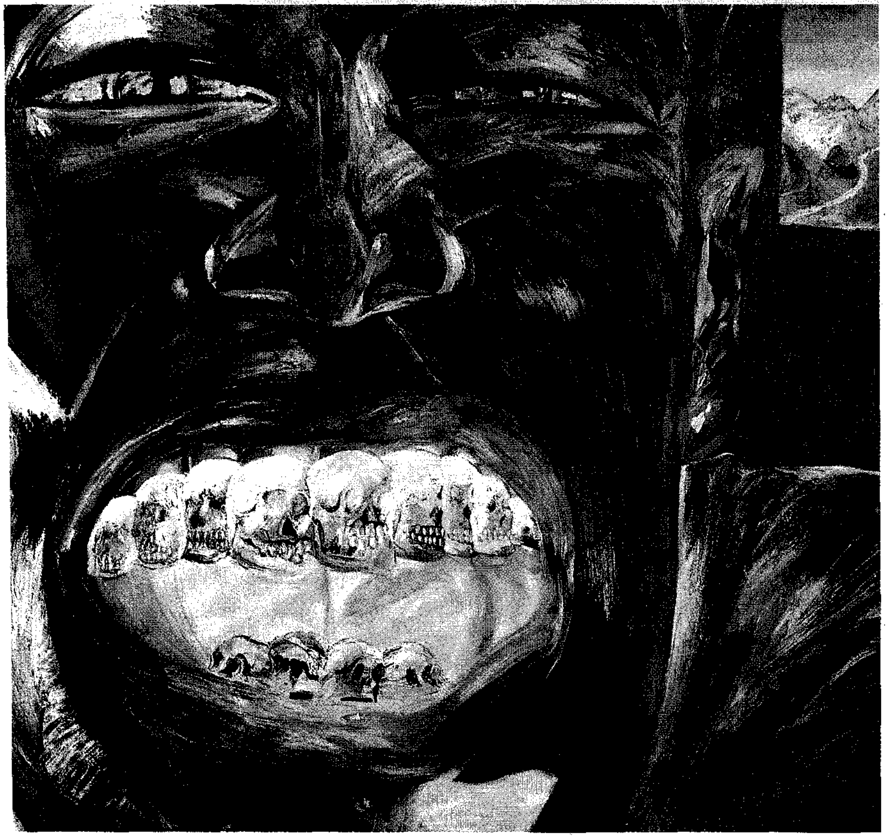
**Van Der Donk**—601 W. 26th St. (212-691-5973). "Futurist Performance," photographs of Italian Futurists and their works; through 10/30.

## Museums

**Alternative Museum**—"Artist as Patron." A benefit photography exhibition to support the Alternative Museum, with works by Baer, Chapman Gray, Johan, Nix, Schlesinger, others; through 11/6. 594 Broadway (212-966-4444), Tues.–Sat 11–6.

**American Museum of Natural History**—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs

**Retrospective** **Since 1980, when his paintings were exhibited at the Venice Biennale, the Naples-born painter (and New York resident) Francesco Clemente has distinguished himself as an artist of exceptional fluidity: a synthesizer of images at once deeply personal, sexual, metaphysical, and transcultural. To wit: The paintings, frescoes, pastel drawings, sculptures, and book illustrations in "Clemente," the artist's first comprehensive career retrospective (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Avenue; through January 9, 2000), are organized thematically into such Clemente-ish sections as "I" (portraits and self-portraits), "Rooms" (his frescoes—below, *The Fourteen Stations, #3*), and "Conversion to Her" (his linking of polymorphous sexuality to the idea of metamorphosis).**



10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

**ia Society**—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

**ırd Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts**—"Discovering the Secrets of Soft-Paste Porcelain at the Saint-Cloud Manufactory, ca. 1690–1766." A survey of porcelain objects produced by the factory; through 10/24. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

**ooklyn Museum of Art**—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, including paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission for "Sensation" is $9.75, $7.75 students and seniors, and includes general admission).

**China Institute**—"The Resonance of the Qin in East Asian Art." Works from China and Japan from the first century to the nineteenth that celebrate the qin, an ancient Chinese musical instrument known for its power to harmonize the soul, including paintings, drawings, wood-block prints, and sculpture; through 12/12. 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; free.

**Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution**—"The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 seniors and students.

**Dahesh Museum**—"Highlights From the Dahesh Museum Collection." More than 40 paintings paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by nineteenth-century artists, among them Adolphe-William Bouguereau, Jean-Léon Gérome, and Frederic, Lord Leighton; through 12/31. 601 Fifth Ave. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

**Dia**—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

**El Museo del Barrio**—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua*." A multimedia installation that explores cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "Vivan los Muertos!: Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area-based Chicano artists documenting the importance of the celebration to the Chicano and Mexican-American communities; through 12/2/99. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Carved-wood sculptures of saints from the museum's permanent collection of *santos*; through 10/24. . . . "*Buscando Milagros*/ Searching for Miracles: Photographs by Héctor Méndez Caratini"; through 10/24. 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

**Frick Collection**—"Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

**Grey Art Gallery**—"John Singer Sargent, Draughtsman: Works From the Corcoran Gallery of Art." More than 90 works on paper by the expatriate American artist (1856–1925) from the Corcoran's permanent collection, among them very early drawings made while he was living with his parents in Italy, charcoal portraits of fashionable personalities of the Edwardian era, and drawings for two Boston mural projects; through 10/30. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

**Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum**—"Clemente." A retrospective spanning the Italian-born, New York–based artist's career from the early seventies to the present, including paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, sculpture, and book illustrations; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

**Guggenheim Museum SoHo**—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; free.

**Japan Society**—"Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog." The first retrospective exhibition of the work of the celebrated Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, including some 130 vintage prints from the sixties through the nineties, concurrent with an exhibition of prints from Moriyama's 1972 *Hunter* series at the Metropolitan Museum; through 1/2/00. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

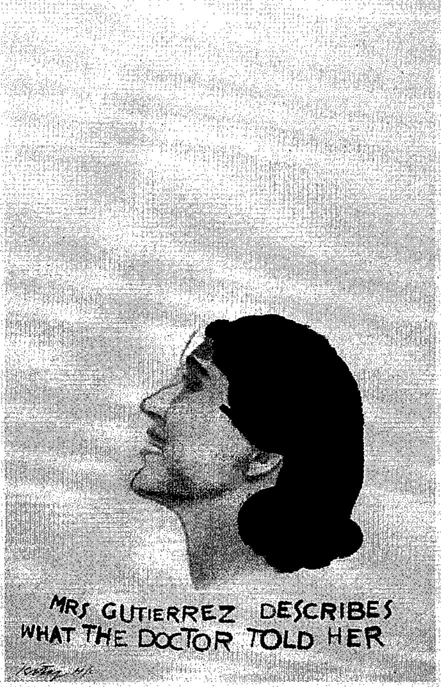
**Jewish Museum**—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; 10/17–2/6/00. . . . "Facing West: Jews of Central Asia and the Caucasus." More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; through 10/17. . . . "Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem." An installation of photographs and text by the French artist, inspired by the concept of *eruv*, a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one's home on the Sabbath; through 10/17. . . . "Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites." An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath);

ıotograph courtesy of Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.

## On View
# Couples Therapy

**Robert Creeley has done splendidly on his own—at 73, the American poet has published more than 60 books of poetry and prose; holds a professorship at SUNY Buffalo; and has been the recipient of numerous grants and awards, among them two Guggenheim fellowships, two Fulbright awards, the Levinson Prize, the Shelley Memorial Award, the Robert Frost Medal, the American Award for Poetry, and the Bollingen Prize. But since the early fifties—when Creeley left America to live in France and Majorca and then returned to teach at Black Mountain College—he has made a habit of working with artists. Those efforts, with Creeley putting words to artists' images (or artists responding to Creeley's words), have produced the books and folios currently on view in "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations" (New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street; through January 15, 2000). "I don't think of myself as a particularly literary poet and I don't think of these friends as being defined by the art world particularly," says Creeley, though his collaborators have included such luminaries of contemporary art as R. B. Kitaj (left, from *A Day Book,* 1972), Jim Dine, Francesco Clemente, John Chamberlain, Donald Sultan, Georg Baselitz, Marisol, Alex Katz, and Susan Rothenberg. Indeed, Creeley is so sought after as an artist's poet, he's had to turn down proposals ("The danger is that they'll get too mechanical"), yet Brice Marden, one of his favorite artists, has still eluded him. "I'd love to do a series vis-à-vis his calligraphic drawing," says the poet, perking up. "Anything he thinks is appropriate is fine with me."**

**Edith Newhall**



Photograph courtesy of the New York Public Librar

through 10/17. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

**Metropolitan Museum of Art**—"Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo,* among them a terracotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter.*" Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Northern Drawings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries in the Robert Lehman Collection"; through 1/9/00. . . . "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres." Examples of clothing designed during the French painter's six-decade career, selected from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 11/21. . . . "Farouk Hosny/Adam Henein: Contemporary Egyptian Artists and Heirs to an Ancient Tradition"; through 1/23/00. . . . "The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C. C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. **The Cloisters,** Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45; $10, $5 seniors and students.

**Museum for African Art**—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of Apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

**Museum of American Folk Art**—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

**Museum of Modern Art**—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

**Museum of the City of New York**—"Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. . . . "Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

**Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology**—"Dazzling By Design: Fashion Jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane." A 40-year retrospective of more than 300 pieces created by the designer of costume jewelry; through 12/31. . . . "Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

**National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts**—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2/00. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

**New-York Historical Society**—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. . . . "Building History: History Building," an exhibition tracing the uptown migration of the New-York Historical Society from its 1804 beginning in Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, to its present Central Park West location; through 10/27. . . . "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From th Collection of the New-York Historical Society" through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Tw Centuries of American Drawings and Watercol ors From the Collection of the the New-Yor Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin Cole, Mount, and other American artists through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400) Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

**New York Public Library**—"In Company: Rober Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects b the poet made in collaboration with artist Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/0 Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10– free.

**P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center**—"Minimalia: A Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibi tion exploring simplification and reduction i twentieth-century Italian Art as seen in th works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clement Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, an others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art making process, from preliminary drawings, fol lowed by precisely crafted wooden models, t completed outdoor cinder-block sculpture through 11/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time. Works by artists who explore the passing c time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ce Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, an Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. . . . "Th Special Projects Program." Works by Cristia Alexa, Toshihiro Komatsu, and Isidro Blanc through 11/30. . . . "The Promise of Photogra phy: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." Photographs by Adams, Calle, Demand, Eggleston, and others, from the DG Bank collection in Frankfurt; through 10/24. . . . "The Artist Out of Work: Art & Language 1972–1981." Works produced during the seventies by the legendary conceptual-art collaborative; through 10/24. . . . "When I Paint I Call Myself Konrad Lueg." Paintings that appropriate motifs from popular culture that were executed between 1963 and 1968 by Lueg (1939–1996), who was also known as the Düsseldorf-based gallerist Konrad Fischer; through 10/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

**ierpont Morgan Library**—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, the Morgan Library, and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

**ueens Museum of Art**—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and contemporary art, including works by Stephen Antonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Lucas Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; through 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

**hitney Museum of American Art**—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

## Auctions

**ristie's**—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 10/14 at 10 and 2: "Important American Furniture, Folk Art, and Chinese Export Porcelain." On view from 10/2. 10/18 at 2: "American Chic: 100 Years of Jewelry Design." On view from 10/9. 10/19 at 10: "Magnificent Jewels." On view from 10/14.

**ristie's East**—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 10/14 at 10 and 2: "19th Century Decorative Arts." On view from 10/9.

**yle**—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 10/13 at 10: "Fine Furniture, Decorations, and Paintings." On view from 10/9.

**illips**—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 10/19 at 10:30: "Furniture." On view from 10/15. 10/19 at 5:30: "Silver." On view from 10/15.

**theby's**—1334 York Ave. (212-606-7000). 10/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture and European Works of Art." On view from 10/8. 10/14 at 10:15: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 10/9. 10/15 at 10:15: "Americana." On view from 10/10. 10/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Jewelry." On view from 10/13. 10/19 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver." On view from 10/14.

**ann Galleries**—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 10/14 at 10:30: "Autographs." On view from 10/11.

**Burleigh** *continued from page 33*

Vidor and flamboyant nightclub owner Billy Rose were the second and third husbands of his mother, Doris.

Janklow says that as her brother got older, "in order to camouflage the weight, he developed this incredible personality. You either shrink when you're very fat, or you become larger-than-life. In his late teens, Warner began wearing this bright duffel coat everywhere."

LeRoy eventually lost the stutter, but the defensive flamboyance remained: In divorce proceedings against him, his estranged wife claimed her husband owned 1,000 tailored suits. "Not true," LeRoy says. "I have about 50, and they eventually admitted that. It is possible that I've bought 1,000 shirts over my lifetime."

LeRoy is famous for his outfits. As owner of Maxwell's Plum, he often appeared in Moroccan robes and fringed cowboy getups. LeRoy says the old costumes don't fit anymore, and besides, they aren't appropriate to the new set. "The costumes are part of the show," he says. "That's why I'll be wearing red velvet now." At the Tea Room opening, he fingered his dinner jacket and casually mentioned that he has fifteen others, knocked off for him by a tailor in Hong Kong. It's thrift—of a sort.

LeRoy's theatrical bent might have found a more natural home in movies or on Broadway. In fact, that's where he headed when he first moved from L.A. to New York in the late fifties. He spent his first ten years in Manhattan writing, producing, and directing plays. His mostly Off Broadway career was unremarkable—at one point, he owned the York Theater at 64th and First—but in 1966, LeRoy left show business altogether. "I didn't like actors," he explains. "There are great actors, and I have actor friends. But actors act differently when they're on the stage than when they're waiting on tables. What I liked about Broadway was everything *but* them—the drama, the stories, the sets." LeRoy says that when he first moved to New York, people didn't go out to dinner; they went to the theater. "But now we're in the golden age of restaurants," he says excitedly. "And New York is the world center: There are 400 restaurants opening in New York every year; there used to be 400 plays opening. Americans have discovered the wonders of sitting in a great café."

LEROY MET KAY—A FORMER TWA STEWardess—in Maxwell's Plum on the second night it was open. They were married four years later, and theirs was an "opulent lifestyle," as it was recently described by a Manhattan divorce-court judge. In happier days, the LeRoys owned an eighteen-room duplex in the Dakota with its very own 30-seat movie theater—and this was before private screening rooms were fashionable. The couple's personal expenditures amounted to more than $2 million a year. Whenever LeRoy and his wife and four children visited one of Warner's favorite cities, Venice, they routinely occupied suites in two separate hotels so they could overlook the Grand Canal from one and use a swimming pool in another.

LeRoy has tried to stay close to his three children with Kay—Jennifer, Max, Carolyn. His daughter Bridget (from a brief first marriage) lives in a house on his property in Amagansett. "I've been careful not to have the family-breakdown stuff happen to me," LeRoy says. "Hollywood is full of that kind of stuff; people hide in closets when their relatives come over, like a farce. It's one reason it's been so difficult for me to have the divorce."

But it has been a difficult time, anyway—especially for the children, who Kay LeRoy says are deeply upset by all the public squabbling. The LeRoys were unable to reach a financial settlement, and so the divorce went to trial, its sordid details making the tabloids on a daily basis. Kay contended that Warner had three mistresses; for one, he'd purchased a house and a BMW. He also dated a Hungarian gymnast, a woman LeRoy claims is "just a friend." His last girlfriend, an aspiring country singer, he dispatched to Lainie Kazan—one of Kay's best friends—for voice lessons.

David Aronson, Kay's attorney, says that LeRoy "flaunted those relationships. He took these women to the same restaurants where he and Kay would go, and he arranged for one of his mistresses' sons to have a birthday party in the same room at Tavern on the Green where he and Kay had parties for their children."

At the time of this writing, the couple is still technically married, although Warner and Kay have been granted a divorce. In June, the court awarded Kay 40 percent of LeRoy's fortune, which translates into a $20 million share, with the couple's 60-acre Amagansett dacha thrown in. For the divorce to become final, both parties must sign off on a judgment that divides the estate between them; their attorneys are still wrangling over the precise terms. Warner LeRoy himself claims to be unsure whether he is married or divorced.

The confusion on all ends is understandable: The summer of 1999 proved to be the Summer of Love for the LeRoys. By the end of August—to the astonishment of *(continued on page 97)*

# restaurants

## Merchants of Venice...Thalia...Churros

**Opening**

## Sorry, Every Table's Booked

**In their former, fashion-oriented lives, Barbara Falanga marketed Levi's and Timberland in Milan, and Donato De Santis was Gianni Versace's private chef. Now the two compatriots (along with partner Richard Glaser) have pooled their mutual passion for that particular Italian institution the enoteca, or wine bar. At the book-themed Biblioteca in SoHo, the wallpaper simulates a library, and the panini, tartines, platters, and bar food are named for famous writers. The Dante is grilled bread topped with Gorgonzola, mascarpone, and walnuts; the Stendhal is a sandwich of pâté, prosciutto, and Camembert. And the Joyce? Chocolate custard. (337 West Broadway; 212-226-6644.)**

## Manhattan

### Lower New York

**Alison on Dominick**—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Bo Ky**—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

**Chanterelle**—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**The Cub Room**—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Gigino Trattoria**—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**L'Ecole**—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *46 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE DC, MC, V.*

**Layla**—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toaste couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, a Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V*

**Montrachet**—Owner Drew Nieporent now has fiv places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly grea restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch o Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—an dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

**Nobu**—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—ha conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossibl to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes ca wait for a table to open up two doors down Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-21 0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**The Odeon**—Downtown has fallen in love all ove again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's o of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room ge everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2 year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas S (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Penang**—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began i Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan lo cations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti cana beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs th strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (21 274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**Provence**—Lots of people have got engaged in th charming garden at this authentic country Frenc restaurant; even more have sampled the bourrid bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actuall make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next be thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M– AE.*

**Raoul's**—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—agin gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarmi sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-96 3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

***Salaam Bombay***—A far cry from the curry cantee of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alte native to TriBeCa's medley of French and Itali standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above ea table decorate the dining room. Regional specia ties from all corners of the country include da batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla fro Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *3 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, D MC, V.*

**Shanghai Tang in SoHo**—After opening to critical a popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japa ese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining pu lic. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or t renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sus bar. *77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I–M) A MC, V.*

**Tennessee Mountain**—This 1807 landmark farm house is known for its huge portions of barbecu and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bri those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.

Photograph by Joe Scafu

all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**ribeca Grill**—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Windows on the World**—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *Below 14th Street, East*

**elgo Nieuw-York**—The current craze for all things Belgian—beer, mussels, waffles, and especially fries—continues with this ultramodern restaurant, the first American branch of a chain that originated in London. Choose from among 101 Belgian brews, or sample them in dishes like confit of duck leg on mashed celeriac with cherry-beer sauce. *415 Lafayette St. (212-253-2828). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**otham Bar & Grill**—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**veli**—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**racle Grill**—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**so Buco**—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *Below 14th Street, West*

**r Pitti**—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

**Boxers**—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (212-633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Da Silvano**—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Gus' Place**—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**Le Zoo**—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**One if by Land, Two if by Sea**—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Osteria Fiorentina**—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Villa Mosconi**—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. As long as the weather permits, a backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, East Side*

**Alva**—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

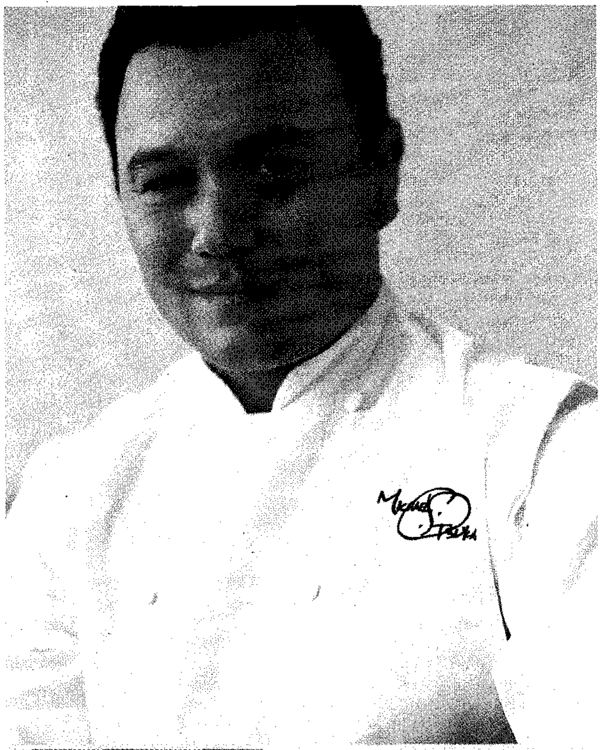
**Bolo**—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Campagna**—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Candela**—How do you make a huge space atmospheric? You decorate it with mission-style furniture and iron sconces, as the management has done here, and light what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and

## Ground Rules:

**Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.**



otograph by Kenneth Chen.

**A S K   G A E L**

## *What's cooking in Hell's Kitchen?*

**Did the Devil drive them to it? All I know is that a consortium of ambitious restaurateurs has lured the left coast's rising-star chef Michael Otsuka to ride the range at Thalia—a decidedly grand and upscale diversion opening this Sunday on once-smarmy Eighth Avenue. Given his Viennese-Jewish-Japanese-American heritage, fusion is Otsuka's birthright. So expect edible martinis like spicy octopus in gazpacho water in a cocktail glass, or try crispy shrimp rolls with gingered pear apple in the handsome lounge. At a recent preview tasting, food-world gurus loved his red-snapper seviche "martini," his rosemary-crusted veal cheeks, and pastry chef Verité Mazzola's plum compote with hibiscus granité, pepper cream, and shortbread. I'll be back to explore the opening menu—especially Yukon-gold-potato salad with sturgeon and caviar, the ham-hock terrine, and a crab-and-leek tart Tatin in vanilla-bean sauce. There will be short ribs, a porterhouse, and a double-loin pork chop for the rear guard too. (828 Eighth Avenue, near 50th Street; 212-399-4444.)**

Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**El Parador Cafe**—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

**Gramercy Tavern**—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**i Trulli**—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Les Halles**—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Meli Melo**—A forerunner on the lower-Madison restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood spot offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner—$28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafood-heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterranean touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby bok choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vietnamese fish soup. And there's a private party room and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th St. (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Mesa Grill**—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Metronome**—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Novitá**—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Oyster Bar**—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

**Park Bistro**—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Patria**—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Piccolino**—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Verbena**—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

### *14th–42nd Streets, West Side*

**Armani Café**—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

**Bright Food Shop**—A Chelsea luncheonette with a innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian in fluences. Excellent desserts and a great selection c Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st S (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

**Bryant Park Grill**—This long-awaited restaurant o the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park ha been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour fo Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, an scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixt Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Caffe Bondí Ristorante**—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in war weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like conigli alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weeken brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) A DC, MC, V.*

**Chelsea Bistro & Bar**—This friendly bistro became neighborhood hangout virtually the day opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lam shank, and experiment among the 200-odd win on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-72 2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Da Umberto**—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the e traordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a tab is no small task, especially in the evening. This is Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony

## Shopping
# Veni, Vidi, Vino

*You'd think that running overbooked Babbo and its brand-new offshoot, Lupa, would be enough to keep partners Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich frantically busy. But in a valiant effort to prove there's more to Italian wines than Chianti (Anthony Hopkins's creepy celluloid endorsement notwithstanding), they've joined forces with wine buyer and consultant Sergio Esposito to open Italian Wine Merchants. Antique corkscrews, Spiegelau glassware and decanters, a stockpile of reference books, a climate-controlled cellar, and a* studio del gusto, *where Batali will cure meats and prepare food for seminars, distinguish this genteel wine shop from the competition. And better yet, more than two thirds of the primarily Italian inventory will sell for less than $20 a bottle. (108 East 16th Street; 212-473-2323.)*

SOLDERA
RISERVA
BAR
BRUNO GIACOSA
Alzero
di monte Ca Paletta
1993
Cabernet Franc
Vino da tavola veronese
Produced and bottled by
Quintarelli Giuseppe
Imported by
Robert Chadderdon Selection
New York - New York

laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

**Hush**—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

**Le Madri**—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Simply Pasta**—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**he Tomato**—If you've worked up an appetite prowling the aisles of Sixth Avenue's superstores, satisfy it with generous portions of diner-style American food. All the bases are covered—meat loaf, macaroni and cheese, chili, potpie—but someone in the kitchen has a vegetarian bent. Tofu meatballs, pressure-cooked vegetarian stew with tempeh, and a tempeh Reuben show a whole new side of comfort food. Brunch, bar menu, and a decent wine list too. *676 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (212-645-6525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Vorld Yacht**—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, East Side*

**afé Centro**—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**aviar Russe**—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**ucina & Co.**—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**e Four Seasons**—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**lana**—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**nmy Sung's**—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

## Opening
## Stick Figures

**On the off-chance that any prospective customer craves something a little lighter and less time-consuming than a full bistro meal, the management of La Mangeoire has annexed the adjacent space to open a faster-food option. Askew revolves, as you might expect, around skewered meat (like gingered beef, sesame-seed chicken, and curried shellfish, ranging from $6.50 to $10.50) served with dipping sauces. Plus soups, salads, sides, and desserts (all, except the grilled-fruit fondue, served sans skewer). (1004 Second Avenue, at 53rd Street; 212-421-8742.)**

**La Mediterranée**—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (212-755-4155). (M) AE; DC.*

**Montebello**—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Mr. K's**—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (212-583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria**—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, in-

otographs: opposite page, Steven Freeman; this page, Joe Scafuro.

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cluding excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Peacock Alley**—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd**—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Tropica**—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

### *43rd–56th Streets, West Side*

**Adrienne**—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Barbetta**—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Bello**—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner af-

**Talent**

## Oh, God, Donut Stop! I'm Begging You!

**For weeks—no, make that *months*—New York's doughnut connoisseurs have been bereft. *They've come to know a hunger that can't be satisfied by the assembly-line likes of Dunkin'* Donuts or even the kitschy Krispy Kreme empire. That's because Mark Isreal, the man behind the wholesale boutique basement Doughnut Plant on the Lower East Side and its big, fluffy, handmade fresh-fruit-glazed doughnuts, has been on hiatus. "Is everything all right?" desperate addicts e-mail. "Did you, like, fall off your delivery bike and hurt yourself?" No, no mishaps on the trusty customized Cannondale. But five years of fourteen-hour workdays, the flour-and-sugar-sack hauling, the cramped basement bakery, and the long-distance delivery Tour de Manhattan took their toll. "I was beyond burned out," says the doughnut auteur. In August he gave Balducci's, Dean & DeLuca, and his other accounts notice and fled to Mexico, where, despite his best efforts, he couldn't get dough off his brain. He became obsessed with churros, the deep-fried, dowel-shaped, sugar-coated spirals that are sold throughout Latin America (and, increasingly, here, at restaurants like Calle Ocho, Five Points, C3, and Doug Rodriguez's upcoming Único). "I tasted the churros on the street—I ate as many as I could," says Isreal. "I asked the women who sell them where they came from, I made my way to the bakery, and I asked if I could watch." And he did, often at one in the morning, until he got the gist of it. Since he came home, he's been making and selling churros exclusively, using canela (cinnamon) and Mexican sugar brought back from the source. He plans to resume making his original doughnuts as soon as he upgrades from his current 275-square-foot basement to a 2,000-square-foot space nearby, where he hopes to open a retail shop, hire a full-time staff, buy a van (for uptown deliveries), and start experimenting with other forms of fried dough from around the world. "There's one from India. All kinds of fritters. I want," he says with a missionary's zeal, "to make every kind of doughnut there is." To offer moral support, find out where to buy his churros, or get specific details on the opening date and address of his new location, e-mail Isreal at www.doughnutplant.com.**

**Rob Patronite**

Photograph by Carina Salv

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n-art-filled environment. Now 'alls in the garden room swing back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th 55). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

tue of its very location—about : of the heart of the theater dis- l Japanese restaurant is a sensible before the curtain. Sushi, shabu- ak, and beef Negimaki are exam- ater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (212- ) AE, DC, MC, V.*

French chef Jean-Louis Palladin e it to Manhattan, where his (octopus seviche in chili-spiked oxtail crépinette with bone-mar- ved in the dining room of a new hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *'212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC,*

eat is back in a big way at this zio, where eighteen different cuts becued over a charcoal pit and intil you say uncle. Live Brazilian ay through Sunday; prix fixe *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). DS, MC, TM, V.*

**use**—A steak cooked in butter is of this successful upscale chain's 's march east across the country. iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, ster—is served in a series of con- nd wood-paneled dining rooms. :oo. *148 W. 51st St. (212-245- E, DC, MC, V.*

—This casual restaurant attracts and midtown's ever-growing s, who come for house specialties en, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and lar chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 1-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

'id Walzog's spicy cooking has merly subdued space into a live- his version of haute Southwest- k-bean purée with chorizo and or the grilled rabbit loin with habanero sauce. The bar has its 1 and a super selection of micro- las. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

**Restaurant & Saloon**—The mid- a SoHo rib joint, this much larg- ant serves an extensive southern which is also available for on- ; catering. Steaks have been t $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212- ) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

### 1–60th Streets

stylish midtown haven for weary formed eaters) on the sixth floor ace of the clothing store offers 1 salads, al dente pastas, delicious entrée specials like grilled salmon arro and cucumber-fennel-chive *:on Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715- IC, V.*

**ven**—The country's entertain- itterati make themselves right at 's monumental dining room. Su- e of the only working chefs to nporary presentation and tech- ic Provençal on one plate. The ne puts the concept-hotel bar *7 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) C, V.*

**n Club**—Savor your seafood in an oom decorated with Picasso ce- ian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th 7). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

d someone say "fresh-pomegran- s, someone did. What's more, this ir guacamole tableside (a south- ibachi?). Some of the tastier n in the city. *1063 First Ave., at -7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

ues off to owner Tony May, who nore for the cause of serious Ital- New York than any other single

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restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, East Side*

**Boxers**—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (212-688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

**El Pollo**—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

**Fireman's of Brooklyn**—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Jo Jo**—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

**Mark's**—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**Nino's**—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Park Avenue Cafe**—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Penang**—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**Post House**—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Primavera**—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Zucchero e Pomodori**—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

### *Above 60th Street, West Side*

**Artepasta**—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

**Cafe des Artistes**—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

**M&G Diner**—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

**Penang**—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

**Picholine**—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Restaurant 222**—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

**Sapphire Indian Cuisine**—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Sarabeth's**—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Sylvia's**—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

**Wells**—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle combination. One way or another, this restaurant has been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 years. *2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd St. (212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

## Brooklyn

**Cucina**—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

**Two Tom's**—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

## Staten Island

**Aesop's Tables**—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

**Wolff** *continued from page 25*

eyed. What did they have on their hands
A literary scandal? A subversive politica
act? A potty author?

The story went to the newsroom an
in late September, onto the front page.

While Weisman, who covered th
White House during the Reagan year
would get deeper into the book and fina
ly write a sympathetic review—conclu
ing that he's more comfortable with Mo
ris's accuracy than he is, for instanc
with Bob Woodward's reality reconstru
tions—the *Times* itself, in two front-pag
accounts, daily inside coverage, an admi
ing daily review, and a savage attack by i
culture critic, can't seem to decid
whether Morris is some errant litera
worthy or the infamous Howard Hugh
biographical hoaxster Clifford Irving.

And indeed, suddenly it is as thoug
there were no one in the political-med
Establishment (this is, arguably, not real
a literary dispute; Morris's book is certai
ly not the first to play with fiction and fac
in many ways, he is more scrupulous abo
their commingling than most) who isn't
deep consternation about the book.

Betrayal is a piece of it. Dashed expe
tations too—all these years waiting for t
unveiling of the monument. Still, it is on
a book. So it's not unreasonable to pr
sume there is something else that's fueli
this fire. I think it's fear. The fear th
Morris has gone crazy. And how can y
predict what a crazy man will do or say
The fear is that crazy Edmund has t
story—has found a way to tell this heret
fore unbelievable tale. The reality dist
tion that dare not speak its name.

This fear is not unwarranted.

There is something in the nature of t
book, its weirdness, its extremes, th
makes you realize—more than a we
mannered detailing of the archival e
dence might—how truly bizarre the Re
gan years were. Fictional bizarre. Come
bizarre. Bizarre bizarre. Inevitably, you g
to thinking, there must have been a co
spiracy to create normality here—a co
spiracy between the press and the Re
ganites, a cabal of silence (although wi
much snickering) as great as when t
press hid the Kennedy scandals. (
greater. Much greater. This man w
strange. Really strange. Profoundly wei
Not just disconnected but gone.

OH YES, AND THEN THERE IS ONE MO
thing that is ticking certain people off.
is very Reagan-era, too. With enough a
dacity and publicity, Morris will sell a m
lion books. And success remakes t
rules. People hate that. ■

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Billy Joel Rocks for Frédéric Chopin

## Previews

### Accentuate the Positive

**Standing against a bank of windows in a bare dance studio above the Hard Rock Cafe, hip-hop expert Rocafella watches as a kid in a white tank top curves his body into an impossible one-armed handstand. Full Circle (pictured) is a group of hip-hop dancers and amateur political philosophers founded by Rocafella and her partner Kwikstep in 1996. They're about to link up with Compagnie Käfig, six Frenchmen they've never met, for an evening of popping, locking, and breaking at the Hostos Center in the Bronx. *Récital*, Käfig's New York premiere, blends the hard-edged world of the street with the formalism of a classical violin recital. Mourad Merzouki, the French-Algerian artistic director of Käfig, comes from the Saint-Priest suburb of Lyon, a ferociously pro–National Front stronghold that is no haven to the likes of these performers, all of whom have North African roots (and long experience with racial prejudice). Yet he's convinced that hip-hop can bring people together. It's all about staying positive in the face of adversity, says Rocafella: "When you finally get the camera pointing your way, are you going to say something dope, or are you gonna say something stupid?"**

**ERIKA KINETZ**

## Classical Music

**esdner Kreuzchor**—The boys' choir sings *a cappella.* 10/12 at 7:30. *St. Thomas Church, 1 W. 53rd St. (212-664-9360); $15–$40.*

**arles Callahan, organ**—Take lunch. Find God. 10/14 at 1:15. *St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. (212-967-9157); free.*

**tham Early Music Foundation**—The Tallis Scholars explore *L'homme armé* in Renaissance sacred music. 10/14 at 8. *Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. (800-627-0655); $20–$35.*

**w York Philharmonic**—André Previn conducts Brahms, Elgar, and Previn, with pianist Horacio Gutierrez. 10/14 and 10/16 at 8, 10/15 at 11 A.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

**yo String Quartet**—Works by Beethoven, Ravel, and Shostakovich. 10/14 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $30.*

**xander & Daykin**—Works by Schubert, Hindemith, Ferroud, and Dvořák by the piano duo. 0/15 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. 212-247-7800); $20.*

**es of Edgar Allan Poe**—Leon Botstein conducts the American Symphony Orchestra in works influenced by the writer. 10/15 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$45.*

**Yo Ma**—Works by O'Connor, Sheng, Wilde, and Kodaly. 10/15 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$76.*

**hestra Symphonique de Montreal**—Charles Dutoit eads works by Dallapiccola and Szymanowski. 0/16 at 8 and 10/17 at 2. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$76.*

**ples' Symphony Concerts**—The Juilliard String Quartet performs Beethoven and Webern on the heap. 10/16 at 8. *Washington Irving High School, 6th St. and Irving Place. (212-586-4680); $5.*

**mber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—Works by Mozart, with violinist Joel Silverstein, violist Paul Neubauer, cellist Fred Sherry, and pianist Lee Luisi. 10/17 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center 212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

**pin Gala**—Billy Joel joins piano authority David Dubal, actor Tony Randall, and 23 pianists o celebrate the 150th anniversary of Chopin's eath. 10/17 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 212-875-5050); $20–$30.*

**at Performers**—Soprano Lisa Saffer and pianist udith Gordon perform music by Strauss, Debussy, and Messiaen. 10/18 at 7:30. *Walter Reade heater, Lincoln Center (212-9721-6500); $25.*

**Te Kanawa**—The soprano sings works by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Mozart, and others. 0/18 at 7:30. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. 212-247-7800); $21–$86.*

## Opera

**to Opera**—Verdi's *La Traviata,* 10/15 and 10/16 7:30 and 10/17 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (212-228-200); $25.*

**ropolitan Opera**—*Otello,* 10/12 at 7:30; *Lucia di ammermoor,* 10/13 at 7:30 and 10/16 at 1:30; *Tosca,* 0/14 at 7:30 and 10/18 at 8; *Aida,* 10/15 at 8; *Cavalleria Rusticana* 10/16 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

**York City Opera**—Bizet's *Carmen,* 10/13 at 7:30 nd 10/16 at 1:30; Handel's *Ariodante,* 10/14 at :30 and 10/16 at 8; *La Boheme,* 10/15 at 8 and 10/17 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$90.*

## Dance

**The Australian Ballet**—Choreography from *Madame Butterfly* to William Forsythe's *In the Middle, Somewhat Elevated.* 10/12 at 7:30, 10/13–10/15 at 8, 10/16 at 2 and 8, and 10/17 at 3. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $30–$60.*

**Iberos**—A flamenco and fado performance. 10/14 at 8. *The Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Madison Aves. (212-772-4448); $30.*

**Songs and Stories From *Moby Dick***—Ahab, Ishmael, and the great white whale meet Laurie Anderson. 10/12–10/16 at 7:30. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $17–$45.*

**The Limón Dance Company**—A mix of old (*The Moor's Pavane, Dark Elegies*) and new (*The Plain Sense of Things*). 10/12–10/17; Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. *The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

**Sarah East Johnson and Lava**—Cabaret-style derring-do inspired by geologic forces that's part circus, part gymnastics, part dance, and all woman. 10/14–10/17 at 8, matinee for kids 10/17 at 3. Extended through 10/30. *Flea Theater, 41 White St. (212-226-0051); $35, $15 for kids' matinee.*

**Pierre Droulers**—*De l'air et du vent* visits from Belgium. 10/14–10/16 at 8:30. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $15.*

**Sasha Pepelyaev's Kinetic Theatre**—Modern dance meets Russian literature and avant-garde theater. 10/13–10/15 at 8 and 10/16 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (212-691-6500); $12 for adults, $8 for kids under 12.*

**Compagnie Käfig and Full Circle Souljahz**—French-Algerian Compagnie Käfig joins the South Bronx's Full Circle for hip-hop without borders. 10/15 and 10/16 at 7:30. *Hostos Center, 450 Grand Concourse, at 149th St., Bronx. (718-598-4455); $15.*

### Ground Rules:

**This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."**

tograph by Hassan.

# nightlife

Feinstein...Page & Crowes...Zap Mama

## Previews

## Borrowed Blues

*Both the Black Crowes (pictured, left) and former Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page (right) borrow heavily from African-American music; the former from Stax-influenced soul, the latter from Robert Johnson's blues. In what's being billed, without a hint of irony, as "A Rock 'n' Roll Evening," they share the stage—and perhaps a few sixties-style jams—at Roseland October 12–14. (See "Concerts.")*

## Concerts

**Elton John**—10/15–10/16 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

**Jimmy Page/Black Crowes**—10/12–10/14 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $42.50.*

**Rick Springfield**—10/16 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $25–$50.*

**Robbie Williams**—10/15 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171) $23.50.*

### Small Stages

**Arlene Grocery**— 10/15: Thrill Cycle; Big; Christine Ohlman. 10/16: David Drago; the Humans; Joe Bendik & Heathers. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

**The Baggot Inn**— 10/12: Dave McDaid; Danny Carleton; David Kolker's Blues Thang. 10/13: Sophia Olivet; Kevin Brady; Organum. 10/14: Emiko; Jane Burnett; J. J. Appleton. *82 W. Third St. (212-477-0622).*

**Bottom Line**—10/15: Tuck & Patti. 10/16: Good Rats; Joe Grushecky; House Rockers. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

**Bowery Ballroom**—10/15: Dave Alvin; Buddy and Julie Miller. 10/16: Superdrag; Sheila Divine; Ultrafine. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

**CBGB & OMFUG**—10/15: The Shirts; Thrill Craft. 10/16: Wesley Willis. *315 Bowery (212-982-4052). $.*

**Club El Flamingo**—"The Donkey Show," doors at 8:30, shows at 9. *Club El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

**Cooler**—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz experimenter and Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

**Fez**—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

**Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North**—All shows begin at 10; admission is free. Every Wed. in Oct.: Dusty Wright and the Idle Rich; every Thurs: Sheriff Uncle Bob and the Goodtimers. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th & 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

**Irving Plaza**—10/14: Zap Mama; Jephte Guillame. 10/16: John Paul Jones. 10/18: The Mission UK; Gene Loves Jezebel; Mike Peters. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

**Joe's Pub**—10/15 and 10/17–10/18: Rickie Lee Jones. 10/16: Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross. *42 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

**Knitting Factory**—10/14: Jonathan Richman; Luciar Souza. 10/15: Jonathan Richman; Grand Ma 10/16: Jonathan Richman; Marmoset; Jef Le Johnson. 10/17: Don Byron and Steve Lacy Quatet; Peter Mazza. 10/18: Faust. *74 Leonard St. (21. 219-3055). $.*

**Maxwell's**—10/14: Stereo Total. 10/15: Superdra 10/16: Friends, Romans & Countrymen. 10/1 Jonathan Richman. 10/18: The Buzzcocks. *10. Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).*

**Mercury Lounge**—10/14: Mike Watt. 10/16: Inncence Mission. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-470*

**Phoenix Room**—10/14: Craig Dreyer. 10/15: Afr Dysia; Louis Andino. 10/16: Seleno Clarke Quitet. *Phoenix Room, 570 Amsterdam Av bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (212-580-7755)*

**Rodeo Bar**—10/14: Dirty Water. 10/1 Cigar Store Indians. 10/16: Spurs. *3 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).*

**S.O.B.'s**—Most nights, sets at 10 a midnight. 10/15: Island Heat. 10/1 Samba Novo. 10/17: Tribute to Ism Rivera. 10/18: Eddie Palmieri. *204 V ick St. (212-243-4940).*

**Wetlands**—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesda Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collecti *161 Hudson St. (212-966-5244). $.*

## Clubland

**Baktun**—A small, way-way-west ven that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, u pretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly dee house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-runni house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty tri hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Dir Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Ch Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for co plete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590*

**Cheetah**—This Chelsea–Flatiron district nights may have lost the popular gay hip-hop ni "Phab," but it's gained some good parties in process, like "Boy's Life" (formerly at Life) a "Great British House" (formerly at Vanity). *12 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

**Don Hill's**—South and west enough to scare away rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, cl kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belc to the British rock of "Tiswas," while Sundays I Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, fu rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Gre wich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

**Izzy Bar**—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a wat ing hole than a place to chill out and hear so cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's trahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vo every Tuesday. It's a strictly no-D.J.'s party wh media folk, artists, and others take their shot the wheels of steel. Thursdays, big name D.J.'s l Tod Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for " sorted Flavors." Saturdays, things get funky w the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Lou

### Ground Rules:

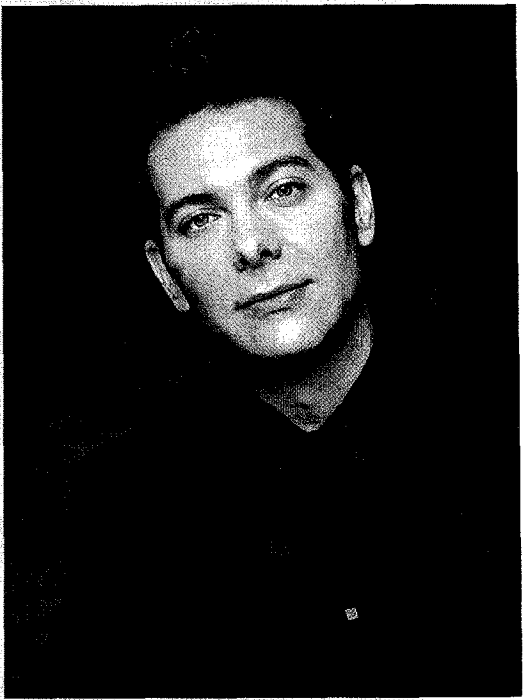
**In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; e pect shows to start much later than promised. $ cash only.**

Photographs: left, Ross Halfin; right, David Atlas/Re

## Opening Standards Bearer

“There are a lot of young people who love Rosemary Clooney,” insists Michael Feinstein, the elfin standards singer known for interpreting the songbooks of George Gershwin, Jerry Herman, and Irving Berlin. He's eager to stress this point because he's hoping to cater to those fans—and create new ones—in the eponymous upscale nightclub he recently opened at the five-star Regency Hotel. He may have his work cut out for him: Clooney certainly has fans under 40 (her homespun performances are exquisite, and hipsters love her disturbingly peppy swing version of “Ol' Man River”), but most twentysomethings would have to pawn their Beck CDs to come up with $60 for a ticket and at least another $50 for food and drink. Still, give Feinstein credit for taking chances. His new album, *Big City Rhythms,* swings more than his previous recordings, and this month he giggled through the edgy drag act Kiki & Herb. And what younger artists would he like to book? “Rufus Wainwright,” he replies. “To bring him here would be really surprising.” In the end, commercial concerns may weigh down Feinstein's lofty ambition, considering that both Eighty Eight's and Rainbow and Stars closed this year and the city's few remaining cabarets cater to a shrinking—and aging—audience. “We're trying to convert the [Regency's] power breakfast into the power nightclub,” says Jonathan Tisch, president and CEO of Loews Hotels, which owns the Regency. If Feinstein can manage to strike a balance between youthful newcomers and cabaret's Establishment, Tisch just might see his wish come true. (See “Cabaret.”)

TED GIDEONSE



*166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

**ife**—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's “On!” offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is “Legends,” a soulful house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursday night's “Get a Life!” is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. “Flash Fridays” belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, “Flick6ix,” whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. Life also hosts a monthly drum-'n'-bass party called “Heat.” *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

**melight**—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like the deep-house-and-garage-oriented “Garage City,” which sounds oh-so-“Body & Soul,” Fridays promoted by “Beige” mastermind Erich Conrad, and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave. (212-677-1717).*

**other**—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays host to some of New York's wildest, weirdest parties. Tuesday's belong to Jackie 60, the legendary night with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate Moss–inspired, models-in-distress “Pooped-Out Party Girls.” Thursdays are taken over by the very Gothic “Long Black Veil,” and Fridays are the ladies-only “Clit Club.” *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

**undfactory**—A curiously inactive presence in the city's club scene, Soundfactory has almost completely fallen off the clubland radar. But this should change with the recently introduced (and unimaginatively named) “Soundfactory Fridays,” which offers big names from the worlds of techno, drum 'n' bass, and house. *618 W. 46th St. (212-489-0001).*

**eeed**—One of the last Manhattan “megaclubs,” Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP. room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays belong to “Midnight Turntable Knockers,” a hardcore-hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max Glazer, and S&S. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house. “Cafe Con Leche,” a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. Look out for a Friday-night soulful-house party called “Twisted,” with D.J.'s Merritt and Father Chris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

**e Warehouse**—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St. (718-992-5974).*

**ilo**—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks o a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl traights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. unior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 10/18: “Yoshi-Toshi 5 Year Anniversary Party,” with Deep Dish; Junior Sanchez; D.J. Emi- y. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

**5 Club**—Blink and you could miss this tiny, unas- uming Lower East Side nightspot on a particularly desolate block of Chrystie Street. But the club's out-of-the-way locale perfectly fits the many unassuming (but nonetheless excellent) parties that happen here, including the underground hip-hop night “Indie 500,” where great D.J.'s like Mr. Len, Eclipse, and Matt Glazer take over the wheels of steel; and “Soul-Sa,” a cool new house-music party on Sundays with D.J.'s Mario Roberto and Richard Lescrees. An dded bonus: Most nights the cover barely scratches he $5 mark. *205 Chrystie Street (“Soul-Sa” info: 212-73-5816; “Indie 500” info: 212-592-0903).*

**ity**—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Wednesdays with the drum-'n'-bass, house, and hip-hop party “Surface,” featuring local D.J.'s Swingswett and Reid Speed and Thursdays with the excellent drum-'n'-bass party “Physics,” which draws top talent from the U.K. One note of caution: Vanity's bar staff is among the rudest in the city. *28 E. 23rd St. (212-254-6117). $.*

**Vinyl**—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. “Little” Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now) house party “Sunset Ritual” every Wednesday, Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party “Shelter,” and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party “Body & Soul,” provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

## Jazz

**Birdland**—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11:00. 10/14: Carol Sloane. 10/15–10/16: Larry Coryell's Eleventh House Reunion Band. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

**Blue Note**—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the “jazz capital of the world” often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. Through 10/17: Chick Corea & Origin. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

**Detour**—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

**Dharma**—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to “out” experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

**Iridium**—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Through 10/17: Jimmy Smith Trio. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

**Jazz at Noon**—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns. 10/15: Sam Newsome and Global Unity. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).*

**“Jazz Insights: The Legacy of Charlie Parker”**—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 10/19: Antonio Hart. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

**The Jazz Standard**—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist

tograph by Roger Dong.

David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. Through 10/17: The Sonny Fortune Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

**Museum of Modern Art**—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

**Red Blazer**—Mondays: The Lenore Raphael Trio. Tuesdays: Stan Gold's Quartet. Wednesdays: Francine Whitney & the 52nd Street Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Swing Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

**Small's**—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start around 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

**Sweet Basil**—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

**Tavern on the Green**—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

**Tonic**—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: "Klezmer Sundays"; Sonic Youth curates the October lineup. 10/14: Kali Fasteau; Loren MazzaCane Connors; Beth Custer; Killer Joey. 10/15: Lee Ranaldo; Sex Mob. 10/16: Blinkgurtel; Milford Graves; Haunted House; Slow Poke. 10/17: Jim O'Rourke. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

## Performance Mama: A Brand-New Bag

*Not every act marketed as "world music" is watered down with New Age sappiness. Led by the sultry-voiced Marie Daulne (pictured, center), Brussels-based Zap Mama blends trip-hop atmospherics and hip-hop musical collage with tribal rhythms on its intriguing fourth album, 'A Ma Zone'; Haitian-born vocalist and producer Jephté Guillaume mixes smooth house music and Haitian voodoo chants on his debut album, 'Voyage of Dreams.' Live, Guillaume's thirteen-piece orchestra recalls the big-band soul of Afro-beat legend Fela Kuti, and Zap Mama's funk-driven fusion should keep the audience thinking while they dance. (See "Small Stages.")*

**Village Vanguard**—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. Through 10/17: Teri Thornton. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037).*

## Comedy

**Boston Comedy Club**—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

**Carolines on Broadway**—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

**Comedy Cellar**—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 10/17: Tom Rhodes; Mitch Fatel; Greg Giraldo; Modi; Godfrey; Louis C.K. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

**Comic Strip**—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

**Dangerfield's**—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style
lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy estab
lishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 
10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuou
from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri.; Sat. $15 cover for
and 12:30 shows, $20 cover for 10:30 show
$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 Fir*
*Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

**Gotham**—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron dis
trict. Every Tues. and Sun. New Talent Showcas
Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 an
10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on week
nights. Two-drink minimum. 10/15–10/16: Mar
Maron; Greg Carey; Justin McKinney. 10/1
"Commedia dell'Jiles," with Jennifer Jiles, Bill
Cook, Ron Domingo, J. Richey Nash, and Je
Sproul. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

**KGB**—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren En
gel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502*

**"Spin Cycle Comedy"**—Comedy from Danny Cohe
and Jodie Wasserman while you separate you
whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundroma*
*178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6061). Fre*

**Stand-up New York**—Robin Williams is known t
drop by here unannounced to warm up for h
*Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Show
Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sa
at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850)*

**Surf Reality**—The Lower East Side's fave spot f
sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Thur
days: "The Black, the Jew and You!" *172 Allen S*
*second floor. (212-673-4182). $.*

## Cabaret

**Algonquin Hotel**—Fresh from a major overhaul, t
Oak Room hosts some formidable names in
cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late sho
Fri. & Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Qua
tet. Through 11/13: Mary Cleere Haran. *59*
*44th St. (212-840-6800).*

**Asti**—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis
opera and operetta, are the keynote of this V
lage landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (21*
*741-9105).*

**Cafe Carlyle**—Every Monday, Woody Allen swin
through the early set with Eddy Davis & His Ne
Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $
($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no mi
mum. Through 12/31: Bobby Short. *Carlyle Hot*
*Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

**Cafe Pierre**—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen La
dis performs works by Gershwin, Van Heuse
Arlen, and Rogers in "Where of When
Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays pia
$19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave.*
*61st St. (212-940-8195).*

**Don't Tell Mama**—What better way to wind down af
an evening of overwrought Broadway fare th
some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8:30: "T
Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvised com
dy. Saturdays in October and November: Stev
Brinberg in "Simply Barbra." $10 cover, two-dri
minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

**Duplex**—10/16 at 8: Michael Garin. $10 cover, t
drink minimum. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (21*
*255-5438).*

**Feinstein's at the Regency**—Michael Feinste
brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Ho
shares the room with the restaurant 540 Pa
Nightly through 10/16: Rosemary Clooney. Tic
ets are $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *5*
*Park Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 21*
*339-4095).*

**Judy's**—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy a
friendly piano bar features two performan
spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy h
self. 10/14: Amy Schmidt in "Something Els
10/15: James Beaman in "Black Market Marle
A Dietrich Cabaret." 10/16: Eastern Stand
Time in "The Time Is Now . . . The Songs
Timeless." 10/17: Susan Baum in "Sundays W
Susan." 10/18: Amy Schmidt in "Something Els
*169 Eighth Ave. (212-929-5410).*

**Red Blazer**—Thursdays through October: "C
Hoffman sings Sinatra." $10 cover, two drink mi
imum. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

**Sardi's**—Thursdays: "The Nonstop Broadway Ho
enanny" *234 W. 44th St. (212-221-8444).*

Photograph by Jurgen Rogi

# the mix

**Jon Stewart...Fall Foliage in the Park**

## John Leonard's TV Notes

**Unsuitable Job for a Woman** (10/14, 10/21,10/28, and 11/4; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) brings back Helen Baxendale as Cordelia Gray, the P. D. James private eye, and Annette Crosbie as Mrs. Sparshott, her maternally inclined busybody assistant, in a pair of two new *Mystery!* cases in which Cordelia, always a melancholy babe, is also exhausted from ate-term pregnancy. (Never mind that the father of this forthcoming child, a friend rather than a over, will die of cancer without ever knowing the ruth.) In "Living on Risk," her fragile condition only means falling asleep inopportunely, while art heft, forgery, abduction, and murder happen all around her. In "Playing God," on the splendid other hand, being extremely pregnant permits Cordelia to fit right in with a helpless bunch of expectant mothers held in a sort of Benthamite Panopticon, while their wardens auction off the unborn to the highest bidders.

**Sex Monster** (10/15; 8 to 9:45 P.M.; Cinemax) would like us to believe that Mariel Hemingway, bullied by her hubby into spicing up their marriage with a ménage à trois, so takes to lesbian sex hat she'll end up seducing every female in the neighborhood. Mike Binder not only plays the regretful hubby but also wrote and directed the rantic movie. While Kevin Pollak, Missy Crider, tephen Baldwin, and Renee Humphrey do their upporting bit, it's mostly Mariel trying too hard o persuade us that she's madcap.

**a Class of His Own** (10/17; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is the real-life story of Rich Donato, a eloved high-school janitor who stands to lose his ob if he can't pass the GED, as impersonated by ou Diamond Phillips (*La Bamba* on the big creen, *The King and I* on Broadway), who gets to e (1) hard-working if not class-conscious; (2) allwise if slightly dyslexic; and (3) inherently noble ven though attention-deficient. Not only will he e coached by special-ed teacher Joan Chen and most of his loving misfit students, but he will inst on taking the exam a fourth time even after it's o longer required. Heart-lukewarming.

**Time Shifters** (10/17; 8 to 10 P.M.; TBS), besides etting Catherine Bell out of her *JAG* uniform, actually thinks its way above and beyond the usual ci-fi hokum. Supermarket-tabloid reporter Casper Van Dien discovers the same nameless eyewitness in old photographs of four-star disasters from the *Titanic* to Hurricane Hugo. Turns out he's a thrill-eeking tourist from the future on a package deal. When Van Dien and Bell, advised by a brochure of isasters yet to come, manage to save some lives, he future begins to fear for its vicious, prurient elf. I'd watch Bell in the Yellow Pages. That interesting questions are also asked about the obscene elationship between tourism and journalism, and ournalism and atrocity porn, is a dividend.

**Hope** (10/17; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) features Farrah awcett as a fun-loving, scatterbrained prodigal aughter come back home to North Carolina too te to say good-bye to her dead mother but just n time, with the manly one-armed help of mill oreman Brad Johnson, to save the family farm, otwithstanding the doubts of her sourpuss ounger sister, Ashley Crow. Farrah really ought to e too old for a feckless siren role, but you ouldn't know it here. Even knee-deep in white gs, she's still got the best teeth in showbiz.

ograph courtesy of Universal Films.

## Happening
## Perfect Hitch

**You will probably have difficulty getting in the shower or looking at pigeons for a few days after attending NYU's "Hitchcock: A Centennial Celebration," but seminars with historians, critics (including scream queen Camille Paglia—now, *that's* scary), and stars like Eva Marie Saint, John Forsythe, and Janet Leigh, plus screenings of *Psycho, The Birds* (pictured), and *North by Northwest*, should make it well worth the recovery period. October 13 through 17; see "Events."**

## Lectures and Panels

**"Witold Rybczynski: Dressing Our Homes and Dressing Ourselves"**—10/12 at 6 P.M.: The author of *City Life, Home,* and *A Clearing in the Distance* talks about the effect of fashion on architecture. The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

**"Hemingway's Women"**—10/13 at 6 P.M.: Biographer Bernice Kert discusses the author's loves. The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (212-755-6710); $5.

**Dr. J. Craig Venter**—10/13 at 4 P.M.: A leader in the race to map the entire human genome discusses his work. Polytechnic University's Dibner Auditorium, 5 MetroTech Center, Brooklyn (718-260-3892); free.

***The Daily Show With Jon Stewart***—10/14 at 6 P.M.: Stewart, senior producer Ben Karlin, and co-creator Madeline Smithberg discuss the challenges of their program's topicality and its mandate to deflate the seriousness of television journalism. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

**"The Spirit of 1960s Japan: Intellectual and Cultural Movements"**—10/14 at 6:30 P.M.: Harry Harootunian, director of the NYU East Asian Studies program, photographer Leo Rubinfien, and filmmaker John Nathan discuss artistic and cultural movements in postwar Japan. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $10.

**"Restaurant Critics Reveal Where to Get a Good Inexpensive Meal"**—10/14 at 6 P.M.: With Moira Hodgson, Adam Rapoport, and Daniel Young. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5690); $15.

**"Civil Liberties in the New Millennium"**—10/15 and 10/16 at 9:15 A.M.: A two-day conference on the prison industrial complex and the death penalty. The New School's Swayduck Auditorium, 65 Fifth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (914-574-4797); $25.

**"Isaac Stern in Coversation with Chaim Potok"**—10/17 at 7:30 P.M.: The celebrated violinist and the celebrated author under one roof. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

**"Jorge Luis Borges at 100: A Lecture by Carlos Fuentes"**—10/18 at 8 P.M.: One of the greatest Spanish-language writers of our century is saluted. Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $10.

## GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY

| | MON | TUE | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT | SUN |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| YANKEES* | PLAYOFFS | ON | FOX | | | | |
| METS* | PLAYOFFS | ON | NBC | | | | |
| JETS | JAC ABC<br>9:00PM | | | | | | IND CBS<br>1:00PM |
| GIANTS | | | | | | | |
| RANGERS | NYI MSG<br>7:30PM | | | PIT ESPN2<br>7:30PM | | | ATL MSG<br>7:00PM |
| ISLANDERS | NYR MSG<br>7:30PM | | | ATL MSG<br>7:30PM | | NJ MSG<br>7:30PM | |
| | 10/11 | 10/12 | 10/13 | 10/14 | 10/15 | 10/16 | 10/17 |

* INFORMATION UNAVAILABLE AT TIME OF PUBLICATION

## The Written Word

**"60th Anniversary of the Kenyon Review"**—10/12 at 7 P.M.: With David Lynn, Michael Wood, Lewis Hyde, and Celia O'Donnell. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South, (212-604-4823); free, wear a jacket.

**Mark Seliger**—10/13 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Physiognomy.* Rizzoli, 454 West Broadway (212-674-1616); free.

**Linda Fairstein**—10/13 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Cold Hit.* Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

**"Poetry in Transit"**—10/13 at 8 P.M.: Danish poets Annemette Kure Andersen, Niels Frank, and Pia Tafdrup read from recent work in their native tongue, and our own John Ashbery, Siri Hustvedt, and Eleni Sikelianos read English translations. Poetry Project/St. Marks Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-0910); $7.

**Ron Hansen**—10/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Hitler's Niece.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

**Peter Mayle**—10/14 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Encore Provence* gabs about France. French Institute Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (212-355-6100); $10.

**Steven Kolpan**—10/16 at 2 P.M.: Readings from *A Sense of Place: An Intimate Portrait of the Niebaum-Coppola Winery and the Napa Valley.* Best Cellars, 1291 Lexington Ave. (212-426-4200); free.

**Nicholas Lemann**—10/18 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *The Big Test: The Secret History of the American Meritocracy.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

**Sara Paretsky**—10/18 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Hard Time,* her latest V. I. Warshawski novel. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $10.

## Tours

**"Fall Foliage in Central Park"**—Through 10/31 at 10 A.M., 1 P.M., and 4 P.M.: Explore the history, design, and hidden treasures of our collective 843-acre backyard on a bicycle. The two-hour tours visit sites like Strawberry Fields, Belvedere Castle, and the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir. Meet at 2 Columbus Circle at W. 59th St. and Broadway (212-541-8759); $30 includes a bike.

## Events

**The New York Photography Fair**—10/15–10/17: A mix of emerging and established dealers offer nineteenth- and twentieth-century daguerreotypes, tintypes, cyanotypes, ambrotypes, and albumen prints. The Puck Building, corner of Houston and Lafayette Sts. (212-777-5218); $12.

**Wendy's Park Avenue Antiques**—10/15–10/17 at 11 A.M.: Rare books, clocks, silver, Sheffield, brass, paintings, prints, maps, porcelain, rugs, Art Deco, glass, lighting, garden antiques, and other old stuff from around the world. Wallace Hall, Park Ave. at 84th St. (212-288-3588); $10.

**Gramercy Park Antiques & Textiles Show**—10/15–10/17 at 11 A.M.: A resource for designers, decorators, and do-it-yourselfers seeking vintage furnishings and fabrics. 69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 26th St. (212-255-0020); $10.

**"Hitchcock: A Centennial Celebration"**—10/13–10/17 at 11 A.M.: An opening-night concert, "Music From the Films of Hitchcock"; appearances by stars and writers like John Forsythe, Patricia Hitchcock, Evan Hunter, Arthur Laurents, Janet Leigh, Eva Marie Saint, and Teresa Wright; and screenings of *Psycho, The Birds,* and *North by Northwest.* Registration is $150; call 212-998 1599 for times and building locations.

**ExpoSure**—Through 10/24: Sites throughout hip as-can-be NoLIta offer installation art, perfoi mances, and fashion. Call 212-625-9305 or lc on to www.exposure-usa.org for a guide t events and locations.

## Benefits

**"1999 Freedom of the Human Spirits Award"**—10/1 at 6:30 P.M.: A cocktail party with a performanc by the Platters and Bill Harrington to benef the International Center for the Disabled. Pla: Hotel, Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (212-585-6000 $500.

**"In Our Own Words"**—10/18 at 6:30 P.M.: A cockta reception with readings by Alice Seabold ar Linda Fairstein to benefit Victim Services. Eilee Fisher, 295 West Broadway (212-577-8293); $9

## Online

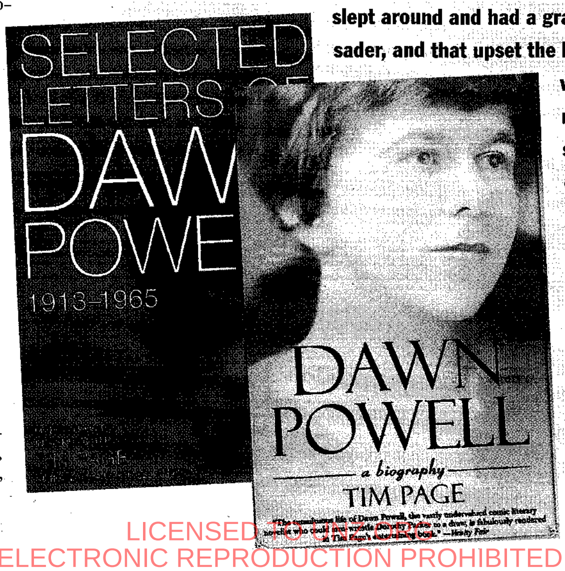
**New York Magazine on the Web**—"Stephanie's Su Report" (in the "Today" section of www.nev yorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekd: This week: Take care of yourself with a wellne site for women; have fun with your kids at run pustoys.com; blab all you like at your Web talk r dio; and get anarchic with Adbusters Cultu Jammers Headquarters. And while you're in tl neighborhood at www.nymag.com, stick arou and check out all our other great features, like s lected articles from the current issue, extensi archives and our expanded "Cue" section, pl Web exclusives like daily event picks; "Fi

### In Print

## Mrs. Powell and the Vicious Circle

'Dawn Powell is the most overappreciated underappreciated writer around," one New York novelist recently declared when she spotted my copy of *Selected Letters of Dawn Powell, 1913-1965.* The volume is edited by Tim Page, Powell's biographer and No. 1 fan, a man who has devoted the past ten years to rescuing her from the exurbs of literary recognition. He's not buying the idea that's there's now some sort of post-resurgence anti-Powell backlash. "I really haven't confronted that," claims Page, whose persuasive 1998 biography of the author is just out in paperback. Powell, a friend of Hemingway's and favorite of John Dos Passos, died broke in 1965 just two years after her last novel, *The Golden Spur,* was shortlisted for the National Book Award, and until Page and Gore Vidal started singing her praises people had pretty much forgotten about her. "Some feminists weren't attracted to her because she makes fun of women as acutely as she does of men," Page contends, and she was unable to garner support from the left *or* the right in a time when the city's community of letters was highly politicized. "She upset conservatives because her characters drank a lot and slept around and had a grand time doing it. But she was in no way a crusader, and that upset the liberals. She was also funny," he says. "I think we tend to mistrust funny people." It's a theory, but Dorothy Parker's reputation doesn't seem to have been hindered by her wit. "Powell wasn't a self-promoter. Dorothy Parker had a good press agent," says Page. "Parker wrote some very nice stories, but when you add it up it's really a very small legacy. The women were friends, but Powell didn't think much of Parker's talent." Parker-lovers should steer clear of the Upper West Side Barnes & Noble on October 28, when Page will be reading.

ARIEL LEVY



**The Tube** ***Excellent Cadavers,* a docu-drama based on the book by Alexander Stille, looks at the Mafia from a homegrown Sicilian point of view. Chazz Palminteri stars as a tough guy, but not the sort we've come to expect from him—the courageous magistrate Giovanni Falcone, whose assassination in 1992 spurred a crackdown on the mob by the Italian government. F. Murray Abraham is a complicated wonder as the singing godfather Tommasso Buscetta, and the location shooting in Palermo and Rome offers an attractive European setting for this tale of bloody murder. Airs on HBO October 16 at 8 P.M.**

Vords" for bibliophiles; and "The Baseball Di-
ries," Chris Smith's dispatches from the playoffs
t Yankee Stadium.

## Sports

**g Walk '99** —On Saturday, 10/16, the ASPCA
/ill hold its annual walkathon to raise funds for
omeless and abandoned animals. You don't need
canine or Olympian strides to participate:
hoose from the 1-Mile March, the 2-Mile Tour,
r the 4-Mile Feat and walk with a friend or so-
). American Airlines will award the top fund-
iiser two round-trip tickets to a Caribbean des-
nation. There is a $20 registration fee, and you
an receive an entry form online at www.-
etopia.com, or in person until 10/14 from the
.SPCA lobby at 424 East 92nd Street. Check-in
egins at 9:30 A.M., walk starts at 11 rain or shine
: Rumsey Playfield in Central Park. Call 212-
76-7708 for more information.

**/ York Terry Fox Run**—Commemorate the legacy of
èrry Fox, a 22-year-old cancer victim who went
n a cross-country crusade to raise money and
wareness for the disease, on Saturday, 10/16.
ll proceeds from this 5K family fun-run will ben-
īt the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.
'he run starts at 9:30 A.M. in Central Park across
om Tavern on the Green (use the 67th Street en-
ance). There is a $12 entry fee, and you can reg-
ter online at members.aol.com/tfoxrun, or con-
ct run organizers at 212-371-8855 for forms and
iformation.

**oklyn Views**—Take in the sights and sounds of
rooklyn's left bank on this beginner-friendly
de on Saturday, 10/16. The 30-mile trip across
iostly flat terrain will tour an eclectic mix of
arks, historical sites, waterfront scenery, and ar-
iitectural points of interest. Meet at 9 A.M. at
rooklyn's Borough Hall. There is no fee or ad-
ance sign-up required. Contact the Five Bor-
ugh Bicycle Club at 212-932-2300, ext. 115,
r www. 5bbc.org for more information.

ograph by Piero Marsili Libelli/HBO.

**Burleigh** *continued from page 83*

her lawyers—Kay had apparently succumbed to Warner's conciliatory overtures, and suddenly he was squiring her to plays and dinner parties again. Aronson notes that, while he has certainly seen couples reconcile during divorces, he's never been involved in a case in which this kind of money was at stake, there was a trial and a judgment, and then the couple decided to get back together. The case is still so unsettled that one of Kay's lawyers advised *New York* to check on the status of the marriage at midnight before this story went to press: Kay's attorney Norman Sheresky said he expected the judge to sign off on the divorce judgment by the time this issue hit the newsstand.

A friend of Kay's who has known the family for several decades says Kay would probably have settled early with Warner if he'd just given her credit for helping him create his restaurants. In the seventies, Warner freely admitted that his wife had given him many ideas he incorporated into Maxwell's Plum: She was the one who scoured the country looking for surviving plates of Tiffany glass, for example. Today, he denies her contributions, which her friends find deplorable. Even on opening night at the Tea Room, Kay quietly announced to LeRoy's table that she felt the urge to check up on things in the kitchen. "She really was half of that marriage," says the friend. "She really did devote herself to all his enterprises in a hands-on way." Once, when Tavern on the Green's dessert chef quit, Kay stepped in. "We're talking about six o'clock in the morning with flour all over her. But Warner dissed her. She would have taken $10 million if he'd just announced what a help she had been."

Friends say Kay LeRoy has been treated for severe depression and that Warner is now moving in on her at a moment of weakness. "This spring, Kay was expressing nothing but major hatred toward him, and she was so elated when she got the judge's ruling," says one friend. "But then I think she went into a depression after that."

Kay's lawyers say that even if the couple reconciles, their relationship will be permanently altered in the eyes of the court. Essentially, Kay LeRoy has secured what amounts to a postnuptial agreement. "Kay will be his financial equal in this new life they are entering," says Aronson. "Even if the reconciliation doesn't work out, they won't have to go through this again."

Warner is happy to discuss the incipient reconciliation. To the cynics, he only has this to say: "In the first place, I don't live my life in the past—ever. I don't carry grudges. Also, I don't really care what the press says. During the trial, I never read a single word written about me. My wife and I decided to get back together and try again. We were apart for 9 years, but we had 25 fabulous years together."

To woo her, LeRoy flew to Dublin in August, where Kay, a dignified but shy Brit who is a decade younger than her husband, was visiting family. By the time she returned to the States, Warner was again being allowed to wander his Amagansett rose garden, inspect his rare-tree collection, and feed his Japanese koi fish—now the size of newborn babies—in his man-made pond with its fountain vaguely reminiscent of an Aztec pyramid.

Asked to share the secret behind the couple's ability to forgive and forget after such an acrimonious and public divorce, LeRoy offers the following explanation: "In the first place, we love each other. In the second place, we were going to spend the next five years in court. There were years of appeals ahead. Forking over money was actually a long way off." LeRoy adds that he and his sort-of ex discussed how much they had already spent on the more than fifteen attorneys who have been involved with the case at one point or another.

As for the mistresses, Warner resolutely contends he had nothing to do with any of them until after he and Kay separated. He also survived two bouts of cancer: seminoma (soft-cell) and prostate. He points out that he was battling both these cancers during the time he was allegedly tomcatting around town. The prostate cancer did not leave him impotent, he is quick to assert, although it did leave him unable to produce any more children the old-fashioned way. (Just in case, he says, he's stored enough sperm "to make millions of kids.")

A friend of the LeRoys sees a classic Warner move behind his sudden, conspicuous affection for Kay. "He doesn't have any malice, but he's the most manipulative person, shoving cake down your throat that you don't want."

Watching last week from her seat at the table as Warner and his maroon velvet coat were reflected infinitely in the Russian Tea Room's mirrors and brass, Kay LeRoy said she was pleased for the man she's battled in court for five years—even though she couldn't say whether they were going to stay married.

"It's complicated. We're still friends. And I'm here," she said. "We had lunch together during the trial, and my lawyers were very upset. He's still the most interesting man I've ever met." ■

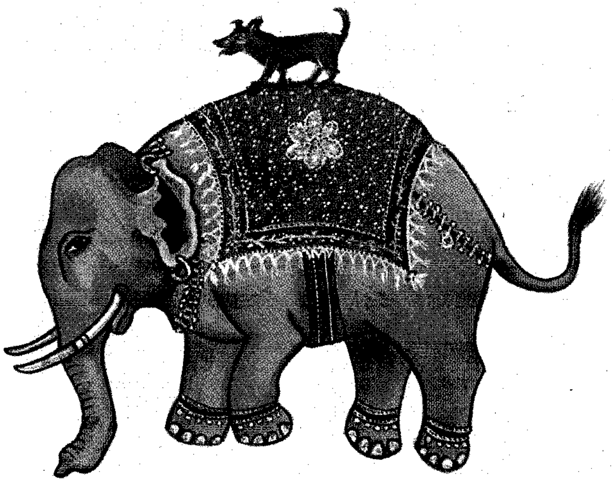
# kids

### Cheap Science...Small Circus

## Performance Mythologized

**Chanting eulogies to deceased tropical fish, a fallen canary, single earrings, and a slipper missing its partner, Laura Simms began her storytelling career around age 6. The objects of her solemn fancy were laid to rest on the dark side of her Borough Park home, where, she recalls, "nothing ever grew." As a young adult, she found a mentor in Joseph Campbell, with whom she began to explore the meaning of myth in ordinary lives. He told her that to become a storyteller she "would have to learn that all of this life is a story." This month, Simms—along with Steven Spielberg—receives a Sunny Days Award from *Sesame Street Parents* and the Children's Television Workshop for being "a storyteller who fortifies children with healing words." Gypsy lore and zany cautionary tales served up around the kitchen table by her mother made a strong impression, though her own storytelling voice, she says, was shaped more by things that couldn't be spoken about, "the stories that were not told in my family." In "Gift of Dreams," the first of three free storytelling events at the Provincetown Playhouse (October 17 at 3 P.M.), Simms will tell about her Grandmother Ida, "the dreamer in our family," whose diamond earrings she coveted as a child in the worst way but was expressly forbidden to ask for. Then the audience will be led off into exotic fairy tales from the Caucasus, a place whose stories Simms is particularly taken with these days. (See "Children's Events.")**

**BARBARA ENSOR**



## Children's Events

**"Gift of Dreams"**—Laura Simms tells fairy tales from the Black Sea and recalls her dreamer of a grandmother (see illustration). Best for audiences ages 6 and up. 10/17 at 3; free at the **PROVINCETOWN PLAYHOUSE**, 133 MacDougal St., bet. 3rd and 4th Sts. (212-998-5867). ●●

**Czech Fest**—"The Magic of Czech Puppetry" brings three performances to stages extra-large and extra-small—all performed in English. "The Fisherman's Clever Daughter," a one-man show in which Vit Horejs plays violin and speaks in a dozen voices, is suitable for children ages 4 and up; through 10/31. "Morgan Kara in Morgan Kara," incorporating masks, puppets, dance, free jazz, and experimental music, is suitable for children ages 6 and up; 10/22, 10/29, and 10/30. For kids over 12 and adults, "Twelve Iron Sandals," played out on multiple stages on five floors of the building, is about a feuding royal couple; through 10/31. Tickets are $15, $8 for children under 12. Call for scheduled times. **BOHEMIAN NATIONAL HALL**, 321 E. 73rd St. (212-631-3518).

**Flight Patterns**—Antidote to a cold, gray New York, "The Butterfly Conservatory—Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter" is a 1,300-square-foot oasis of balmy weather, multicolored insects (that don't bite), iridescent butterflies, and nonthreatening jungle noises. **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Park West and 79th St. (212-769-5800; www.amnh.org). Tickets, which include museum admission, can be reserved and will specify times: $14, $13.50 for students and seniors, $10.50 for children.

**Shock Value**—*Shockheaded Peter,* a British import calling itself a "Junk Opera," which was widely praised on that side of the Atlantic, is an elaborately staged ghastly Victorian melodrama. Strictly for kids over 12—or with a strong stomach for gore. The joke is ultimately on the author (a German psychiatrist), whose "Der Struwwelpeter," the ultimate collection of cautionary tales, was widely read all over the world. But that could be small comfort: A tot who plays with matches burns to death; slovenly Peter is buried beneath the floorboards by his humiliated parents. Ouch. Terrific music by the Tiger Lillies. 10/14 through 10/31. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-382-4000); $10–$25.

**Clocking In**—"Make a Sundial" at **THE FRAUNCES TAVERN MUSEUM** on 10/16 from noon to 3:30. 54 Pearl St. (212-425-1778). ●

**The Golden Egg**—**FANTASY PUPPET THEATER** presents "Jack and the Beanstalk," 10/16 and 10/17. Mazur Theatre, Murphy Center, 555 E. 90th St., bet. York and East End Aves. (212-369-8890, ext. 120); $6. ●

**Circus in a Suitcase**— Kevin O'Keefe—formerly with Big Apple Circus—presents "Circus Minimus," a petite big top that fits nicely inside **CAROLINE'S KIDS KLUB**, 10/16 and 10/17 at 2 P.M. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-956-0101); $14. ●

**Leaf Peeping**—During "Color me Autumn"—October weekends (except 10/24)—young urbanites can romp through a maze made out of hay, pi out pumpkins, and ride a tractor-drawn hayric from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. **NEW YORK BOTANICAL GA DEN**, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. in the Bro (718-817-8700). Basic grounds admission is for adults and $1 for children. The Garden Pa port ticket (which combines admission to t Everett Children's Adventure Garden) is $9. for adults and $3.50 for children. Hayrides c $2.

**Matsuri on 47th Street**—A cut above the avera street festival—what with Japanese edibles such yakisoba and mochi, games of goldfish, marti arts displays, and calligraphy and doll-maki demonstrations. 47th St. bet. First and Seco Aves., 10/17 from noon to 4. ●●

**Bargain Science** —Pfizer sponsors a "Science Fr For-All," so that everyone who shows up at t following worthy (and entertaining) institutic on October 16 is admitted free: **THE AMERICAN M SEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, BROOKLYN BOTANIC G DEN, BRONX ZOO, LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER, N YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN**, and **NEW YORK HALL SCIENCE**; 10/16. ●●

***A Musical Toy Store***—In the opening concert of t **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**'s fall series of Lo Pops concerts for tots (ages 3 to 5), the four s tions of the orchestra introduce themselv Bang the Lion, Bow the Panda, Buzz the B and Toot the Bird. Hear music inspired by t by Schumann, Bizet, Shostakovich, and othe Kids all get toy trumpets to toot along w Haydn's *Toy Symphony;* 10/16 and 10/17 10:30 and noon. The Sylvia and Danny K Playhouse at Hunter College, E. 68th St. b Park and Lexington Aves. (212-971-9500). In vidual tickets are $32; $90 for the series of th concerts. ●

***Parenting 101***—**THE 92ND STREET Y** has assemble group of speakers, experts all, on subjects of deb on playgrounds around this city—among th sleep, Lyme disease, and immunization. This we child advocate Marian Wright Edelman spe over breakfast; 10/18 from 7:30 to 8:30 A.M. I Edelman's recently published *Lanterns: A Memo Mentors* pays tribute to the people who affec her life choices.

**Ragtime, Family Plan**—Say the code letters JF during October, and (with some exceptio family members get a free ticket for every fi priced orchestra or dress-circle ticket purchas **FORD CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS**, 214 43rd St. (212-307-4550); $16 to $81.

## Cue

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Illustrations from Simms's CDs on Lyrichord by Lesley Anne Dc

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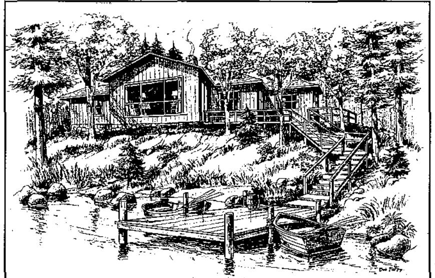

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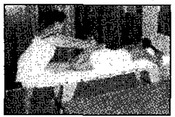

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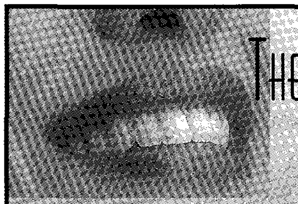

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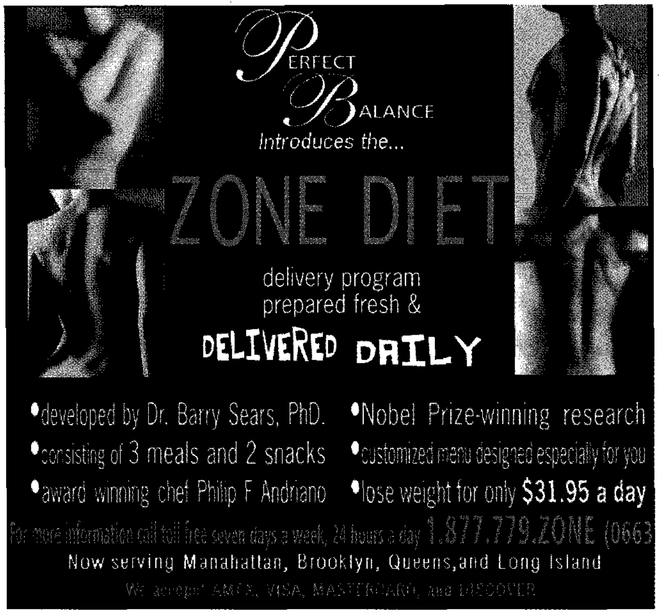

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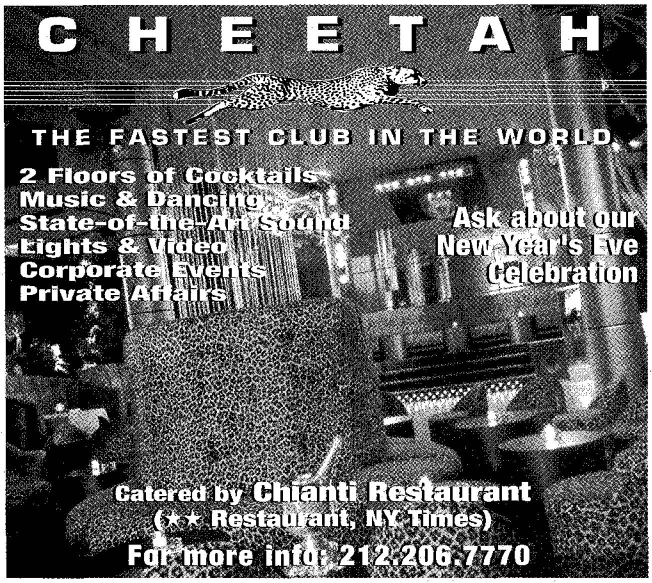
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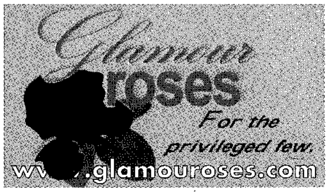

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**Brooklyn**—Retired professor, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, reads a lot, owns large beach house near subway, visits DC. Seeks retired lady. 1876 ✉

**Tired Of Ads?**—Answer this and maybe you won't need to anymore. Presumptuous? Probably. Arrogant? Sure. Ridiculous? Okay, forget it. Move on to to the next ad. See if "Sexy Dwarf" or "Attractive Cross-Dresser" is a charm. Me? 43, good-looking, successful Jewish male, sense of humor, blah, blah, blah. Note/photo. 1890 ✉

**Come Fly With Me**—Free round-trip tickets to Mideast/Africa. I'm a divorced white businessman, 50, 6', 175, financially secure, no kids. Seek educated, child-free, marriage-minded woman under 35. Must want kids. Photo a must. 1913 ✉

**Gay, Super-Successful**—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 1929 ✉

**Distinguished-Looking**—Company president - tall, kind, financially secure, tuned-in. City and outer city residences. Variety of interests to gladden any girl's heart. Older guy looking to meet adventurous younger woman in her 30s, who may still be interested in starting a family. Please be slim, medium height, college-educated and not be afraid to occasionally scramble some eggs. Please write with photo - yes, photo please, and phone. We can talk and possibly meet for coffee. 1907 ✉

**Pretty And Funny**—Architect/artist, Jewish, 5'7", 39, fabulous cook, seeks wonderful man. 1888 ✉

**Handsome "GQ Type" Plastic Surgeon**—Accomplished, athletic Jewish male, 42, seeks very attractive, single/divorced white female, 25-37, thin and fit, nonsmoker. Photo a must; will exchange. 1928 ✉

**Handsome "GQ Type" Plastic Surgeon**—Accomplished, athletic Jewish male, 42, seeks very attractive, single/divorced white female, 25-37, thin and fit, nonsmoker. Photo a must; will exchange. 1928 ✉

**Marrakesh, Mozart, Monet**—Inspire this pretty, creative arts lover/world traveler seeking cultured, spirited man of substance, 49-61. Note/photo. 1911 ✉

**Light My Fire!**—Beautiful, charming, sweet, secure, sensual Jewish lady, 5'6", slim, with an enchanting laugh, seeking a sweet, dynamic, accomplished, self-made, affectionate Jewish man, 40-55, to create lifelong sparks with me. 1914✉☎

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**Dare To Dream!**—With a supportive, successful surgeon with good looks, affectionate nice guy, into working out, travel, fun, culture, 5'10", lean, 43. Seeks bright, sweet woman under 37 for true romance. Phone/photo a must. 1930 ✉ ☎

**Head-Turner - Former Ballerina**—Auburn-haired, successful, strong, feminine, playful, affectionate, ultra-caring. Seeking great chemistry with foxy, attractive man, 50s-60s, financially secure plus, with exemplary soulmate qualities, who likes the finer as well as the simpler joys of life. Children welcomed. High romance, deep friendship a must. 1904✉☎

**Cultured Society Lady**—Seeks comparable gentleman to share the arts (50-70). Note/photo. 1908 ✉

**Mature And Classy**—Bright, attractive, sexy, petite, financially secure, smoking, 57-years-young woman seeks younger, confident, fun-loving, in-great-shape guy with a great sense of humor, for a relationship. 45-55. Photo optional. 1877 ✉

**Handsome, Athletic Professional**—Christian male, 40s, enjoys life, laughter, walks in the park or jogs on the beach; sincere, but great sense of humor. Looking for easygoing, pretty lady, 30-38, to share the wonderful things a special relationship leading to marriage has to offer. Photo a must. 1917 ✉

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**Fabulous At 51**—Pretty, slim professional seeks secure, worldly, special man for friendship, fun and romance. 1906✉☎

**Lady Godiva**—Unconventional, adventurous, positive and passionate about life and love, spiritual, open-minded, strong but soft - loves variety in food, music, travel and people. Slim, 40, youthful, attractive, long dark hair. Successful, artistic businesswoman. Seeks confident, passionate, playful, communicative and happy man; sense of humor and wit a plus. Note/photo, please. 1910 ✉

**If We Fall Madly In Love**—You will know it every day for the rest of your life. Striking, slender, shapely redhead, vivacious professional, seeking fit, successful, sexy male, 40s-50s. Note/photo. 1882 ✉

**Thriving Or Surviving?**—European doctor, 41, tall, handsome, into independent music/movies, opera, looking for an inspired and attractive soul mate. 1875✉☎

**Beautiful Westchester Woman**—Seeking alpha male over 54, for passionate love affair. 1909 ✉

**Let's Meet**—Truly handsome, blue-eyed business professional, 5'11", 175, 43, physically fit, full dark hair, sincere, thoughtful and affectionate - seeks classy, slim, attractive, sensible, marriage- and family-minded Catholic or Christian woman for lasting relationship. Note/phone/photo (will exchange) for reply. 1892 ✉

**Gay Woman**—40s, tall, fit, comely, awake, seeks bold, gracious counterpart for urban/rustic adventures. Share the beveled light of fall. keeen1@aol.com. 1880 ✉

**Very Handsome**—Dark-haired, blue-eyed gentleman, Irish-German, CIO, martial artist, ballroom dancer, chef. 52, divorced, superb condition, seeks attractive lady of style and uniqueness, 35-40. Photo/note. 1926 ✉

**Looking For Good Times**—Friendship, relationship. Attractive, personable woman, 64, 5'7", slim, down-to-earth, with a touch of class, sense of humor, varied interests, would like to meet male counterpart. 1884 ✉

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**Professional Man**—Tall, retired, 60s, Jewish, low-key, seeks younger, non-(212) lady with athletic build - robust, strong or into body building, martial arts. 1897 ✉☎

**Honest, Very Romantic, Caring**—Handsome (you judge) executive at 54, 6', seeking strikingly beautiful, petite partner, early-mid 40s, with an endless capacity for love (like me). You'll see and feel it every moment. Love spectator sports, theater, movies, travel, dancing, great food and, most importantly, being close always and in all ways. Great with kids/teens. Photo, please... Why you? 1912 ✉☎

**Classy, Cute And Curvy**—Jewish professional, fit, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'3", enjoys traveling, skiing and the arts. Seeks Jewish male, 40-50, professional, good-looking, fit, with similar interests, for keeps. Photo appreciated. 1931 ✉ ☎

**Monmouth County, NJ**—Successful businessman, 6', 175, romantic, thoughtful, athletic, upbeat, attractive. Seeks woman, 50s, with heart, who is happy with herself and is looking for a life partner. Must reside in Monmouth County, NJ. Photo/note. POB 32, Rumson, NJ 07760

**Stunning, Statuesque**—5'10", curvaceous, elegant, well-spoken, well-educated, former beauty queen with radiant smile and warm personality, who is socially adept and highly accomplished, would be a tremendous asset to a high-profile, professionally/socially prominent, financially successful gentleman with high moral character and great sense of humor, who is interested in commitment leading to marriage, 42-57. 1895 ✉☎

**Are You The One?**—Female, 34, dark hair, green eyes, sexy, sophisticated, fit, Jewish (nonreligious), passionate, generous, honest, smart, successful and unpretentious Real Estate finance exec with sense of adventure and varied interests, including fitness and travel... seeks handsome male counterpart. Photo/note/phone. 1922 ✉

**Slow Down With Me**—Attractive psychologist seeks substantial, 50s-60s man for last great romance...ever-after? Note. 1899 ✉ ☎

**Wanted**—Well-bred, generous Europe man, 50s, city and country, for beauti woman in 40s. 1940 ✉

**Enchanting, Green-Eyed Lady Doctor** Beautiful, eclectic, great smile, lu laugh, adventurous - enjoys cycling, films, passionate conversation, da dreaming, music (all kinds). Seeks v bright, confident, romantic counterp (single white Jewish male, 40-5 with sparkle, wit and "joie de vivr Note and photo, please. 1927 ✉

**Very Beautiful, Elegant, Sexy**—Hig educated and refined woman seeks hig successful, very brainy (street sma okay) man with interesting lifestyle a desire to travel and enjoy the finer thi in life. Age 40-70. Note/photo. 1902 ✉

**Slim, Savvy, Sensitive**—Tall, (5'9 1/ pretty, witty, classy, smart, 42. Enterta ment career. Have a sophisticat glamorous lifestyle. Now looking what is more essential. Want a meanin connection - some heat. 1932 ✉ ☎

**Pretty Woman**—38, seeking an attr tive, single white male, 35-45, wa caring, professional and physically I am a classy, slender, sensitive, tra tional, bright woman. If you are a gen man, please respond. Photo apprecia and reciprocated. 1898 ✉

**Pretty Blond Equestrienne**—Tall, s affluent, elegant, seeks 60ish gentle Note/photo. 1883 ✉

**Attractive, Divorced, 42-Year-Old Da** Passionate, affectionate, communicat family-minded - enjoys outdoors, mu movies, walks, beach, vacations. Lives works Manhattan. Successful, fun-lov Seeks attractive woman with sim qualities. Kids welcome. Photo. 1900✉

**Very Cute**—Jewish CPA, 5'9", fit, ha genuine, playful, 40s, seeks kind, w sexy female, to mid 30s, for kee Thoughtful note/photo, please. 1905 ✉

**Gay Woman**—50, attractive, fit, succ ful, seeks professional and career-orie woman. You will not regret venturin response. 1878 ✉

**Warm, Intelligent, Attractive**—Pro sional, marriage-minded white male, seeks warm, attractive, intelligent fem 26-33. Note/photo optional. 1891 ✉

**Pretty Optimist/Atheist**—W Ashkenazi roots and Sephardic lo "honorary Italian" with French coo diploma. NPR-listening, costu designing, outgoing 36-year female s romance with intelligent, happy, hea confident, affectionate, well-traveled s male, 35-45. 1901 ✉

**Tall, Fit, Handsome**—43, 6'2", 195 blue-green eyes, successful business ow educated, sophisticated, charming, ro tic, generous, adventurous, extremely e getic, with passion for life, seeks attrac smart, fit, sensual, vivacious, witty wo 25-35. This confident, engaging, emot ally mature, unencumbered man desi very special relationship with his fe soul mate. Photo a must. 1887 ✉☎

**Tired Of Near Mrs.**—Sincere and cessful Jewish man, PhD, 43, 5'8", s a down-to-earth, attractive woman style, verve and good humor, for h ever-after. Note/photo/phone. 1881 ✉

**Wanted: One Normal Guy**—50s- who's ready for a feisty, "no bagga good-looking dame. Photo a must. 188

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# MARY ANN MADDEN #953

# NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

**Dear Mr. Allen: I don't believe we have met, but . . .**

**Dear Mr. Allen: It was the poet Emerson, I think, who said, "If no man marches to the beat, let him get a different drummer . . .**

**Dear Mrs./Ms./Mr. ALEN:**

**Above, You may already be a winner. Competitors are invited to devise the opening remark(s) of a letter Mr. Allen will not finish reading.**

**Results of Competition 950,** in which you were asked to supply a fanciful definition for an existing word beginning with the letter *D.*

**Report:** Proliferating prefixes, often used for similar **d**efinitions as: **di**—Diana. **dis**—disjoint is owned by the man who has the **don**key, or **dismay**—bad attitude about spring. And so forth. Some samples of the repeated but d-licious: **duodenum**—the Judds. **dead center**—morgue. **dogma**—M. Hubbard. **dowager**—portfolio of rich widow. **debris**—leftovers at circumcision. **diphthong**—tie-dyed bikini, wading sandal. **demijohn**—n. patron of a demimondaine. **distressed**—having a bad hair day. **doughnut**—a fool for his money. **dragoon**—cross-dressing thug. **dumbbell**—ditzy Atlanta debutante. Here and often there, some *Devil's Dictionary* defs. In all, divine. You're delightful, droll, debonair, darling, delectable, and detained for questioning.

### First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

**danish**—to be Hamlet-like, filled with rage, revenge, fruit, or cheese.
*Jeff Tenzer, N.Y.C.*

**diagnostic**—person unsure of the existence of a physician.
*Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.*

**dinky**—a small beast of burden.
*Dorothy Darrow, Ramsey, N.J.*

### Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

**deform**—*vt.* to take apart and put together backwards.
*Blanca E. Bowman, Great Neck, N.Y.*

**delirium**—*n.* sunroom at a mental hospital.
*John Blumenthal, Rye, N.Y.*

**duck soup**—goosepacho.
*Michael Flitter, Elkins Park, Pa.*

### And Honorable Mention to:

**dim sum**—nitwit Chinese accountant.
*John Paul Dobbs, Florence, Ala.*
*similarly: Howie D. Priebe, Meriden, Conn.*

**dubonnet**—a sommelier's hat,
*Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.*

**domino theory**—sell one family a pizza, the whole neighborhood will be ordering them.
*Candy Zakrzewski, Kearny, N.J.*

**decrepit**—a very old, thin pancake.
*John Bregoli, Braintree, Mass.*

**dishpan**—a negative restaurant review.
*Aviva Presby, Teaneck, N.J.*

**duckbill**—a dinner companion who skips to the loo when the check arrives; tightwaddle.
*Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.*

**detritus**—1. Julius Caesar's commissioner of sanitation. 2. Roman stonecutter.
*1. Steven Schar, Bronx;*
*2. Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.*

**downbeat**—a pillow fight.
*Carl Edge, Clarksburg, W. Va.*

**departmentalize**—to imagine oneself dead.
*E. Presby, Teaneck, N.J.*

**dumbfounded**—*adj.* having found your glasses on your face after searching for twenty minutes.
*David Adams, Brooklyn*

**Dungeness crab**—an ill-tempered dominatrix.
*Fred Koven, N.Y.C.*

**demo**—god of auditions.
*Katie L. Sperling, N.Y.C.*

**dumpling**—1. a very small landfill. 2. junk food.
*1. Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.*
*2. Jeannine Cruz, Dumont, N.J.*

**defiance**—*v.* to break an engagement.
*Judy Mostowitz, Brooklyn*

**dialog**—*slang.* woodsman term for tree about to become a telephone pole.
*John Pavlou, Purdys, N.Y.*

**daguerreotype**—a French war correspondent.
*Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.*
*similarly: L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.*
*Wendy Glickstein, N.Y.C.*

**disproof**—*n.* watered-down whiskey.
*John O'Byrne, Dublin, Ireland*

**duh**—*n.* duh.
*Lester Saldinger, Plainview, N.Y.*

**deplane**—*v.* to announce the arrival of guests at Fantasy Island.
*Joyce Saldinger, Plainview, N.Y.;*
*Lori Levy, New Rochelle, N.Y.*

**dunderhead**—horse-sense-challenged son of Flicka.
*Kris Collins, Stanton Heights, Pa.*

**decent**—*v.t.* to remove the penny from circulation.
*Shelley P. Weinstein, Belmont, Mass.*
*sp. ment.: Richard Tuohy, Franklin Square, N.Y.*

**dadgum**—Freedent.
*Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J*

**dopamine**—*n.* person who's not too bright; still, he's your son.
*Charles Smith, Port Jefferson, N.Y*

**decalcify**—*v.t.* to apply university logos to the back window of an automobile.
*William Weinstein, Belmont, Mass*

**dumbwaiter**—*n.* forlorn actor in New York.
*Chris Westphal, Caldwell, N.J*

**devotee**—shirt worn by an aging groupie.
*Dodi Schultz, N.Y.C*

**dialysis**—soap-on-a-couch.
*M. Benton, Elk Grove, Cali*

**downtrodden**—*adj.* oppressed by a parka.
*Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mas*

**dragnet**—*n.* the official hairspray of Wigstock.
*James Morgan, New Brunswick, N.*
*sp. ment.: A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fl*

**depth charge**—*n.* a psychotherapist's fee.
*Coeli Carr, N.Y.C*

**discus**—Dan Quayle debates himself.
*Leslie C. McAneny, Princeton, N.*

**détente**—canvas structure enclosing le Cirque du Soleil.
*Norman Charles, N.Y.C*

**deadwood**—Jerry Garcia's guitar.
*Susan Moloney, Welt Milford, N.*

**donnybrook**—moat around Trump Castle.
*Gene Schinto, Shelburne, V*

**dwarf**—short pier.
*Joyce Rosenthal, Newport, R.*

**davenport**—liturgical wine from Manischewitz.
*Joel Sitrin, Annandale, V*

**demiurge**—the desire to pose naked for the cover of *Vanity Fair.*
*John Bailin, Brookly*

**disbarred**—expelled from ballet class.
*Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, De*

**dry cell**—drunk tank.
*Bill Harriman, Niantic, Con*

**dyne**—force-feed.
*Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.*

**dismissive**—*n.* pink slip.
*Elisa Falciglia, Reston, V*

**drop cloth**—parachute.
*Nita Lamborghini, Newburyport, Mas*

**dumbfound**—means of outwitting a cut-rate witness-protection program.
*Martha Herzog, Pacific Grove, Cal*

**emigod**—*obs.* Bruce Willis.

*Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.;*
*Kevin Grove, Louisville, Ky.*

**ent**—a small chip in a tooth.

*Lori Sylvester, South Windsor, Conn.*

**efrock**—*v.* to get the monk off one's back; kick the habit.

*Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.*

**amond in the rough**—field of dreams.

*Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.*

**ckpin**—*n.* (wrestling) the act of holding opponent's wings against a mat (see: nvasback).

*Alexa Geller, West Hartford, Conn.*

**soriented**—Occident-prone.

*Percy Allen, Boynton Beach, Fla.*

**mentia praecox**—nervous excitement bere a crew race; shell shock.

*John Grady, Dallas, Tex.*

**rky**—an inept locksmith.

*Herb Martinson, Crofton, Md.*

**ad letter**—postmortem.

*Joan Ruttenberg, Annandale, Va.*

**bunk**—*v.t.* to throw out of bed

*Mark Trachtenberg, N.Y.C.*

**plicity**—*n.* Minneapolis–St. Paul.

*Bill Strider, Gaithersburg, Md.*

**liberate**—reimprison.

*Dan Schustack, New Rochelle, N.Y.*

**nzig**—a sudden turn in the polka.

*Allison Doyle, Norwalk, Conn.*

**ign**—a condescending Scandinavian.

*Lauren Shea, Cromwell, Conn.*

**meter**—Greek goddess of scansion and rking.

*Cheryl Kretzmann, Perrysburg, Ohio*

**ric**—*n.* a Greek nerd (see: Twerpsichore, clod).

*Alice Kantor, Newburyport, Mass.*

**rp**—the village idiot.

*Tess Rusbarsky, Olathe, Kan.*

**bentures**—teeth bought on credit.

*Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.*

**ell**—*v.* to live in a cistern.

*Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.*

**adbeat**—morgue rounds.

*Denise Wempe, Kansas City, Mo.*

**count**—*n.* opportunity to buy a noble e at a reduced price.

*T. Nash, Winston-Salem, N.C.*

**gust**—an ill wind.

*Melanie Bussell, Las Vegas, Nev*

**lay**—deadline for Competition No. 950.

*Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.*

---

**es:** Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY LY** to Competition Number 953, *New York* Magae, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-9. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **H STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by tober 22. Editor's decisions are final, and all ens become property of *New York*. Results and wins' names will appear in the November 22 issue.

## Smart City

*continued from page 51*

ready passed away and you'd like to have a more ceremonial good-bye than a drop-off at the vet or a *GoodFellas*-style park burial, let Kathleen and Raymond Leone of Carroll Gardens' **All Pets Go to Heaven Pet Funeral Home** (718-875-7877) whisk it away and prepare it for a viewing and full-fledged funeral service. In addition to offering more traditional interments, they also will cremate, freeze-dry(!), or embalm your best friend, should you desire.

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How you dispose of the rest of the clutter that is quietly taking over your life depends on what kind of clutter you're dealing with—each kind of trash has its unique demise.

- Instead of simply recycling your twenty years' worth of *National Geographics*, get paid for them. **A&S Magazines** (212-947-6313) will pick up your old magazines (particularly *Playboys*, *Vogues*, and old *Peoples*) and give you 10 percent of the cover price, give or take.
- You *can* leave hazardous materials like latex paint and ammonia on the sidewalk, but if you'd like to ensure they don't harm anyone (and you should), mix them (and other dangerous fluids) with kitty litter and dispose of them little by little. If any should leak onto the street, the kitty litter will keep the puddle contained and will also appear unattractive to four-legged sidewalk noshers.
- Despite what you may have heard, fluorescent lightbulbs and household batteries are trash-ready, too; even syringes are fair game if you put them in "leak-proof, puncture-resistant containers" like coffee cans and laundry-detergent jugs.
- If you have so much junk that you often fantasize about having your own Dumpster to fill, a waste-disposal service provider such as Frank DeCostole of **DeCostole Carting** (718-241-6428) can make your dreams come true. For $300, he'll show up at your doorstep with a ten-cubic-yard container. Fill it up, and Frank will take it off your hands by hauling it to his own "transfer station" (i.e. dump) in Brooklyn.

But don't forget the basics. While doing so is not an official practice, the guys delivering your new furniture will often cough up a small amount of cash to take away your old furnishings. And don't discount stoop sales, where everybody wins: shoppers feel they're getting a steal from an unsuspecting seller, while you count your money—amazed that so many people actually *want* all your junk. ■

## Solutions to last week's puzzles

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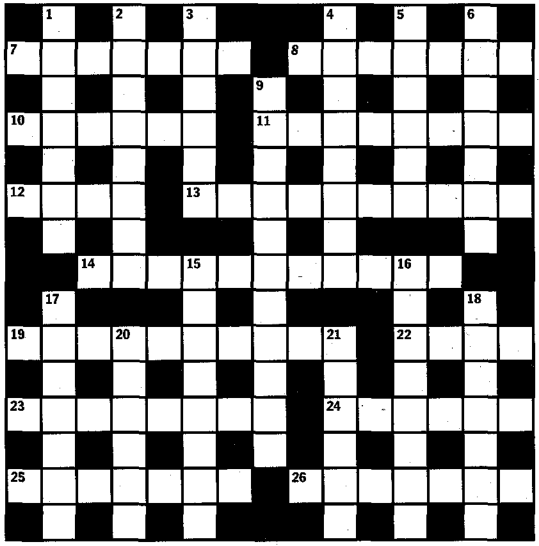
# The 'Guardian' Crossword

**ACROSS**
7 Meat spread all round the bone. (7)
8 Area round stumps gives cricket side scope. (7)
10 Buyer's right established in court. (6)
11 Trouble in running domestic supplies. (3,5)
12 Fail to make the crease. (4)
13 Dress shirt? A gent's dicky, rather. (10)
14 Open court is laid out for legal proceedings. (11)
19 Short page circulated about North Report. (10)
22 Mouth washed out into vessel. (4)
23 At once, a double whammy. (4,4)
24 Said to sunbathe in a bodice. (6)
25 Miser gave but a couple of pounds. (4-3)
26 Dogfights are what he trains for. (7)

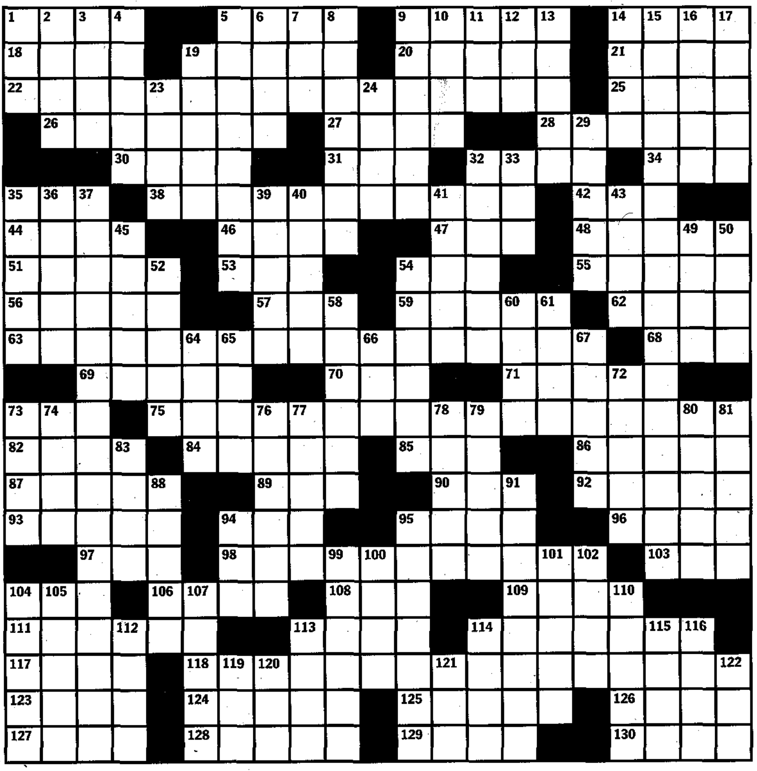


**DOWN**
1 Aircraft blown up? (7)
2 Back put off goalkeeper. (8)
3 Slams cuts in Labour's latest squeeze. (6)
4 Bound over—harsh conclusion! (
5 Surf-rider heading inshore. (6)
6 Waited overhead without a stirring. (7)
9 Cheat Chang? (5-6)
15 Remarkably, friend gives token support. (8)
16 Proposes to replace those who object. (8)
17 Object to a pin-up of Signorina, say. (7)
18 Second-hand cycles? (7)
20 Sycamores, a step forward for th capital city. (6)
21 Language! Has the man taken drink? (6)

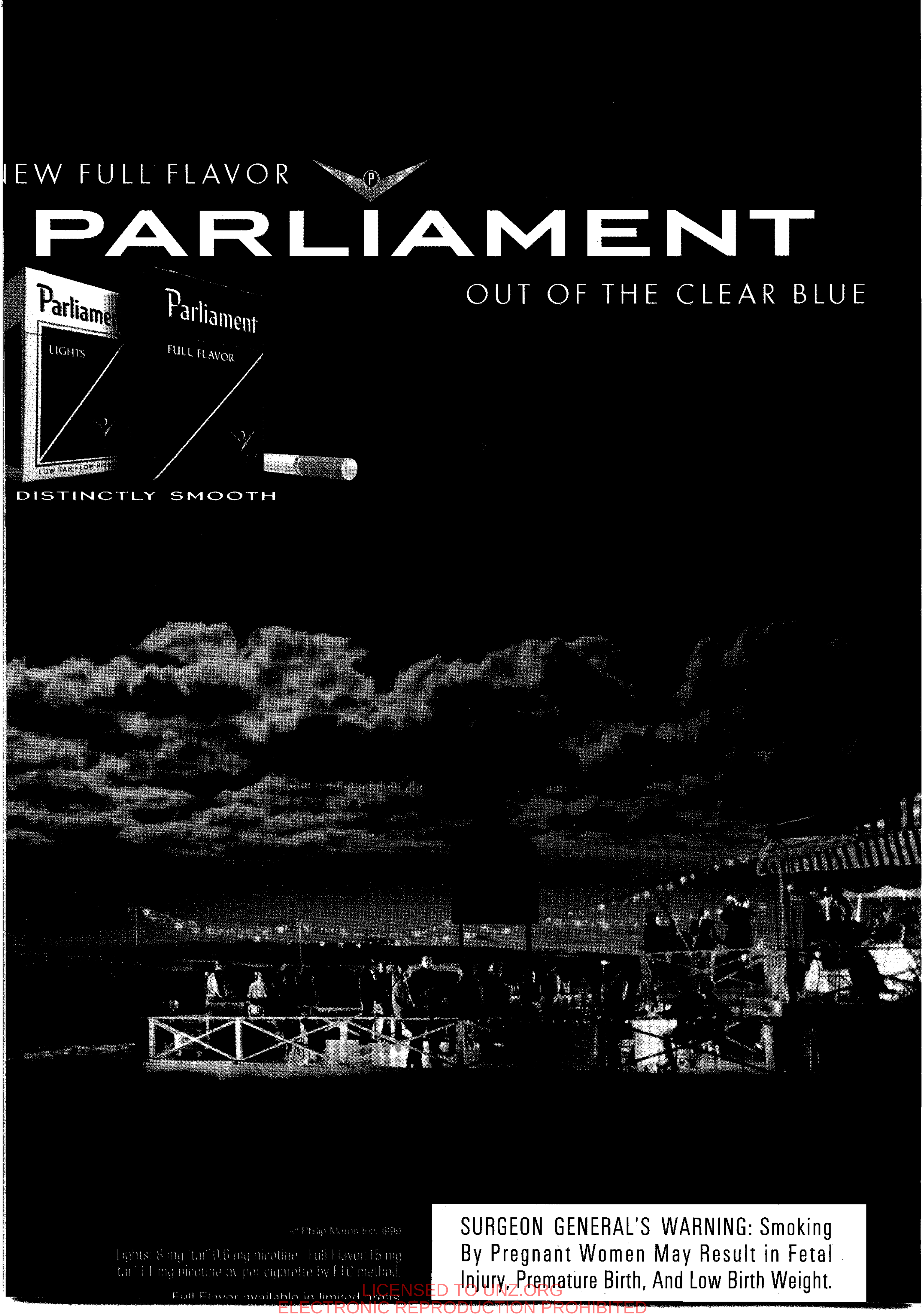
# 'Poet in the Kitchen II': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

**ACROSS**
1 Grump
5 Beer bubbles
9 Do ironing
14 Chowder ingredient
18 Hemingway's nickname
19 Soave —— (Italian wine)
20 Gaucho's gear
21 Half a Louvre lady's name
22 Hamlet's remark in the kitchen?
25 Of the same family
26 Breathes out
27 "Nana" author
28 Severe trial
30 Self-images
31 Kimono waistband
32 Golden Rule word
34 —— which way
35 WW II arena
38 Music to Shakespeare's taste?
42 Fido's foot
44 Exhaust outlet
46 Son of Seth
47 Roman 1,200
48 Wear away
51 Prologue, for short
53 Fall guy
54 Corp. VIP
55 "Good Will Hunting" star
56 "No man is a hero —— valet"
57 Sound from a billy
59 End of a Kilmer poem
62 Indonesian island
63 "Blessed ——"?
68 One of the Beattys
69 Geoffrey of fashion
70 Ballerina's pivot
71 Holy Tibetans
73 Capote, to friends
75 What couldn't keep Humpty Dumpty together?
82 —— d'oeuvre
84 Impassive one
85 Cambodia's Lon
86 Bigger than a pebble
87 Ancient Aegean region
89 M.D.s' associates
90 Relative of a jeep: abbr.
92 Lena or Marilyn
93 Moonshiner's device
94 Arrange dishonestly
95 Rodents in a Steinbeck title
96 Scissors stroke
97 Silent greeting
98 Coleridge's builder at Xanadu?
103 Call from the Titanic
104 Unit of work, in physics
106 Greek god of love
108 Before two Tins
109 Gleason's "How sweet ——!"
111 Sacred city of Islam
113 Shaker contents
114 Stage backdrop
117 Burdensome responsibility
118 "Breathes there the ——"?
123 Diplomat's asset
124 Beseech
125 Expanded septet
126 Red-carpet affair
127 Northern Nevada city
128 Appears to be
129 Polygraph revelations
130 Paradise lost

**DOWN**
1 I.R.S. go-between
2 Comic Martha
3 Zenith
4 Enjoy the tub
5 Predicts
6 Bullring bravos
7 Capp and Capone
8 Passover breads
9 Bout before the main event, familiarly
10 Latvia's capital
11 Part of E.N.T.
12 Alphabet sequence
13 Wooden shoe
14 Garbed
15 Hell has no fury ——?
16 Oriental
17 Virile
19 Opposite of above
23 Crones
24 Rail hopper
29 Lassoed
32 Open the champagne
33 Big Apple monogram
35 Argentine heroine
36 Highest male voice
37 Where the boy stewed?
39 As a friend: Fr.
40 November birthstc
41 "—— man with se wives"
43 Bedouin
45 Hackneyed
49 Clinton opponent, 1996
50 Oklahoma city
52 Actor Milo
54 Arrived, as a plane
58 Montezuma's peoj
60 Snigglers' wrigglei
61 Paleozoic, Cenozo etc.
64 Photo blowups: ab
65 Furrier's item
66 Astronaut's "fine!'
67 Big hit
72 Flivvers
73 Not that
74 Cheer (for)
76 Whigs' rivals
77 Joint on a door
78 Polite refusal
79 Alma of opera fam
80 Movie-music composer Morrico
81 Oozes
83 Farmer's warehou
88 Stand-in for Stand
91 Conveyances
94 Film co. initials
95 Cigarette additive
99 Pigtails
100 Sprightly cadence
101 Nuke tryout
102 Ship of 1492
104 Ham it up
105 Pertaining to the kidneys
107 Inclined walkways
110 Marsh grass
112 Phrase in a ratio
113 Traversed the poo
114 Feed to the full
115 Use the library
116 Ivy League biggie
119 Pub quaff
120 Born, in wedding reports
121 ——-fi
122 Newsman Rather



**Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on pag**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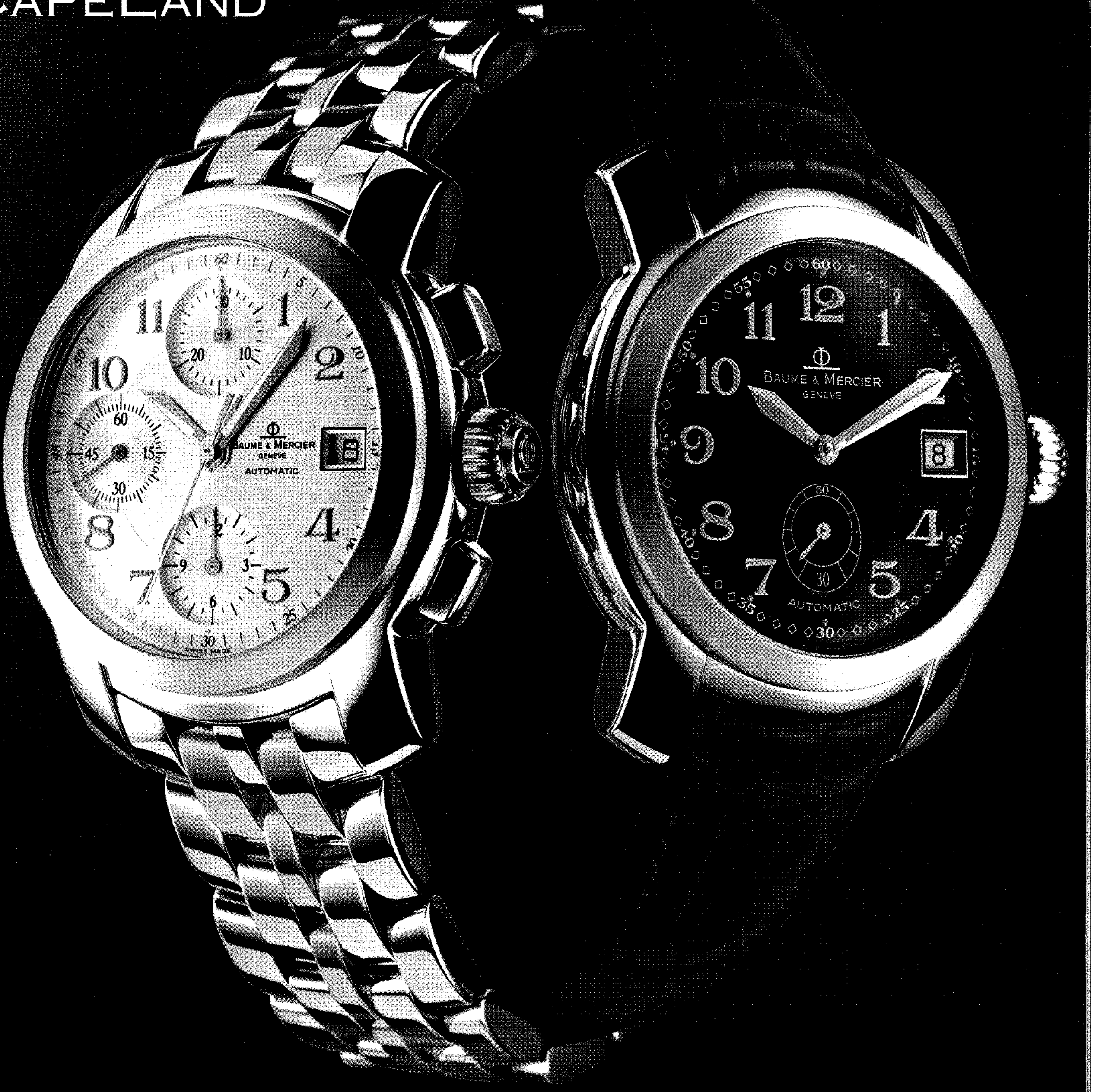
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